Everybody's Magazine

June 1917

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HAIG, GENERAL MANAGER OF WAR

By

Isaac F. Marcosson

DRAWINGS BY LOUIS FANCHER

FOR days I had run the gamut of the guns: ranged the whole long British battle-line until the world seemed a chaos of trench and traffic shaken by a deadly din. Suddenly I came to a quiet backwater in this whirlpool of war.

It was a modest château well off the beaten road, so screened by French poplars that its quietude suggested the aloof and untroubled days of peace. The red flag that fluttered at the gate, the presence of more than the usual number of sentries, the distant rumble of artillery, were the only external evidences that this secluded house which basked in the winter sun was linked with the world's greatest conflict.

Yet amid those friendly trees is the nerve-center of the mightiest English military machine ever created; from its pleasant drawing-room that looks out upon an Old-World garden are issued the commands at which millions of armed men leap to action; toward it countless anxious hearts turn every day for the tidings of cheer or despair. For here are the

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headquarters of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of all the British Armies in France and Flanders.

I have seen army and corps head-quarters far more pretentious than the domicile that shelters the chieftain of them all. It is characteristic of the silent soldier who literally wields the power of life and death that the seat of his fateful authority should be like the man himself—simple, dignified, impressive. You get a hint of Haig before you see him.

The environment of the Commander-in-Chief is strongly suggestive of his conduct of the war. Before war became a thing of precise science the headquarters of an army head seethed with all the picturesque details so common to pictures of martial life. Couriers mounted on foam-flecked horses dashed to and fro; the air was vibrant with action; the fate of battle showed on the face of the humblest orderly. But to-day "G. H. Q."—as headquarters are familiarly known—are totally different. Although army units have risen from thousands to millions of men, and fields of operations stretch from sea to sea, and more ammunition is expended in a single engagement than was employed in entire wars of other days, absolute serenity prevails. It is only when your imagination conjures up the picture of flame and fury that lies beyond the horizon-line that you get a thrill.

An occasional motor-car driven by a soldier-chauffeur chugs up the gravel road to the château, and from it emerge earnest-faced officers whose visits are usually brief. Neither time nor words are wasted when myriad lives hang in the balance and an empire is at stake. Inside and out there is an atmosphere of quiet confidence, born of unobtrusive efficiency.

This is due first of all to the fact that it is the Haig way of doing things; second, to the consideration that war now is a vast and well-oiled industry, carried on with such perfect organization that to the American trained to study the mechanics of huge corporations in his own country it seems strangely familiar. Make the most elemental comparison, and you see at once how close the parallel is.

That modest French château hemmed in by poplars is nothing more nor less than the executive office of the deadliest but best-organized business in the world. It houses the mainspring of the most colossal system of merchandising that commerce has ever known. Strip away the glamour, and you have merely merchandising with men instead of goods. You have every consecutive process of business evolution. Instead of representing the conversion of pig iron into motors, you have the translation of raw human material into expert fighting men. In the operations of battling armies you have the scientific incarnation of the greatest of all business problems—distribution. Clash in war is the prototype of the keenly developed commercial competition of peace. In a word, the competition between nations takes the form of war.

From a different angle the Commander-in-Chief bears the same relation to the carrying on of war that a master sales-manager bears to the dissemination of a product. His task is to deploy his output where it can hit the hardest, and on the success of this alinement his cause stands or falls.

What would represent profit in trade is here expressed in terms of advance—in territory gained. The highest dividend is victory, the permanent aftermath is peace and liberty.

Study Haig and the British Army at close range, and you find that War is Work—the most difficult, desperate, and unremitting labor that the hand and brain of man ever devised. The price of freedom, as fought for on the battle-fields of Europe to-day, is infinite but organized toil knit by sacrifice and fed by fire.

Now you see why it is important for America to get some idea of the kind of man who is shaping the field destiny of that magnificent army which represents in this momentous hour the hope of the world. To write of Sir Douglas Haig, therefore, is to write not only of the conspicuous military leadership, but also of the kindling response that an untrained and undisciplined people made to organized and long-pending aggression. This narrative conveys a lesson to America as stirring as it is significant.

The Nerve-Center of War

EVER since the beginning of the present war the average American has constantly asked himself: "How is a war involving millions of men and extending over an immense area conducted?" He is

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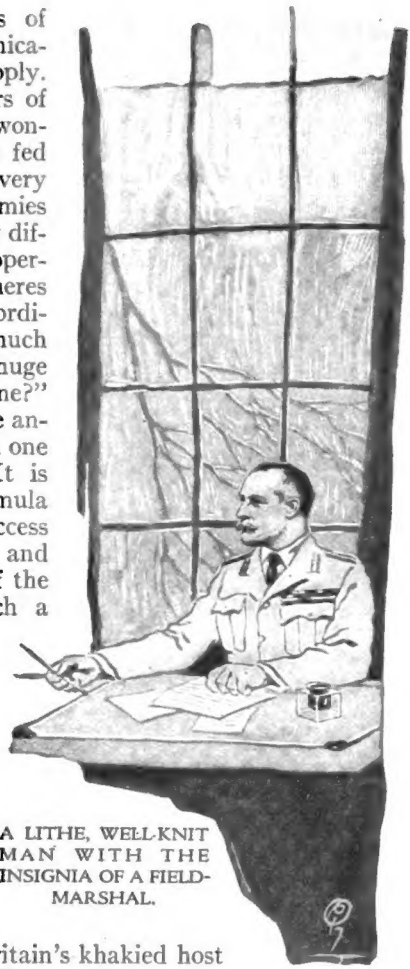
baffled by problems of transport and communication, demand and supply. Shells are no respecters of hunger or sleep. He wonders how soldiers are fed when death lurks at every turn; he marvels that armies of two nations speaking different languages and operating in separate spheres can cooperate and coordinate. All this and much more piles up the huge question: "How is it done?"

You find much of the answer crystallized in one word—team-work. It is the essence of the formula which expresses the success of Sir Douglas Haig and explains the advance of the British Army. If such a thing were possible, you would find it emblazoned over the doorway of that unassuming headquarters château "somewhere in France."



A LITHE, WELL-KNIT MAN WITH THE INSIGNIA OF A FIELD-MARSHAL.

Thus the get-together idea, which in war spells the brotherhood of the firing-line, lies at the very root of all that Britain's khakied host has achieved on the Western front. Its guide, compass, and friend is the Commander-in-Chief. At his disposal are placed the human battalion; all the materials with which to feed and fight. Up to him is put squarely the task of translating these units into victory.

To get at the procedure you must first have some revelation of the man, his personality, and his methods. In them are reflected the whole process by which battle is made. Know them and you learn what costly and actual experience alone can teach—that the path of glory is paved with innumerable unromantic and lusterless details, and that the soldier who goes forth to do or die is a cog in a mighty and militant machine.

In scientific distribution of labor and systematic economy of operation the British Army represents a thousand United States Steel Corporations piled on end, and then some. The cohesion that binds it, the energy that galvanizes it, the fervor that animates it, and the pure genius that drives it day and night would stoke an empire—almost reorganize the world. Gear all this concentrated force up to constructive business enterprise, and it would show a balance-sheet dripping with profit!

You have only to carry the commercial analogy one step further to discover the thing that dominates and makes possible every important American cooperative undertaking, namely, a highly centralized direction vested with complete authority. In this case it happens to be the Commander-in-Chief, or, in plain business terms, General Manager, of the British Armies, Unlimited.

Disclose the Haig make-up and you also reveal the human stuff that leads the forlorn hope. It is the universal fiber of the British soldier. The moral of it is that you can not get away from that ancient maxim: "Like officers, like men."

The Imperturbable Haig

TO THE human-interest historian Haig presents a curious paradox. I will tell you why.

Ask any man that you meet casually in London what he knows about the Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies, and he will reply at once: "Why, he is a great soldier." Press him for further illuminating facts, and the chances are that he will hesitate and then say: "The fact is, I don't really know any more." It would be a typical experience in the hunt for Haig data.

The first of the many striking things about Sir Douglas Haig lies in the amazing anomaly that although his name appears every day in millions of newspapers through-

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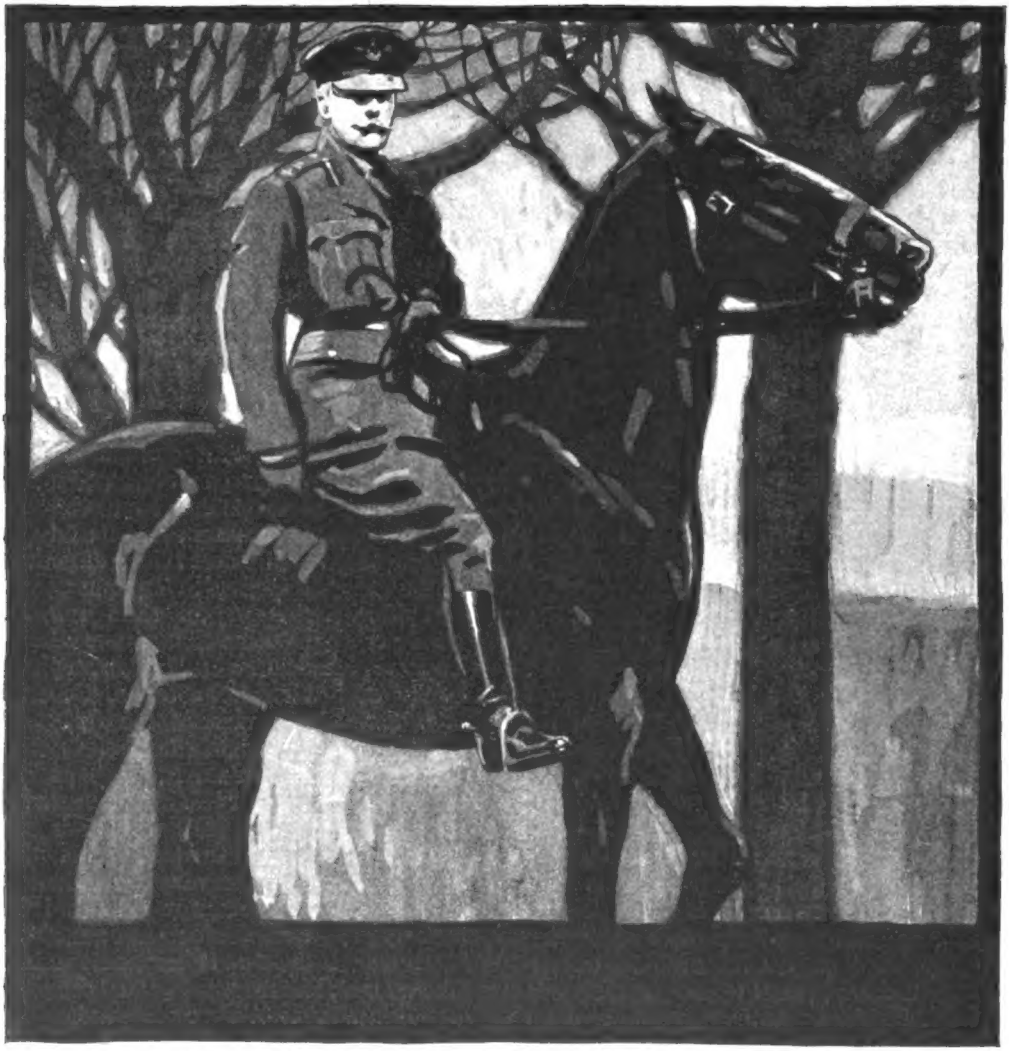

HEAD UP, EYES AHEAD—A MEMORABLE FIGURE OF GRACE AND MOTION. HE SEEMS A PART OF HIS HORSE.

out the world (he signs the daily reports of British operations in France), he is perhaps the least advertised factor in all the tremendous drama that he directs. When you meet him you discover the reason.

He is the personification of personal modesty—not the professional modesty which is one of the surest roads to publicity, but a deep-seated and sincere aversion to exploitation. He shuns the spotlight.

I have talked with men who have been his comrades from South Africa to the Somme. Save for the most superficial information, they know nothing about him except that he has "made good" wherever he has been put. "He doesn't talk much; he is a Fifer," they say.

Right here you get the first ray of light on the Haig reserve, for he was born in that little kingdom of Fife, where courage is as adamant as its granite hills and whence sprung the Clan MacDuff, foremost fighters of a fighting race. The imperturbability of those brooding hills is in his soul. It has helped to make him the soldier that he is.

It girded him with the strength and perseverance to lead the famous ride to the relief of Kimberley; it bore him through

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the heroic retreat from Mons; it sustained and fortified him when he rode serenely down the shattered lines of Ypres and gave life and lift to one of the most brilliant stands that military resistance has known.

Sir Douglas had cut his fighting teeth when he succeeded Lord French as Commander-in-Chief in France.

Despite his long record of achievement, his name was far from being a household word like that of Kitchener and Roberts. But the important fact was that the troops knew him, knew to their pride and to their satisfaction that the new leader, like the old, had been flame-tried, and not found wanting.

I like to remember my first glimpse of the Field-Marshal. It came after unforgetable days and nights with armies that flirted with death above, below, and upon the ground. His name ran like a strain up and down the line. I had watched troops return from a raid that had netted a good bag of prisoners and heard the jubilant officer in charge say, "This will be good news for the chief at G. H. Q." It was more like the enthusiasm of a football player after a hard-won game than the satisfaction which followed a desperate dash that took its toll of youth and blood. But it was typical of what the man on the job thought of the man higher up; and it expressed also, I might add, the spirit of the English officer who looks upon war as a great adventure.

And so it came about that after a vicarious apprenticeship to the trade of war I came upon its master workman. It was a brilliant sunlit winter day. Behind me on the main highways I had left the endless ammunition trains, the trailing squadrons of motor-trucks, the rattling processions of artillery—all the clatter and paraphernalia of war transport. Only the boom of guns still pounded in my ears. They had echoed so long that they seemed part of the very noises of nature.

We turned off the chief artery of traffic and traveled for miles along sequestered ways. Soon a simple château loomed above its ivied walk, and almost before I realized it we had run the gauntlet of the sentries at the gate and had brought up before a doorway that would have delighted the heart of an architectural enthusiast.

There was the usual courteous greeting so instinctive with the British officer, whether you wade up to him through the mud of a trench or meet him amid the comforts of humane habitation.

In France all the headquarters of the various British armies are very much alike in that they are established in châteaux. And instead of being commandeered, after the German fashion, they are rented and paid for in pursuance of the laws of decency and honor. Whether by accident or design, the General Headquarters are smaller and more unpretentious than any of the others. One reason, perhaps, is that Sir Douglas Haig is surrounded only by his personal staff; the other officers who comprise his field cabinet live in other quarters.

The establishment over which the Commander-in-Chief presides is practically as its owners left it. A few years before, laughing children had played under its arch and glad voices had resounded through the hall that stretched behind. Although now an outpost of war, it still breathed some of the gentle atmosphere of peace. The continuous jangle of the telephone was the only harsh sound that broke what seemed to all intents and purposes the ordinary calm of a well-ordered French country house. Save for that and the constant movement of officers, you would never guess that from within these walls issue the orders that, translated into action, are changing the map of the world.

The château that the Commander-in-Chief occupied prior to the time when I visited him was even less touched by war. It was still tenanted by the old French family whose home it had been for years and who inhabited one of the wings. Hence it came about that in those soul-stirring days, when the first Somme offensive was being planned and executed, the voices of children running up and down the halls mingled with the incessant murmur of the guns and the work of that devoted band of men who were directing one of the most stupendous operations in the history of all war.

A Born Soldier

THE moment you enter "G. H. Q." you feel that you have established a contact with something significant. I do not mean that there is the slightest tension, but whether it is the play of the imagination or not, you acknowledge an

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authority that you have never felt before. It is the unconscious tribute you pay to the personality that dominates the place.

The desks, maps, and eternal telephone are in sharp contrast with the ancient furniture and works of art that still remain in the house. The old family portraits look down solemnly upon you from the walls. They hear and see strange things these strenuous days—nothing stranger than the spectacle of the once detested English in the rôle of defender of the invaded and beloved France.

I sat chatting with a young staff officer in one of the small anterooms that led off from the main hall. His telephone-bell rang incessantly. During a lull the door at my right opened and remained open after a military secretary had passed out.

I looked through the doorway and saw a tall, lithe, well-knit man with the insignia of a field-marshal on his shoulder-straps. He sat at a plain, flat-topped desk earnestly studying a report. In a moment he straightened up, pushed a button, and my companion said:

"The Commander-in-Chief will see you now."

I found myself in a presence that, even without the slightest clue to its profession, would have unconsciously impressed itself as military. Dignity, distinction, and a gracious reserve mingle in his bearing. I have rarely seen a masculine face so handsome and yet so strong. His hair and mustache are fair, and his clear, almost steely blue eyes search you, but not unkindly. His chest is broad and deep, yet scarcely broad enough for the rows of service and order ribbons that plant a mass of color against the background of khaki.

The Commander-in-Chief's cavalry training sticks out all over him. You see it in the long, shapely lines of his legs, and in the rounded calves encased in perfectly polished boots, with their jingle of silver spurs. He stands easily and gracefully, and walks with that rangy, swinging stride so common, oddly enough, to men who ride much. He was a famous fox-hunter in his student days at Oxford, and never, save in times of utmost crisis, does he forego his daily gallop. To him the motor is a business vehicle, never meant for sport or pleasure. In brief, Sir Douglas Haig is the literal personification of the phrase "every inch a soldier."

I have seen most of the chiefs of the Allied Armies in this war. It is no depreciation of any of them to say that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is the best-groomed and most soldierly looking of them all. He has none of the purely paternal quality which impresses you the moment you see Joffre; he is smarter and more alert in appearance than Nivelle. Amid all the racking burden of a super-responsibility, he remains a cheerful, interested human being, who can forget in the distraction of lay discussion the agonies that lurk almost within gunshot of his residence.

The room which is to-day the Capitol of British military sovereignty in France is a conventional drawing-room which, like the rest of the house, maintains practically every detail of the original furnishing. But it is a soldiers' workshop, nevertheless, and with all the working tools.

Chief among them is an immense relief map of the whole Somme region. It rests on a large table just behind the field-marshal's desk. Over this inert and unresponsive mass of gray-and-green clay, crisscrossed with red lines, he has pondered through many a wakeful hour. On it is written the whole triumphant story of that great advance which registered a new glory for British arms.

I could not help thinking as I sat there before a blazing fire what a great place in history that simple room would have; how in years to come it would be known as the real setting of the decisive phase of the Great War so far as land operations are concerned.

"The War of Youth"

WE SPOKE of many things that winter day in France: of America, of world politics, of the spiritual aftermath of the war—strange contrast that it was to the business of slaughter that raged around us.

His voice is low and deep—almost musical. He is as sparing of words as he is of men. In his conversation he reminds me of some of those great American captains of capital, men like Rogers, Ryan, and Harriman, who, like himself, believed in action and not speech; men, too, who minimized the value of their own utterances, and who, when drawn out of the shell of their taciturnity, disclosed views of force and originality.

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Like many men of great reserve, the field-marshal would rather face the jaws of death than an interviewer. Indeed, you might count on the fingers of one hand the number of times that he has actually talked for publication, and then have some to spare.

Yet this quiet man, at whose command the very earth trembles with passion and noise, is very human. One of the ironies of this war is that the most inhuman of professions is directed by the most human of men!

He asked me what I thought of the work of the armies in the field. I told him that after their efficiency, morale, and splendid team-work, one of the things that impressed me most was the youth that I saw everywhere—a rosy, almost radiant youth that walked into death so blithe and unafraid!

"Ah," he said, with thrilling enthusiasm, "war to-day is a young man's game. It is a war of youth and it takes youth to win."

I spoke of the many men who had risen from the ranks. It seemed to strike a responsive chord, for he said swiftly:

"Yes, it is very true. Every man in this war has his chance. Efficiency counts above all other things. You can not afford to have friends."

I was with Sir Douglas Haig in those momentous days when America broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, and when those of us temporarily exiled abroad realized that the time had at last come when we would actively take our place in the line-up of the Great Cause. It naturally led to the subject of what war had done for the overseas people—and this meant those gallant sons of empire who had heeded the call of the mother lioness and had left bush and range and field to fight in far-off lands.

The Commander-in-Chief's face kindled with pride as he said: "War, harsh as it is, is also the great maker of men. Take the Australian, for example. Every one knows that he is as proud as he is undisciplined. Yet war has made him a trained and disciplined soldier, and more than that, a world citizen. The same is true of the Canadian, the South African, and the New Zealander, indeed all those intrepid men who have sacrificed so much for principle and for honor. They will go back to their homes better equipped and better organized for the task of peace."

Rash prophecy is remote from the Haig scheme of life. Although inarticulate about himself, he has always favored the frankest publicity about his army and the performance of his men. The brief and business-like reports of operations that emanate each day from his headquarters (they are almost epigrammatic) are eminently characteristic of the man whose name they bear.

Yet behind the unvarnished statement that "a trench was taken at ——" often lies an unwritten classic of courage—an unheralded epic of sacrifice.

The Haig Personality

BUT underneath all this poverty of expression lies a mine of unexplored human material whose richest vein is the real personality of the man himself.

War has raised him to eminence without disclosing those intimate facts which are so necessary to the study of an individual and his achievement. Because of this lack of published information, no less marked in Great Britain than in America, it seems worth while to dwell for a moment on the story of his life. This will help you to understand why he has traveled so far and how he has welded those hosts, gathered from the uttermost ends of the earth, into a coherent, elastic, ever-ready and dependable force that works with the precision of the most delicate mechanism.

Most people know that Haig is a Fifer, but what most people do not know is the very illuminating fact that from his boyhood he aspired to be a soldier. This ambition took definite form at Oxford, where he was a student at Brasenose College. He was never the "hail-fellow-well-met" sort of person. Reserve was his hall-mark. But he was always an outdoor man; he invariably rode a big gray horse every afternoon, and he spent all his leisure time fox-hunting.

In those days to be an officer was more of a luxury than a real profession in England. The country had so adapted itself to the buying of commissions that when a man regarded the Army as a definite career he became marked. As a matter of fact, as Haig galloped through the streets of Oxford and across the lovely countryside that lies adjacent he was often pointed out. His colleagues would say: "There goes young Haig. He's going to be a soldier."

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Little did they dream that the fair-haired boy who sat so erect in his saddle would lead one of the greatest armies in the annals of military endeavor and that he would be the inspiration that made soldiering a sacred calling.

Then, as now, Sir Douglas gave the impression of a great store of latent energy—of reserved vitality. Few were ever deceived by his quietness into thinking that he was apathetic.

"EVERY MAN IN THIS WAR HAS HIS CHANCE."

His first military experience was in the cavalry, which he has always loved, and his initial promotion came from gallant service on the hot sands of the Sudan. In the South African War he took first rank as a cavalry leader. He had so many narrow escapes from death that he came to be known as "Lucky Haig."

As you analyze the Haig personality, you find that he has an amazing insight—a real gift of constructive forecast. His appraisal of the German menace will illustrate. More than twenty years ago he went to Germany for a visit. As a result of that journey he wrote a long letter to Sir Evelyn Wood that, in the light of the bloody events of the present, is little short of uncanny. A friend who saw that letter has summed it up as "one of practical insight, mastery of detail, shrewd prophecy, and earnest warning." The future Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France was convinced then of the inevitableness of a conflict with the Kaiser, and he felt strongly the urgent need of preparedness for that struggle which he knew would uproot all Europe.

But his warnings, like those of his great colleague Lord Roberts in England, and those of General Leonard Wood in America, fell on deaf and unheeding ears. I cite this episode merely to show that Haig, like many another prophet, was without honor in his own land, and also that he has the quality of vision which is the indispensable attribute of every leader of men.

He had ample opportunity to impress his executive ability as Chief of Staff in India, and he had just begun to execute some of his striking ideas of training as commander at Aldershot (England's great military camp) when the Great War broke. He was in at the beginning, and he has been on the firing-line ever since. In the rack and agony of those first fighting months he saw the hideous harvest that unpreparedness reaps.

Of those two heroic Army Corps—the famous "First Seven Divisions"—that Lord French took to the rescue in France in that historic August of 1914 (the intrepid array, by the way, that the Kaiser called "the contemptible little English army"), Haig commanded the first, which included much of the cavalry.

From Mons to Ypres he was in the thick of battle, never depressed, never elated, his courage and example acting like a talisman of strength on tired and war-worn troopers who fought valiantly against odds the like of which had hardly been recorded since Thermopylæ. It was such a continuous tale of heroism, in which the

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humblest Tommy had his full share, that it is difficult to extract a single incident.

Out of all that welter of work and fight let us take one story which, almost more than any other, reveals the grit and stamina that are Sir Douglas Haig's. It was at the first battle of Ypres, when that immortal thin line of British khaki, bent but not broken, stemmed the mighty German avalanche and blocked the passage to the sea. Outnumbered more than ten to one in some places, it fought with that desperate and dogged tenacity which has always been the inheritance of the British soldier. Every impromptu trench was a Valhalla of English gallantry. Deeds that in other wars would have stood out conspicuously were here merged into an endless succession of deathless glory.

Lord French, the Commander-in-Chief, had been down to the front line. "We can't hold out much longer," said a colonel. "It is impossible."

"I only want men who can do the impossible," replied Lord French. "You must hold." And the line held.

To the right of Ypres things were going badly. The deluge of German shell was well-nigh unbearable. Even the most heroic courage could not prevail against such an uneven balance of strength. The cry was for men, and yet every man was engaged.

It was on that memorable day—forever unique in the history of British arms—that cooks, servants, and orderlies went up into the firing-line, and the man who exchanged the frying-pan for the rifle achieved a record of bravery as imperishable as his comrade long trained to fight. Still the lines shook under that mighty Teutonic assault. It seemed more than human endurance could possibly stand.

Meanwhile Sir Douglas Haig had been ordered into the shambles with the First Corps. They manned the bloody breach and won for all time to come the title of the Iron Brigade, even as Haig himself in other and equally strenuous days had gained the sobriquet of "Ironside". The old metal rang true.

Now came the event which bound the silent Fifer to his men with bands of steel. For twenty-four hours the furies of battle had raged. The German bombardment was now a hideous storm of dripping death. The Prussian Guard rose like magic legions out of the ground. They had just broken through one British line and small parties of khakied troops were in retreat.

Suddenly down the Menin road, with Ypres silhouetted behind like a mystic city shrouded with smoke, rode Sir Douglas Haig—trim, well-groomed, serene, sitting his horse erect and unafraid, and with an escort of his own Seventeenth Lancers as perfectly turned out as on peace parade. Overhead was the incessant shriek of shells, and all around carnage reigned. A thrill of spontaneous admiration swept those tired and battered troops, for the spectacle they beheld was as unlike war as night is unlike day.

The effect of that calm and confident presence acted like a cooling draught on a parched tongue. It galvanized the waning strength in the gory trenches; the retreat became an advance and the broken line was restored. Haig had turned the tide.

I have seen that Menin road down which Haig rode with his unuttered message of faith. Two years had passed, but it was still the highway of death, for shrapnel rained all around. It was accessible to the civilian only if he was willing to take his own risk. How much more deadly was it on that day when the blue-eyed man who now rules the British armies in France gave that amazing evidence of his disregard of danger! I thought of it then, and again on that winter day when I sat talking with him amid the comparative ease and comfort of General Headquarters. I spoke of it as one of the superb acts of the war.

The Field-Marshal merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "It was nothing."

A few days after the event that I have just described Haig had one of his close calls from death. A German shell burst in the midst of his headquarters, and nearly every one of his staff-officers was killed or maimed. The Field-Marshal was out on a tour of inspection at the time. "Lucky Haig" again.

When Haig became Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France it seemed the logical goal of a long, stalwart preparation—an inevitable thing. For deep down under the Haig character, and incidentally behind his distinguished achievement, are two shining qualities—patience and perseverance. He has never hesitated to do what we in America call

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"spade-work." It is sometimes prosaic, but it is usually effective.

Contradictory as it may seem when you consider his Scotch ancestry, there must somewhere be a touch of the Oriental in Sir Douglas Haig. I mean, of course, that phase of his character which finds expression in persistent and methodical preparedness. His whole career is literally a dramatization of an ancient Moslem proverb which reads, "Patience is the key to Paradise."

Take the Somme offensive. Nothing could express the Haig idea better. For months everybody knew that the "Big Push" was booked. There were many times during the lull that preceded the advance when men less cautious would have loosed the dogs of war that tugged so hard at the leash. But the Field-Marshal, with that super-patience, waited until the last and most minute detail was ready. Then he shot his bolt and it went home. It was a triumph of the readiness which is the basic principle of the Haig creed.

What is known as the "Haig nibble" is another conspicuous example of his technique. In this war the open engagement is the rare exception. After the first few months it developed into a trial by trench —a wearing-down process. "Attrition" is what the experts call it. Nothing could suit the Field-Marshal's temperament better. A method of campaign that would discourage most commanders and lead them to indiscretion has made it possible for him to push steadily if stolidly on.

What has been the result? The giant British Army mouse nibbled at the German front in the West so persistently that toward the end of February the great retreat began which netted the English many miles of bloodless gain.

Playing the War Game

THIS, then, is the type of man who sits at the flat-topped desk at General Headquarters with his finger on that battle pulse, responsive to its remotest quiver. The marvel of motor, telegraph, and telephone enables him to be in constant touch with every unit of his command. Follow him through his day's work and you see how the game of war is played—a war that, having tested the resource and the resiliency of all Europe, has now extended its dread domain beyond the reaches of the Atlantic to the shores of America.

It is only when you have been to the war that you can appreciate the qualifications necessary to its conduct. To visualize it properly requires a "ten-league canvas" splashed with "brushes of comet's hair." No written account can convey an adequate impression of the huge hosts involved, the wide-spread scope of operations, the immense problems of transport (the British armies in France have built and operate sufficient railway mileage to duplicate the whole Pennsylvania system), all the processes of that throbbing zone of conflict which, if employed for peace, would populate and perpetuate a kingdom.

In the midst of monster destruction an enormous conservation is achieved. Only the dead are laid away. Nothing is "scrapped." They make laces out of cast-off shoes; redeem shattered guns; convert refuse fat into glycerin, replenish the flickering fires of life itself. War is not all waste.

And when this moving-picture, more animated than any imaginative play ever thrown upon cinema screen, has passed before you, you realize even before a single shot is fired that dynamic energy and organization of the highest order have been tested to a well-nigh incredible extent.

It dawns on you that War is indeed Work!

Since the Commander-in-Chief himself is the incarnation of systematic labor, it follows that the daily procedure of that modest establishment which he rules "somewhere in France" is efficient and effective. Taking its cue from the top, it lets nothing disturb the tenor of its way. Triumph or disaster are treated just the same. The unflinching discipline which binds the head of the armies to his closest colleagues has made possible a consistent and unwavering progress of the war.

Every morning at nine o'clock Sir Douglas Haig is at his desk, and from that time until the lunch-gong sounds he is in conference with the heads of those various branches of the service whose efforts comprise the total of war operations. Upon his desk are heaped the reports of everything that happened the night before. A raid on forty yards of trench many miles away may reveal information of utmost importance to the whole army. Thus the office becomes a clearing-house of information, and out of it emerges the news, grave

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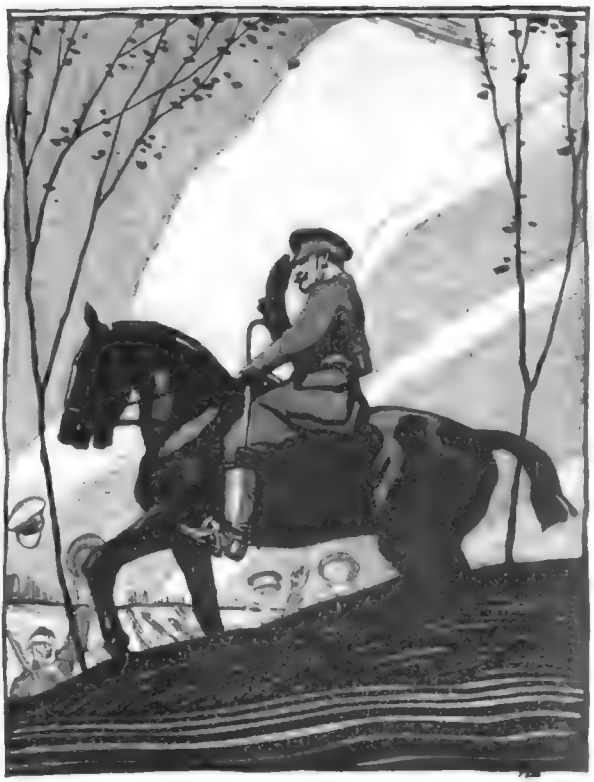
or cheering, that is flashed to a waiting world, and likewise those more significant commands whose execution makes history.

The process of assembling and assimilating all the news of that extended front is reduced to a very simple science. This is because each army unit has its own headquarters—a replica in every detail of the general establishment. The difference between these lesser headquarters and the chief's is that at the former must be handled, in addition to actual fighting and flying, the terrific task of providing food and ammunition, ambulance and hospital relief, remounts and renewal of rank and personnel.

But all this is so admirably organized that no matter what the stress of storm or struggle, the food is always at the distribution-point, ammunition is constantly piled up at gun or trench, tender hands are ever ready and on the spot to succor the wounded or bury the slain. There is even, among many other details, a traffic police as competent as the blue-coat on Broadway or Fifth Avenue in New York. It is the absolute infallibility of this system that stamps itself as the supreme miracle of the war.



HIS COURAGE AND EXAMPLE ACTED LIKE A TALISMAN OF STRENGTH ON WAR-WORN TROOPERS.

The mystery of close and continuous contact between the Allied armies is easily explained. It is accomplished by means of what is known as a *liaison* officer or group of officers. They are precisely what this French word means—a connection. There is a French *mission* or *liaison* with all high British commands, and vice versa. Through this medium all communication is made, and all news of operations transmitted. It is swift, simple, and direct.

So, too, with that monster agency of devastation—the modern battle. Go behind the scenes and you find that, like every other detail of the war, it is merely a matter of systematic, calculated detail. It is like a super-selling campaign conducted by the best organized business concern in the world.

In former days, when wars were decided by a single heroic engagement, armies stood on their arms for hours before battle while the commander rode up and down the lines giving the men cheer and encouragement. To-day the commander who tried that trick would last about two consecutive seconds, because the long arm of artillery which has annihilated distance would also wipe him out.

Instead, the Commander-in-Chief remains many miles behind the front, bound to it by every means that instant communication devises. He has before him photographs of every inch of enemy ground, taken by aviators. The wonderful thing about this battle planning is that by means of these aerial pictures it is possible to keep the panorama of battle-ground up to the very minute. In winter, for example, a fall of snow will greatly alter the whole situation. But the aerial photographer gets around this by making a series of pictures that show the enemy trenches before, *during*, and after the snowfall.

The plan of a great campaign like the Somme is built out of months of prepara-

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tion and conference. The Commander-in-Chief decides on the general scheme, while the specific tasks are assigned for execution to the various army commanders. In other words, every chief and the men under him have a particular job to do, and it is up to them to do it. The total of these jobs, some of them requiring months of solid effort, comprise the offensive. War nowadays is a series of so-called offensives enlisting millions of men and ranging over hundreds of miles of front. It is devoid of thrill; you never see a flag; it is literally the hardest kind of plain, every-day toil.

As you watch the organization of the British armies in France unfold, you become more and more impressed with their kinship with Big Business as we know it in America. Like Andrew Carnegie, Sir Douglas Haig leans on experts. He assumes that a man who has devoted a large part of his life to a specific task knows all about it, and is to be trusted. He has gathered about him, therefore, a group of keen, alert, and live-minded advisers. Some of them served their apprenticeship in other wars; others have been swiftly seasoned in the present struggle. They represent the very flower of service and experience. It is a remarkable company—these men who move so noiselessly, who work so loyally, who keep incessant vigil with war.

There is still another link with business. In many large commercial establishments in the United States you find a so-called Suggestion Box. Into it the humblest employee may drop a suggestion for the improvement of the business. It ranges from a plan for a more methodical arrangement of office stationery to a whole new system of time and labor saving machinery. In many cases prizes are offered for the best suggestions made during the year.

There is no such box at General Headquarters, but its informal substitute is the meal-table, where both civilian and soldier have free play, not only to inquire about the branch of service in which they are most interested, but to make any suggestion that may be born of observation. No recommendation is too modest or too far-fetched to have the serious and courteous consideration of the kindly man who sits at the head of the table.

Nor is all the talk of shop. War is subordinated to the less ravaging things that are happening out in the busy world, where there is no rumble of guns, no clash of armed men, and where life is not one bombardment after another. And sometimes, too, there is talk of those haunts and homes across the sea where brave hearts yearn and where the agony of war suspense is no less searching than at the fighting front. They also serve who wait alone.

Into every detail of daily life at General Headquarters the Field-Marshal's character is impressed. After lunch, for example, he spends an hour alone, and in this period of meditation the whole fateful panorama of the war passes before him. When it is over the wires splutter and the fierce life of the coming night—the Army does not begin to fight until most people go to sleep—is ordained.

This finished, the brief period of respite begins. Rain or shine, his favorite horse is brought up to the door and he goes for a ride, usually accompanied by one or two young staff-officers. I have seen Sir Douglas Haig galloping along those smooth French roads, head up, eyes ahead—a memorable figure of grace and motion. He rides like those latter-day centaurs—the Australian ranger and the American cowboy. He seems part of his horse.

Home from the ride, there are more conferences, then dinner with its lighter but always instructive talk, and its relief from the strain of work.

That modest establishment is early to bed, but more than one guest at General Headquarters on the way to his chamber has passed the office of the Commander-in-Chief and seen him—a silent, aloof, almost lonely figure—leaning over a map and beginning the nightly wrestle with the great problem that, reaching out from the friendly house amid the trees, affects the destiny and safety of the whole world.

In that closing picture is the revelation of Haig the Man and Soldier. His personality is the concentrated sum of patient, persistent, untiring effort. Lacking the brilliancy of spectacular and shallow natures, it combines those elements of stamina and stick-to-itiveness that rear, in the end, the impregnable bulwark of confidence and success.

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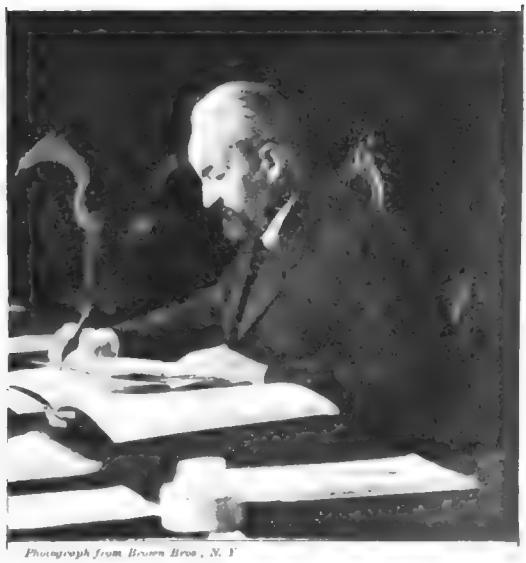
PREMIER LVOFF TO AMERICA



Photograph from Brown Bros., N. Y.

Isaac F. Marcosson, our special representative in Europe, is now in Russia. He secured for EVERYBODY'S the following message to the American people.

Petrograd, April 21st. By special cable to EVERYBODY'S Magazine:

THE newest of democracies greets America with peculiar fervor, because it feels that the American people can readily understand what the great Russian Revolution means. Autocracy in Russia is dead forever. In its stead will soon rise a Republic of Peace.

We wish America to realize thoroughly that there can be but one result of the great upheaval, and that result a real democracy modeled along the lines of the American Republic, creating a government by and for the whole people. It will mean justice and opportunity to everybody.

The name Russia once meant darkness and oppression. It will now mean light and freedom. The New Russia will be the frankest and most liberal of republics.

The day of oppression and restriction of the Jew in Russia is gone. The Jew is now a free citizen of the Russian democracy. In the New Russia the Jew and the Gentile are brothers with equal opportunity.

America should feel great interest in Russian emancipation, because many of us received our first inspiration for freedom from her. As a young man I myself have tramped and ridden over a great part of the United States, and on these journeys I got my initial lessons in liberalism.

Fundamentally, Russia has always been democratic. Only the outer shell of autocratic rule was imperial and despotic. The old Russian officials were slave-drivers. The new government is merely the servant of the people. If there is confusion for the moment, it is only because we are dazed with our own freedom. We are like a prisoner long kept in the darkness, who suddenly stands in the sunlight.

We want America to know that Russia will continue the war to a peace dictated by Allied victory. The Revolution, which wiped out pro-German conspiracies against national life, insures the result. Only on complete victory can our Republic of Peace be reared.

In that struggle we are proud to have America as an ally. Russia looks to America for fresh bonds and new, lasting commercial democratic kinship.

She welcomes practical American aid. It would be sentimentally fine to send American troops to the Russian front, but we need machinery more. Send locomotives, cars, safeguards for ships. Develop Archangel, Vladivostock, Kola.

At last we are comrades of Liberty. It is more than a coincidence that America's entry into the war and Russian liberation should have happened at the same time. It was destiny, and it means that between the oldest and greatest of democracies and the newest there can only be lasting brotherhood born of common ideals.

LVOFF.

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HOOVER

By Ernest Poole

Author of "The Harbor," "His Family," etc.

WHETHER millions of people, both here and abroad, are to starve in the years close ahead, is now to be decided here. We are facing the gigantic task of feeding ourselves and our Allies. We need great leaders for this work. And the Council of National Defense has done well to call into its service Herbert Clark Hoover of Belgium.

His record in Belgium is known to the world, but his personal story has not been told, for he is one of those quiet men who shun publicity. Of middle age and medium height, he is well set-up, and vigorous, hard; his face is lined by the life he has led, and there is a resolute set to his jaws. His eyes are clear and forceful, his voice is low and quiet; it halts and struggles for phrases, goes on. He is a poor speaker, driven to speak by sheer earnestness.

He is a mining engineer. Born in 1874 in Iowa, his early life was marked by independence. He worked his way through the School of Mines at Stanford University, and after one year more in the West he went over to Australia, where in four years his rise was so rapid that at the age of twenty-six he was called by the Chinese Government to take charge of its Bureau of Mines. He left that position in a year to manage the mining properties of a Belgian corporation in China. And a year later, at twenty-eight, he was made a partner of a great British mining firm. He had "arrived" in seven years!

"He is one of the most resourceful men I have ever known," said an engineer who knew him well. "He makes every obstacle in his path a positive advantage. And Hoover is a fighter. When he looks as though he were licked to a standstill, his friends watch him expectantly, for they know he has just begun. His methods are frank and open, but he is by no means naive. He doesn't have to lock his desk, for there's nothing there to discover. Any secrets he has are locked in his mind. His memory for details is almost unbelievable. In dealing with Government officials he has the habit of acting first and then asking permission. He has had to deal at times with some pretty raw citizens. But he has a way of trusting such men, and of making them feel his trust so hard that they simply haven't it in them to hand him back a crooked deal."

He was married many years ago, and his wife has meant a great deal in his life. A woman of marked ability, she has been an invaluable helper in the recent Belgian work. They have several children, and their house in London has been for years a most hospitable home, especially open to young engineers, many of whom owe to Hoover their start.

Long before the war broke out he had become a millionaire and an engineer whose name was known in mining circles all over the world. But his work since then for the people of Belgium has given him a fame more wide. His name is a great symbol now of generous devotion and tremendous energy in behalf of the victims of this war. His knowledge of food-values, and of organizing works of relief on a scale hitherto unknown, has made the belligerent nations come to him again and again for advice.

And now with all this knowledge, this high purpose and clean energy, Hoover has been called back home to be one of our leaders in the task with which we are confronted here. And his first appeal to our nation is like the man, clear and unemotional, an impressive warning, a summons to act:

"I feel it my duty to emphasize that the present food situation is one of utmost gravity, which, unless it is solved, may possibly result in the collapse of everything we hold dear in civilization. England, France, and Italy must have from us during the next three months more than twice as much food as we can send if we consume as usual. The only hope of providing them is by the elimination of waste and by rigorous self-sacrifice. We can not allow speculation or profiteering to burden us with high prices. And we must also plant everything,

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HERBERT CLARK HOOVER.

and everywhere that it will grow, or next year this time the food problem will be unsolvable and the world will face absolute starvation. Every spadeful of earth turned up by our farmers, every seed we plant, every ounce of waste we eliminate, is just as much a contribution to the joint cause as that of a man in the trenches. I do not believe there will be any necessity to rigidly ration the American people. For, if democracy is of any value as a spiritual and political faith, the personal initiative and willingness to volunteer self-sacrifice of every member of the greatest democracy in the world will be ample to solve the problem."

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This is his appeal to America. And the response—what will it be? I think of our fellow countrymen in cities and in lonely towns along the coasts and back on the plains, and in rude mountain villages where the war of the world seems far away. These people have not yet awakened to the work they have to do. But it is so certain, this work of ours; for whether the war is soon to end or whether it lasts for another two years, a large part of the world will be crying for food, demoralized in the first months of peace, and looking to America. Will our people rouse themselves to the great opportunity? Will this vast and wonderful national will, so grim in all its weaknesses, so splendid in its big ideals—this thing we call "Our Country"—now listen to the summons? Will a wave of popular feeling mysteriously sweep over the land? Will the earth be made to yield its wealth? Will America do her duty? Or will countless millions of men and women and children die because they have no bread?

THE SMILE

By MAUD MORTIMER

IN WARD I Jean Magnard lies dying. "Tchou-tchou-tchou" sighs the pain through his lips. It is one of those cases—wounds in shoulder, side, and thigh—for which they have not known what first to do. They have cut off the right leg at the hip, but have not stopped the gangrene, the smell of which by now is suffocating.

We all know it to be a question of hours. He is a middle-aged man, a territorial, with a big, lean body and a fine, rough-hewn face, the high, sallow cheek-bones dropping in long, angular lines down to the rather small, bony chin, where a few black and white bristles grow in desolate isolation or in no less desolate scant little groups. The lank, black-gray hair falls in limp streaks over the lined forehead. The small, keen eyes open sometimes in acknowledgment of any little service or in moments of alleviated pain. The thin, weak voice shapes words from time to time, mostly unfamiliar names; but as evening comes on even these fail, and at intervals growing longer and longer only the soft, sibilant, plaintive refrain "Tchou-tchou" breaks the silence.

Behind the screen, by the bed, a nurse sits trying to quiet the poor hands, as they tear at the bandages or restlessly pick the bedclothes, by holding them in her own—a grasp his half-wandering mind confuses perhaps with that of some absent hand, for at moments he pulls himself out of his stupor and peers probingly at the white figure beside him; then the eyes close wearily, giving up the effort to reach back from so far.

At last the long, dismal winter day draws in to dusk. The refrain mournfully, monotonously blown through the lips has almost ceased. There is a shuffling among the orderlies. The stride of rapid, regular footsteps comes down the long ward. The General stands at the foot of the bed. Lamplight glints on his drawn sword and on the Croix de Guerre hanging from the ribbon which he holds in his hand.

"In the name of the Republic—to you, Jean Magnard"—familiar words and oft repeated in these shacks anchored too near the breaking end of the long, turbulent waves of human strife not to catch the spindrift of their shattered endeavor—"In the name of the Republic"— the fine, erect old soldier leans forward, gently pushes back the damp wisps of hair, and kisses the dying man. Then, with a hand on one of the relaxed cold ones, he murmurs, "Merci, mon ami."

There is a flutter of the eyelids and a smile slackens the pain-drawn lips.

That smile—was it for us and for our tiny piece of brown metal as we stand by his bed stranded "this side the sheer coast of eternity," or when he smiled were we already out of focus?

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THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

This is the first instalment of a startlingly original and powerful four-part serial that is different from anything ever published in this magazine. This story begins just before the outbreak of the great world war, and its characters and a three-cornered love-affair are projected a hundred years into the future so convincingly that one doesn't stop to question the probability. The story moves on quickly in a world that is socially different in every way from our world of to-day. It is quite possible that you may disagree with the author's forecast of the social structure a hundred years from now. Our social world has whirled dizzily during the past three years, and more than ever before people are speculating on the future. Whatever your own guess about it may be, we are sure that you will follow this story for its tense fiction interest.

Readers of H. G. Wells, who remember "When the Sleeper Wakes," will find in "The Messiah of the Cylinder" a companion picture to that other tale of the future. Mr. Wells foresaw a capitalistic system pushed to extremes. Mr. Rousseau has his very vital characters play out their drama in a world gripped by a perverted and tyrannous socialism without either religion or freedom. We venture to predict that "The Messiah of the Cylinder" will be talked about widely, and we hope that it will interest our readers as it has interested us.

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CHAPTER ONE

Over the Coffee-Cups

IF I recall the conversation of that evening so minutely as to appear tedious, I must plead that this was the last occasion on which I saw Sir Spofforth Moore alive. In such a case one naturally remembers insignificant incidents and recalls words that might have been forgotten otherwise; besides, here were the two opposed opinions of life, old as civilization, confronting each other starkly. And, as will be seen, the test was to come in such manner as only one of us could have imagined.

I picture old Sir Spofforth as on that evening: grave, restrained, courteous, yet with the heat of intense conviction burning beneath his measured phrases; and Lazaroff's flushed face and vehement negations; and Esther listening with her quaint seriousness, turning from her father to Lazaroff and back, and to me sometimes, as each of us spoke. Outside, in the moonlight, the shadow of the Institute lay black across the garden of Sir Spofforth's house. The dining-room was fragrant with the scent of the tea-roses that grew beneath the windows.

The Biological Institute was less than five years old, but the London smoke, which drifted beyond Croydon, had already darkened the bricks of bright red to a tolerable terra-cotta. The ivy had grown a good way up the walls. The Institute had accommodated itself to the landscape, as English buildings had the knack of doing. Lazaroff and I had been there under Sir Spofforth since the foundation, and there had never been any others upon the staff, the Institute having been organized for specialized work of narrow scope, though of immense perspective.

It was devoted to private research into the nature of life. The millionaire who had endowed it for this purpose and then died opportunely, had not had time to hamper us with restrictions. Next to endowing us, his death was, perhaps, the most imaginative thing that he had ever accomplished. The Government concerned itself only about vivisection certificates. But Lazaroff and I operated on living animals little, and we never caused pain. Carrel's investigations in New York, a year or two before, had shown that tissue life not only survives the extinction of the general vital quality, but, under suitable conditions, proliferates indefinitely. We were investigating this tissue life, and our proceedings were quite innocuous. We sought to discover how and where consciousness was born out of the unconscious tissue vitality. Lazaroff had the intuition of genius, and his inductions were amazing. Still, that problem baffled him.

"Pennell," he would say, "at a certain period of development, when millions of cells, working cooperatively, have grouped themselves in certain patterns, producing an organic whole, consciousness comes into play. Why? Is it a by-product and merely the creak that accompanies the wheel? The evolutionary law confutes that view. Nature makes nothing in vain. Then—why?"

Lazaroff was a Pole, although he spoke half a dozen languages with equal fluency. Keen and fanatical, daring, inflexible, he seemed to me the sort of man who would die in the front ranks in a Holy War for Science, if the chance came to him. With boundless faith in matter, his hope for the human race was as strong as his contempt for the man of the day.

"The race is all, Pennell," I hear him say. "We of to-day, who pride ourselves on our accomplishments, are only emerging from the dawn of civilization. We are encumbered still with all the doubts and ghostly fears that the men of the Stone Age carried. Others will build the Temple of Truth upon the foundations which we are laying. Oh, if I could have been born a hundred years from now! For the change is coming fast, Pennell!"

And then, when I professed to doubt the nearness of the change: "If your frontal area varied by five centimeters, Pennell, you would believe. That is your tragedy—to fall short of the norm of to-morrow by those tragic five centimeters." I can see his well-proportioned figure, and the mane of black hair thrown back; the flashing eyes. Animated by religious impulse in place of his materialism, Lazaroff would have gone to the stake as unconcernedly as he would certainly have burned others. He had perfected some system of craniometry by which he professed to discover the mental capacity of his subject, and I had permitted him to experiment on me.

Certainly the conditions were ideal for our work. We were both young men,

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enthusiasts, and Sir Spofforth Moore, our chief, was nearing eighty. The trustees had picked him for the post because of his great name in the medical world. He was an ideal head. He interfered with us no more than the trustees did. He asked for no results. He knew little of what we did, and initialed our vouchers without demurring. Of course he tried to keep in touch with us, and I confess that a certain quantity of our routine work was pursued partly in concealment of the daring plan that Lazaroff had outlined to me.

In brief, Lazaroff's scheme was this: If animal tissues, removed from the complete organism, can exist in a condition of suspended vitality for an indefinite time, proliferating when placed in a suitable medium, why not the living animal? Lazaroff had selected three monkeys from among our stock for the experiment. They were to be sealed each in a vacuum cylinder, exposed to a temperature reasonably low, and left for a century, in a secret vault built into the cellar-wall beneath the freezing-plant.

Lazaroff's enthusiasm aroused my imagination. "What use is that?" I cried impetuously. "We shall not be here to see the results of the experiment. And what message will monkeys manage to convey to the men of to-morrow concerning our world of to-day? If monkeys, why not men?"

"Pennell," he began, hesitating, "do you want to know why I myself do not—" He stopped. "I am almost ashamed to tell you what it is that makes me wish to live out my life among this generation," he continued. "How strong the primal impulses are in all of us, Arnold! Nature, with her blind but perfectly directed will, warring on mind, and mind rising slowly to dominate her, armed, as she is, with her dreadful arsenal of a thousand superstitions, instincts, terrors. It is a grim battle, Arnold, and many fall by the way."

He turned away abruptly, as if he regretted the half-confidence he had given me. I thought I understood him.

We dined that night with Sir Spofforth and Esther in their new house within a stone's throw of the Institute. Esther was the only child; her mother had died in giving her birth. We four had been intimates during the whole five years of the Institute's existence—strangely isolated, we four, in the busy Surrey town. The memory of that last night is one of the most poignant of all. How long ago it seems, and how far away those days of youth! If I could have known then that night would be our last together!

The conversation to which I have referred began after dinner, over our coffee. It was our usual hour for disputations, but they had never been so keen, nor Lazaroff so outspoken. Sir Spofforth was a type of the old school, religious, tolerant, yet more disquieted than he was himself aware by the dominant materialism of the younger men. He deplored the new, dangerous doctrines which were permeating society, the decay of morals, the loss of reverence and pride in service. Civilization, he said, seemed dying, and democracy its murderer.

"Dying! It is still struggling in its birth throes!" cried Lazaroff. "We are still enslaved by the traditions of the past, by a worn-out religious system based on the primitive animistic notion of a soul. Science has never found the least trace of a soul; on the contrary, we know beyond doubt that we live in a mechanistic universe of absolute determinism, and that even the so-called moral law has its roots in material necessities."

I can see Sir Spofforth's tolerant yet eager look as he caught up the challenge. "The soul is not to be found in the dissecting-room, Herman; I grant you that," he answered. "I, as you know, have devoted my life to the empirical investigation of truth, and I can not decry that method. But I have always recognized the validity of the metaphysical inquiry. Science must confine her activities within their natural bounds and not seek to play a pontifical part, or the excesses of the Scholastics will be renewed in a darker age than theirs."

"I can not agree with you," cried Lazaroff. "An age is coming when, relieved from their outworn chains, men will look into Nature open-eyed to learn her secrets, and know that she is all. To-day civilization is being choked to death by the effete, the defective, the incompetent, whom a too benign humanitarianism suffers to live beneath the shelter of a worn-out faith and spread its slavish doctrines. Look at progressive America! Even now she dares propose to supply the vivisection tables with the bodies of her criminals. Already, in her most advanced states, she is sterilizing the unfit. The fearful menace of a

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race of defectives has laid hold upon the popular imagination. Here any statesman who dared suggest this noble course would be driven from office and mobbed. But England is awaking too. It will go, that relic of degrading, savage superstition called the soul, the barbarous legacy of the past enshrined in a hundred fairy stories. Science will rule. Man will be free. The strictly logical organized state, finely conceived by Wells, will be the nation of the future."

"You want a world of men and women reared like prize cattle and governed by laws as mechanistic as your universe," answered Sir Spofforth. "Well, Herman, we have had that world. That was the pre-Christian world. Your free love, your eugenics have been tried in Sparta and other ancient kingdoms. And we know what those civilizations were. If you eugenists only knew the dreadful crop of dragons' teeth that you are scattering to-day upon the fertile soil of the unthinking mind! Because we, fortunately, live in the millennial lull of a transitional age, you think human nature has changed; that the fantasies of the Crusades will never be repeated in fantastic social wars, and the madness of religious fratricide in the madness of Science become faith. All the old devils are lying low, lurking in the minds of men, ready to spring forth in all their ancient fury when the wise and illogical compromises, evolved through centuries of experience, have been discarded. Without Christianity the moral nature of man would be where it used to be. Social and economic readjustments leave it unchanged, and can not change it."

"A religion of slaves, the apotheosis of the weak and impotent!" cried Lazaroff loudly. "I utterly deny the efficacy of your Christianity. It is a dead faith even now, with its foolish miracles, its preposterous and unscientific dualism."

"And I say," cried Sir Spofforth, rising out of his chair and facing Lazaroff with almost equal energy of manner, "that it is precisely the Christian norm, the unattainable pattern of Christ, working in the human heart, that has carried civilization forward. Why, look backward before Christ lived. Read Pliny, Seneca, Tacitus, learn the hopelessness of life when Rome was highest, and see whether shame and cruelty stirred them except through fear. What of the manners and morals of Athens when her light burned most brightly? And what is happening in the United States to-day, as her old governing class, having spent its inheritance of Christian culture, draws to its end? Can any sane man doubt the future there? Is not the rumble of the storm becoming louder yearly? Look at her decaying morals, with unlimited divorce and no national church! It is just the ideal of Christ, enshrined in the minds of a few leaders of character and trained convictions, that has kept the world on its slow course of progress. And nothing else saves us from the unstable tyrannies of ancient days. Well, I must really offer you all an apology," continued Sir Spofforth penitently. "Enough of these debatable subjects. We two shall never in the world agree on politics or religion, Herman. Let us go up-stairs into the drawing-room."

CHAPTER TWO

The Great Experiment

SINCE Sir Spofforth was a little infirm, and leaned on my arm to make his slow ascent of the stairs, we entered the drawing-room a full minute after the others. The room was empty; Esther and Lazaroff had gone into the conservatory on the south side. I heard the rustle of the girl's dress as she moved among the palms, and Lazaroff speaking earnestly and quickly in a low voice.

"Sit down, Arnold," said Sir Spofforth, subsiding stiffly into his armchair. "I confess I was a little upset this evening. I am not intolerant; but Herman's notions seem, unfortunately, to represent a growing portion of the younger men. Then there's the divorce agitation here, as in America, and the inevitable result will be reaction to the harem from which Christianity delivered women. They're groping after the old gods, the young generation; perhaps, if there is war, it means that Holy Russia is yet to save the world. I sha'n't live to see the change that is coming, though. There's only one thing makes me want to live longer, Arnold, and that is Esther's future. It would be a satisfaction to me to see her happily married. Arnold, if an old man may be frank, sometimes I have almost thought that you two cared for each other."

"You were quite right in that, sir," I replied. "I do care for her."

"And she, I am sure, has a very warm

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LAZAROFF ROLLED THE HEAVY CYLINDER UPON THE FLOOR, AND I ENTERED 'AND SQUEEZED DOWN TO THE BOTTOM. "COME OUT, ARNOLD," PLEADED ESTHER.

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feeling for you, Arnold. There is nobody whom I would be more glad to have for a son-in-law than yourself."

"Well, sir, the fact is, we are not sure that our views are altogether harmonious," I confessed. "I am, as you know, not opposed to women's enfranchisement, but skeptical about the theories for revolutionizing women's status, while Esther——"

"Esther is a full-fledged suffragist and has exalted notions about the race of the future. Tush, my boy! Never hold back because of intellectual differences. The race spirit, sitting up aloft and pulling the strings, is laughing at you."

"But, to be frank, Sir Spofforth, it was not I who held back," I answered.

"Hm! I see!" he answered, nodding. Then, very seriously: "Arnold, I want you to win her. It would embitter my last days to see Esther the wife of Herman Lazaroff. I have watched him and studied him; it isn't his materialism, Arnold; it's his infernal will. He'll break everybody and everything that conflicts with it when he wakes up and knows his powers. Now he doesn't know himself at all. I tell you, Herman Lazaroff, able fellow as he is, and splendid brain, is a machine of devilish energy, and, unfortunately, fashioned for purely destructive purposes."

I was searching for a reply when Esther and Lazaroff came back from the conservatory. Esther's face was flushed, and she looked utterly miserable; but I was startled to see the look upon Lazaroff's. I tried to enter into a conversation with him, but he stared morosely at Esther, who was standing near the conservatory entrance, and seemed hardly to hear me.

"Sir Spofforth, Esther is interested in our new freezing-plant," he said presently. "I thought, with your permission, that I would take her there to-night and let her see the place lit by electricity. You'll come too, Pennell?"

Sir Spofforth rose out of his chair slowly. "Don't be long, my dear," he said to Esther. "I shall not wait up for you. Good-night, Herman. Good-night, Arnold." He passed out of the room and began to ascend the stairs. He turned. "Arnold," he began. "No, never mind. I will tell you to-morrow."

He never told me. He was gone, and we three went down-stairs out of the house, and crossed the garden toward the Institute, whose squat form blocked the view of the road. Croydon, in the distance, hummed like a huge dynamo. The Bear dipped slantingly above; the wind was shaking down the fading petals of the rambler-roses. Lazaroff led the way, walking a short distance in front of us, toward the annex, a building just completed, in which was the new freezing-plant, with our few guinea-pigs and the monkeys destined for the great experiment. He drew a key from his pocket and began fumbling with the lock. Esther stepped in the shadows beside me.

"He asked me to marry him," she said. "I told him never—never! I used to think that I could care for him, Arnold, but in that instant I knew—yes, I knew."

And I knew too, and I took her in my arms in the shadow of the Institute. She lifted her mouth to mine. All the while Lazaroff was fumbling with the lock. Yet I am sure he was aware, by virtue of that instinct which tells us all vital things.

When he had opened the door he turned a switch, and the interior leaped into view instantly. Twenty points of light pierced the shadows.

"Come in, Arnold," he said. "I will lead the way, and you two can follow."

We passed the case of guinea-pigs, which squealed and scurried among their straw. The monkeys, awakened by the light, began to chatter and grimaced at us. A tiny marmoset stretched out its black, human arms between the bars appealingly. It looked very lonely and childlike as it blinked at us. What a terrific journey into the future Lazaroff, like some god, had planned for that atom of flesh, with its half-conscious and fear-harried soul!

We entered the ice-room, passing between two silent dynamos. The freezing-plant was already in operation, but it was always shut down at six, when George, the machinist, went off duty, and the temperature did not rise much during the night. It was bitterly cold. Lazaroff preceded us down a flight of new concrete steps which had just dried. The cellar into which we descended had been used for the storage of packing-cases, and we had always gone down by a short ladder before. I knew Lazaroff's workmen had been making alterations, but I had not seen the place since their arrival.

We stepped inside and Lazaroff switched on a tiny light. Now I saw that we were

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standing within a narrow chamber with cement walls and roof, making the place impervious to light and sound. It was several feet below the level of the ground. The sole contents were three large metal cylinders, looking like giant thermos bottles. Each was about six feet long—too long for a monkey, certainly—and had a glass plate in the center of its length. Lazaroff drove his heel with all his might against the glass of the nearest cylinder.

"It is quite unbreakable, you see," he said. "In fact, it is as strong as the nickel vanadium of the cylinders, which is practically indestructible. That is because it is built up with interlayers of transparent celluloid. 'Suffragette glass,' the makers call it."

"But what are these for?" asked Esther.

"These, Esther, are to convey three monkeys into the next century," said Lazaroff. "By instantaneously suspending animation within a vacuum at a temperature of 25 degrees Fahrenheit, we hope to maintain the bodily organism intact, and with it what Pennell would call the soul, until the time for their awakening comes."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Esther, shuddering.

I examined the cylinder nearest me with intense interest. A small dial was set into its cap.

Lazaroff anticipated my inquiries. "That is the most ingenious part of the mechanism," he explained. "It is a hundred-year clock, made especially for me by Jurgensen of Copenhagen. It runs true within about three-tenths of a second during the entire period. The alarm can be set to any year. A good alarm-clock for lazy people, Esther! This one, you see, I have already set to a hundred years ahead. This is at sixty-five; I shall set that to a hundred presently, for we don't want one of our monkeys to wake up two monkey generations ahead of his friends. This one is not set. Now observe! I turn the pointer on the dial. The large figures are years. The smaller ones are days. Now, as soon as the cap is screwed on, the internal vacuum causes this lever to fall, catching this cam and starting the mechanism. We have, then, a bottled monkey in an indestructible shell, for only the most powerful trip-hammer could make much impression on nickel vanadium of this thickness. It is fire-proof, because no quantity of external heat could pass the non-conducting vacuum which protects the interior. It will be, in fact, impossible to release the inmate before the appointed time, and, if it could be done, death would ensue immediately."

"Why?" I inquired.

"The purpose of these precautions, do you mean? Simply to prevent well-meaning but curious humanitarians who may come into possession of the cylinder fifty years hence from attempting resuscitation. I have described this carefully in my papers."

"But why should the premature opening of the cylinder cause immediate death?"

"Because resuscitation must be gradual. If air were admitted in any quantity before revivification had begun it would bring in a swarm of micro-organisms that no filter could stay, and they would make short work of our subject. Again, unless the quantity of air be proportioned to the powers of respiration, the body, which would be in much the condition of a vegetative organism, would probably take up the carbon dioxide and so destroy itself. At least, that is my theory. The air must enter under slight pressure, in minute quantities, during a period of about ten days. Well, as the timepiece slowly runs down, the cap begins to unscrew, admitting air in larger and larger quantities. At the exact end of the period the cap flies off and the subject wakes."

"Herman, I don't like this," said Esther hurriedly. "It isn't right. And I am sure father does not know about it."

"My dear Esther, I assure you it is a very conservative scientific experiment," Lazaroff replied, laughing. "Come, Arnold, why not get in yourself and try how it feels? You are not afraid?"

"In my clothes?"

"Certainly. The cold will sterilize them."

"Arnold, I don't want you to get into that thing," Esther protested.

"Of course, if our friend is afraid that I am going to screw him up for a century—" began Lazaroff.

"I am not at all afraid," I returned, somewhat nettled, though the invitation did not appeal to me. "How do I get in?"

"I'll have to help you," Lazaroff answered. "It was not made for a big man in clothes. Button your coat. Now—put your arms down by your sides." He rolled the heavy cylinder upon the floor, and I

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I MADE MY DIFFICULT WAY TOWARD THE STAIRS . . . . AT LAST I UNDERSTOOD . . . . GENERATIONS HAD COME INTO BIRTH AND DIED WHILE I LAY ENCASED IN THE CYLINDER.

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entered and squeezed down to the bottom.

Lazaroff looked at me and burst into loud laughter. "Not much room to turn round, is there!" he said, and with an effort he raised the cylinder and stood it on its base again.

"Come out, Arnold," pleaded Esther. I saw that she was trembling, and her expression was one of terror. But I was quite unable to move, and above me I saw Lazaroff on tiptoe, smiling at my predicament.

"Now, if I were going to be so unkind as to send you into the next century," he said, "to be the only vitalist in a world of gross materialism, I should——"

"Please, Herman, for my sake!" Esther implored.

"—put on the cap like this," he finished.

He had not told me that the cap was self-fitting. He must have touched some mechanism that I had not seen, for instantly the cap began to whir down. Through the glass I caught a last glimpse of Esther's terrified face. It blurred and disappeared as my breath dimmed the glass and frosted it. I heard the whir of the cap mechanism end in a jarring click. I gasped for air; there was none. My head swam, my throat was closed; the blackness was pricked into flecks of fire. I groped for memory through unconsciousness—and ceased.

CHAPTER THREE

In the Cellar

I HAVE heard patients, on emerging from the chloroform swoon, describe how, before awaking, they had viewed themselves lying unconscious upon their beds, detailing correctly the posture of their unconscious bodies and inert limbs. Such descriptions are not infrequent and do not vary greatly.

So, now, I seemed to see myself.

I am sure that was no dream of the vague borderland between death and life. I saw the pallid face, so shrunken that the skin clung to the edged bones, and the dry, brittle hair; the pinched lips and waxen hands. I saw myself as if from some non-spatial point, and with singular indifference, except that one fragment of conscious knowledge, detached from my serene omniscience, troubled me. I had to return within that physical envelope; and behind me lay dim memories, quite untranslatable, but rapturous, which made that projected incarnation dreadful.

Vague images of earthly things began to float upward out of the dark—as it were, symbols of physical life whose meaning remained obscure. Gradually, through an alternation of dreams and blankness, I began to be aware of the parched and withered body that covered me. A thousand darts were stabbing in my flesh, like purgatorial fire. No motor nerve had yet awakened, but all over my skin the opening capillaries pricked me like red-hot needles. Faint memories of events rushed through my brain, and, though I recalled no intervening period, I was sensible that those events had happened infinitely long ago.

Suddenly I gasped. I breathed. Simultaneously, with a loud click, the cap of the cylinder flew off, air rushed in, a stabbing light broke through my closed eyelids, and I fainted.

It was, of course, the gradual unscrewing of the cylinder cap as the mechanism ran down, and the consequent admission of minute quantities of oxygen, that had begun to revive me. I must have passed ten days of partial consciousness before the cylinder opened.

I was breathing when I became conscious once more, and my heart was straining in my breast. I got my eyes open. There followed hours of light-tortured delirium, during which I struggled to regain the power of motion. After infinite endeavor I managed to place one hand upon the other, and passed it up the wrist and forearm. The muscles were all but gone. The ulna and radius were easily encircled, either of them, with my finger and thumb.

I tried to flex my elbows, and this next grim battle lasted an incalculable time. Gradually, as I struggled, I became aware of some obstacle on either side of me. For the first time since my awakening I knew that I was inside the cylinder. But I did not know that it had fallen upon its side until it slid forward, and my puny efforts dislodged me and flung me free into a pool of water. I drew in a deep breath, feeling my lungs crackle like old parchment, and plunged my face and shoulders beneath the surface. My skin sucked up the moisture like a sponge, and I managed to get a few drops past my swollen tongue. I had just sense enough to turn my face upward before I lost consciousness again.

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I must have slept all night, for when I awoke again, the light was still bright, although less torturing as the pupils learned to contract. I began to look about me. Beside me lay the cylinder, buried almost to the top in mud. I was still within the secret vault, but a portion of the brick partition had fallen inward in such a way as to screen the few visible inches of the vanadium case that had housed me, so that nobody would have suspected its presence in the chamber. I remembered that there had been two more; I looked about me, but there was no sign of them, and I concluded that Lazaroff had taken them away.

Now I began to realize that there had been a considerable change in my surroundings since I had become unconscious. The light that had so distressed me came through a hole in the roof of the cellar adjoining, filtering thence through the aperture in the partition wall, and what had seemed at first intolerably bright was dim indeed. In place of the concrete floor there was a swamp of mud, with pools of water here and there, and the dirt was heaped up in the corners and against the walls. Moss and splotched fungi grew among the tumbled bricks, and everywhere were spore stains and microscopic plant-growth.

I was bewildered by the signs of dilapidation everywhere. The guinea-pigs and monkeys were gone; the cellar was empty, save for some low, rough benches of wood fitted on trestles and set about the floor. On the wall at the far end hung something that gradually took form as I strained my aching eyes to a focus.

It was a crucifix. The cellar had become a subterranean chapel. The cross was hewn coarsely of pine, and the figure that hung on it was grotesquely carven; yet there was the pathos of wistful, ignorant effort in the workmanship that bespoke the sincerity of the artist.

I made my difficult way upon my hands and knees through the gap in the wall, across the mud floor of the cellar, toward the stairs, resting several times from weariness before I reached my destination. But when I arrived at the far end, where the stairs should have been, I received a shock that wholly unnerved me. The stairs were gone. In place of them was a débris of rubble and broken stones, as firmly set as though workmen had built it into the wall. The mass was immovable, and it must have been there for years, because, out of the thin soil that had drifted in, a little oak-tree sprang, twisting its spindling stem to rear its crown toward the patch of daylight overhead.

At last I understood. . . . I had come to realize the fact that my sleep had been a prolonged one: it might have lasted days, or even weeks, I had thought, as with cataleptics. But an entire century!—that idea had been too grotesque for me to consider it. That Sir Spofforth, with whom, it seemed, I had dined almost yesterday, had gone, ages ago, to his long home; Lazaroff, Esther, whom I loved; that generations had come into birth and died. . . . It was too cruel a jest. I wept. I raved and called for Esther. Surely a hundred years had never passed, turning her brown hair to gray, lining her gentle face, carrying at last the gift of death to her, while I lay like a stone underground, encased in the cylinder!

Presently I turned my attention to the cellar roof. To reach this it was necessary to drag one of the benches beneath the hole and scramble up, clinging to the sides of the aperture with my fingers and bracing my feet against the wall. This feat, requiring the pull of strong biceps and a gymnast's agility, was for the present impossible. I must wait till I grew stronger.

It is a strange thing that I had not associated the need of waiting with the conception of food until I found the box. I stumbled upon it by accident, scratching my wrist against its edge as I crawled round the walls. I saw the corner projecting from a mound of mud, and, scraping some of the dirt away, I lifted the pine-wood lid. Inside the box I found a quantity of biscuit, similar to that which used to be served to soldiers during their maneuvers, when bread could not be had. I dipped one in the stagnant water, and, as I swallowed the first morsels, became conscious of the ravenous need for sustenance.

I can hardly estimate the duration of the imprisonment that ensued. It was of days and nights that followed each other in a monotonous succession, during which, like some hibernating beast, I crouched and groped within the cellar, dozing and shivering, and gnawing incessantly at my food.

But my strength returned with wonderful swiftness. As in the case of a typhoid convalescent, every morsel of food seemed to

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go to rebuild my body. Meanwhile, daily I practised exercise to restore suppleness to my limbs. I managed on the second day to drag one of the benches beneath the hole in the roof, and, standing on this, endeavored continually to draw myself up; but on each occasion my struggles only brought down a shower of earth and stones, and I resigned myself to a period of further waiting. And in the end my escape developed in the manner the least imaginable. It began with my discovery of a second box, in another of the mounds. I opened it in the anticipation of finding food, perhaps more palatable. Instead of this I found a number of strange batons of wood. They resembled policemen's truncheons, but each had a tiny rounded plate of jelly-like, glassy substance near the head, and there was evidently some sort of mechanism at the other end, for where the handle narrowed for the grip was a push-button, with a heavy brass guard, so strong and stiff that only with difficulty could I raise it.

I carried the implement beneath the hole in the roof and laid it on the bench, intending to examine it more carefully as soon as the sun appeared. Meanwhile, this being exercise time, I mounted the bench and tried to pull myself up. I failed; yet I detected considerable improvement in my muscular power, and, becoming exhausted, I prepared to descend from the bench to the ground. Inadvertently, in doing so, I placed my foot upon the truncheon, depressing the push-button.

The truncheon tipped to the floor, pointing upward. I saw a ray of dazzling silvery light shoot from the head, and with a crash a shower of stones fell on me, bearing me to the ground in a cloud of dust.

I must have lain stunned for some minutes. I was aroused by the warmth of the sun on my eyelids. I started to my feet. The hole in the roof was twice its former size, and a heap of fallen stones and pieces of brick reached from the cellar floor to the ground above, offering an easy stepway.

In a moment I was scrambling up the stones. I trod upon leaves. I looked about me.

I was standing in the midst of what appeared to be an ancient forest of oak and beech trees, whose bare boughs, covered with snow, shook under a gray sky above a carpet of withered, snow-spread leaves; and under these were endless heaps of disintegrating bricks. In vain I looked about me for the Institute. There was no sign of it, nor of Sir Spofforth's house, nor Croydon itself, save for the vast brick piles, heaped under the mounds of earth. Nowhere was any sign of habitation, or anything but the same forest, and the dead leaves scurrying over the bricks before the chilling wind.

And now my final doubt, which had bred hope, was gone. I ran through the forest, on and on, shouting like a madman and beating my breast, stumbling over the brick heaps that lay everywhere, plunging through the dead undergrowth, heedless of any course. I must have run for ten minutes before my breath failed me. I collapsed beside an ancient road, overgrown with shrubs and saplings, yet still discernible in its course between the tall trees that bordered it. Before me, far away at the end of the vista, I saw a line of white against the gray horizon.

I flung myself upon my face and prayed with all my will to die.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Road to London

A SHADOW swept over me, and, looking up, I saw an airplane gliding noiselessly above; it stopped, hung poised and motionless, and then dropped slowly and almost vertically into the road, coming to the ground within a dozen yards of where I lay.

There stepped out a man in a uniform of pale blue, having insewn upon the breast a piece of white linen cut to the shape of a swan. He came toward me with hesitancy, and at length stood over me, staring at my rags and then at my face, with an expression of the greatest bewilderment.

"Where's your brass, friend?" he inquired, speaking in a high-pitched and rather nasal tone. He rubbed his smooth-shaven face thoughtfully. "Where's your brass?" he repeated.

I perceived that he wore about his neck a twisted cord whose ends were fastened through the loop of a brass plate, stamped with letters and figures. "For God's sake, tell me what year this is!" I burst out wildly.

At the expletive he recoiled in obvious dismay; he cast a very searching look at me, in which I thought I could detect alarm. But then he began to smile in a half-humorous, kindly way.

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"You're one of the escaped defectives, aren't you?" he inquired. "But where are you lying up? Are your friends near?"

I sprang up, and for the moment I had forgotten my predicament. "Will you take me to my friends in London?" I asked. In my mind was the memory of a university acquaintance who lived in St. John's Wood. But then the swift remembrance came back to me, and I hung my head and groaned.

"Now, friend," he said, "I think your head got turned in the Council factories, as was very natural. And you wanted to see the world. But you aren't able to take care of yourself, and your friends seem to have abandoned you. I think you had better go back to London. But of course it must be the district police station. I can't risk my liberty looking for your friends. Are you resolved to go? If not, remember I haven't seen you."

"I'll go," I answered.

"Right! Step in!" he said; and I took my place in the airplane.

In spite of my depression of mind, or perhaps because the days of horror that I had spent in the cellar produced the inevitable reaction, I began to feel the exhilaration of the flight as we ascended to about a thousand feet and made our way northward. And now the white line that I had seen on the horizon began to assume the shape of crenellations, which in their turn became buildings of immense height and symmetrical aspect. I almost forgot my situation in admiration and amazement at the panorama which began to unfold beneath me.

The county of Surrey appeared to be an extensive forest, terminating in a waste of dismantled brick houses, the suburbs of old London, which extended on either side as far as my eyes could see, until the forest covered them. Then the modern town began: an outer ring of what I took to be enormous factories and storage-houses; an inner ring, no doubt of residences; and then the nucleus, the most splendid city that the imagination could have devised.

This consisted of an array of enormous edifices, with fronts perfectly plain, and evidently constructed of brick-faced steelwork, but all glistening a dazzling white which made my eyes water, and rising uniformly some forty-five or fifty stories. I saw innumerable airplanes at rest, suspended high above the streets, while others flitted hither and thither over the roofs, and a whole fleet was moored some distance away, apparently in the center of the city, half hidden by a singular building which awakened associations in my mind, though I was unable to name it.

It had a round dome, being, in fact, the only domed building that I could see. This resembled the old dome of St. Paul's, but covered only the central portion of the enormous architectural mass, and appeared to float in the air above an aerial garden laid out with walks that radiated from a flat building which filled the space between the dome and the roof beneath it. I surmised that this must be the legislative chamber. The entire mass was surrounded by a double wall, as though one had drawn an inner and an outer circle of stone around it, with a roofed space of perhaps ninety feet from the one to the other. These walls were castellated, and a number of conical-shaped masses were mounted on them. Long, graceful bridges on arches connected the inner wall with the domed building, and walls and building glistened so brilliantly from base to summit that the glow seared my eyes like sunlight.

As we were now flying at a low altitude, I turned my attention to the streets, which appeared like cañons far beneath us. Along these swarmed a multitude of travelers, dressed in two colors only, white and blue, the latter vastly predominating. I could see no vehicles, and I noted that the streets themselves were in motion. Most of those journeying seemed content to lean back against the railings, the lowest bars of which projected, forming a continuous seat, and rest. Along the front of the buildings ran single tracks, connecting at intervals with the streets below by means of public elevators, which constantly shot up and down with their human freight. These tracks were placed one above another at ten-story intervals, so that there were in reality three or four rows of streets, ranging from the ground to the upper portions of the buildings, all filled with travelers.

My companion stayed the airship and tapped me on the arm. I started, and saw that he was regarding me with the same humorous and perplexed expression.

"I must put you off here, friend," he said. "I think I have done the best I can for you. You would have died in the forest, while here—there is a chance for you. And it's better to go to the leather vats for a few

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years than to die. If ever we meet again I'll know you. Mine's one of our oldest names. They say it was a common one before civilization. It's Jones. Now we'll go down."

He touched a lever and the airplane swooped downward and came to rest upon the roof of a building immediately beneath us. On this I saw a number of men, apparently practising gymnastic exercises; and hardly were we at rest when two of them came running up to us. They were clad in blue uniforms resembling that of the air-scout, but instead of the white swan there was a shield-shaped piece of linen upon the back and breast of each.

"What's this?" they demanded in the same breath.

"One of your defectives," answered the air-scout. "I found him in the forest."

The two men rushed at me and pulled me from the machine. They searched me rapidly for weapons. Satisfied that I was unarmed, they shouted simultaneously to the air-scout. "You'll divide?"

"Keep it all!" answered Jones tartly, as he rose into the air.

The two men rushed me across the roof of the building into an elevator, and, when we had descended, out upon the street. After a short journey on one of the moving platforms we descended at the entrance to one of the innumerable shining buildings, over which was inscribed something in undecipherable characters.

But, quickly as we had gone, the rumor of my arrest seemed to have spread faster, for our approach was blocked by a vast and constantly increasing mob, which, attracted by my rags, I suppose, pressed closely about me and uttered shrieks of hooting laughter. I heard the word "defective" bandied from mouth to mouth.

I looked at these people attentively. There were both men and women present, all wearing clothing of the pale blue color, which seemed to be prescribed, although the cut of each garment was to some extent individual. In effect, the men wore sack suits of woolen material, with loose, short trousers fastened with laces about the ankles. The women wore rather short skirts, reaching to the tops of their high boots of flexible leather, and the fashion seemed to run to large buttons and loose sleeves. Upon the breast, near the shoulder, each person wore a small linen badge, pictorially indicative of his occupation.

What disconcerted me was the shrewd, mocking smile upon each face. I glanced from one to another, seeking to find something of the same friendly interest that I felt, and met hard, mirthless eyes and mouths awry with sneers.

Another thing that startled and almost terrified me was the absence of a certain conventionality that had ruled even the least conventional in my other world. For instance, among those gibing at me was a gray-bearded man who danced before me like a small urchin, yelling opprobrious terms; another made an expressive pantomime of death; a girl stuck out her tongue at me. A gray-haired woman put out her foot to trip me; if there had been stones I think they would have flung them at me. But my captors, linking their arms in mine, made a rush forward, scattering the mob right and left, and bore me through a huge, swinging door into a rotunda, wherein a number of other policemen were seated with prisoners, and thence into a court-room.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Strangers' Bureau

THE clerk was a little obsequious man in blue, with the device of a pair of scales in front of his shoulder. The magistrate, a pompous, surly-visaged old man in white, wearing about his shoulders a lusterless black cape, which seemed a truncation of the old legal gown, was clipping his nails with a pair of pocket scissors and listening to the police, who seemed to be all talking to him at the same time.

Placing me upon a platform near the desk, my captors stepped forward and began an explanation in low tones, which were not meant to reach my ears, and did not.

"Well, what have you to say?" the magistrate bawled at me. "Where do you come from? Tell the truth, or I'll commit you to the leathers. Why are you in masquerade? Where's your brass? Your number? Your print? Your district—or are you from one of the cities?"

The clerk wagged his finger at me. "Number, district, province, city, print, brass?" he inquired. He paused and looked at me. "Brach or dolicoph? Whorl, loop or median? Facial, cephalic, and color indexes? Your Binet rating? Your Sanson test?"

But, inasmuch as I made no attempt to answer these baffling questions, the clerk

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ceased to ply me and looked up at his superior for instructions. The magistrate was leaning forward, watching me attentively; and now he began to smile as if he had suddenly grasped the situation.

"I can tell you what you are," he said, shaking his finger at me. "You're a Spaniard masquerading as a defective in order to get into the workshops and corrupt the morons there."

"Now, I should call him Russian," said the clerk, looking up at his superior. "He is undoubtedly a brach, you see. And that would make the offense a capital one," he added complacently.

"He will have to go before the Council," the magistrate answered. "Have him standardized and commit him to the care of the Strangers' Guard, pending his ascription by the Council."

My captors hurried me away. In the street a large crowd, which had evidently assembled to catch sight of me, greeted me with noisy hooting. But the moving platform quickly carried us away.

The building which we now entered contained a large room on the ground floor, with numerous desks ranged round the walls. Behind each desk a clerk in blue was seated, either idly contemplating the scene before him, or attending disdainfully to the business of some applicant. I was taken to a desk near the door.

"Committed stranger," explained the policeman laconically.

The clerk extracted some metal counters from the drawer, which he closed with a bang and locked, and thrust them toward me.

"What am I to do with these?" I asked.

"Spaniard," explained the policeman to the clerk, whose expression of amazement changed to one of malignant mirth.

"Your guest-money," the clerk screamed, enunciating the words as though, being deaf, I were a lip-reader.

"What a barbarian!" murmured a young woman with a typewriter badge on her shoulder.

I picked up the metal counters and examined them. They were very crudely made, and without milled edges. Two of them appeared to be of aluminum; on one side was an ant in relief, and, under it, the inscription LABOR COMMON 37. On the other side were the words HALF HEKTONE—FIFTY ONES. There were two smaller pieces, of a yellowish gray, each stamped 25 ONES.

The policeman next took me by the moving platform to the Strangers' Bureau. Here I was stripped and examined by three physicians, photographed in several positions; my finger-prints were taken, and my height, weight, and facial, cranial, and color indexes. Then a dapper little clerk in blue passed a tape measure in several ways about my head, and stood off and looked at me with a regretful expression.

"That's too bad!" he said.

"What is bad?" I inquired.

"The difference is five centimeters, but with that frontal development it is reducible to one, but—well, I'm afraid you are a brach," he said.

The meaning of this word suddenly leaped into my mind. "You mean my head is brachycephalic?" I asked.

"There is no doubt of it," he answered, and, coming nearer under the pretense of measuring me again, he began to whisper. "You know, the measure is flexible," he said, glancing apprehensively about him. "I could get you into the dolicoph class——"

"The long-heads?"

"Yes," he murmured, looking at me with an expression of mutual understanding.

"But what advantage would that be to me?" I inquired.

"They say," he whispered, "that the Council is penalizing the brachs several points. It is Doctor Sanson's new theory, you know, that the brachs are more defective than the dolicophs. Now I would risk making you a dolicoph for—half a hektone?"

I flushed with indignation. "Do you expect me to bribe you?" I began.

The clerk leaped back. "This subject is a brach!" he shouted, to drown my words; and a superior clerk at a desk near by noted the numbers that he gave upon a form, and then looked at me with intense disgust.

So I was set down as brachycephalic. Then I was made to sit before what they called an improved Binet board, containing a number of small wooden pegs, which were to be shifted, according to instructions, within a limited time. Word associations followed—a childish game at which I had played during the course of my medical training. Finally, I received a suit of a bluish-gray color, the strangers' uniform, I was informed, and a pair of soft, high

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buskins. A metal badge, stamped with letters and figures, was hung about my neck by a cord, and I was turned over to the charge of a blue-clad grizzled man of shortish stature, with a small, peaked beard, and a kindly expression in his eyes that strangely disconcerted me. There was a patient humility about his bearing, and yet, I fancied, a sort of stubborn power, a consciousness of some secret strength.

"I am the Strangers' Guard," he said in a kindly manner. "You are, I understand, a foreigner, and waiting to be ascribed. But it is not necessary to make any statement to me. I am the Guard for this district—nothing more; and my duty is to make you comfortable until the Council summons you. So come along, S 6 1845. My name is David."

I told him mine, mentioning the Christian name only, as he had done.

As we halted for a moment at the entrance to the building he pulled a watch from his pocket. I saw that the dial, which was not faced with glass, but of transparent porcelain, beneath which were the hands, had ten main sections, each comprising ten smaller ones.

"Ten hours and seventy-four," he said. "We dine at one-fifty. That leaves us seventy-six minutes to get home."

CHAPTER SIX

In the Strangers' House

STANDING on the middle platform of what seemed to be one of the principal streets, and traveling at a speed of about eight miles an hour, I looked around me with increasing astonishment. I do not know which attracted my attention more, the crowds or the buildings.

"What is the purpose of the dazzling paint on these buildings?" I asked, for my eyes ached from the dazzling luster, which seemed now white, now faintly blue. "Blue is an unusual color——"

"Blue? Where, Arnold?"

"There—and there!"

"Why, that is glow, not blue. Surely you are not color-blind, Arnold? Or it can not be that where you come from they have only the old seven colors in the spectrum?"

"From red to violet," I replied.

He looked at me very earnestly. "We have had nine for at least twenty years," he said. "Mull, below red, and glow, above violet—what our ancestors called ultra-violet, and believed invisible, though it was staring them in the face everywhere all the time. There used to be a theory that the color sense has developed in sudden spurts, with civilization. But that color-blindness of yours would fascinate Doctor Sanson, and penalize you a good many points too. I should make no reference to it, Arnold."

It occurred to me that he had not answered my question.

"Here is the Bureau of Statistics," he continued, as we traveled past another of the interminable buildings. "And this is the Bureau of Prints and Indexes. There are more than a thousand million records within. This is the Bureau of Economics. This of Pedigrees and Relationships. And here is the Exhibition of Rare Germs."

The streets were scrupulously clean, and roofed, as I had surmised, with crystal. In this part of the city the moving portion occupied only the center of the roadway, that which would formerly have been called the pavement being devoted to resting and strolling places. I commented upon the fact that hardly a woman wore jewelry.

"Really, Arnold," said David, scanning me again with that penetrating glance of his, "you seem to me like a stranger dropped out of another planet. It was the introduction of the labor hour as the unit of currency that ended that barbarian habit."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because gold and silver have no longer arbitrary values, and therefore possess no more significance than other metals. The mining of what were called precious stones is prohibited as unproductive labor. A few women own ancestral rings, brooches, and bracelets, but it is really illegal, although the law is not strictly enforced. Here is our district store. Would you like to look inside?"

I assented, and we stepped off the moving portion of the street. David led me to the entrance of a large building, before each of whose several entrances a woman sat within a cage of crystal.

"Change your pieces!" she cried at intervals, in a high-pitched, monotonous voice. "Change pieces or show brasses!"

"We change our coins here," David explained. "But purchases of more than half a hektone are made on the credit system. Our brasses act as identification checks.

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THE RUMOR OF MY ARREST SPREAD, AND OUR APPROACH WAS BLOCKED BY A VAST MOB WHICH PRESSED CLOSELY ABOUT ME.

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I LOOKED AT THESE PEOPLE ATTENTIVELY. WHAT DISCONCERTED ME WAS THE SHREWD, MOCKING SMILE ON EACH FACE.

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The district clearing-house keeps a complete record of every citizen's financial status, and receives all records of transactions every evening."

I had expected to see all the products of the world spread out within. I was surprised to find, instead, that only a single sample of each sort of merchandise was kept, the goods themselves being stored in warehouses adjoining the factories, to cut down the cost of distribution. Seeing an excellent blue overcoat of fine cheviot, at David's suggestion I paid thirty ones for it, and ordered one of this kind to be sent me at the Strangers' House of District 6.

I asked no more questions, and we traveled back for some twenty-five minutes by the new reckoning, or fifteen by the old one. It seemed to me, though I could not be sure, that David took me by a long detour to avoid passing the domed building. At length we stopped in front of a large edifice of the uniform height and style.

"This is the District Strangers' House," said he.

We stepped into one of the numerous small elevators, David pressed a button, and the cage shot up to the top story. Opposite us was a door with a push-button at the side. David rang, and a moment later the door opened, revealing a girl about eighteen years of age, who looked at me with parted lips and an expression which was unmistakably one of fear.

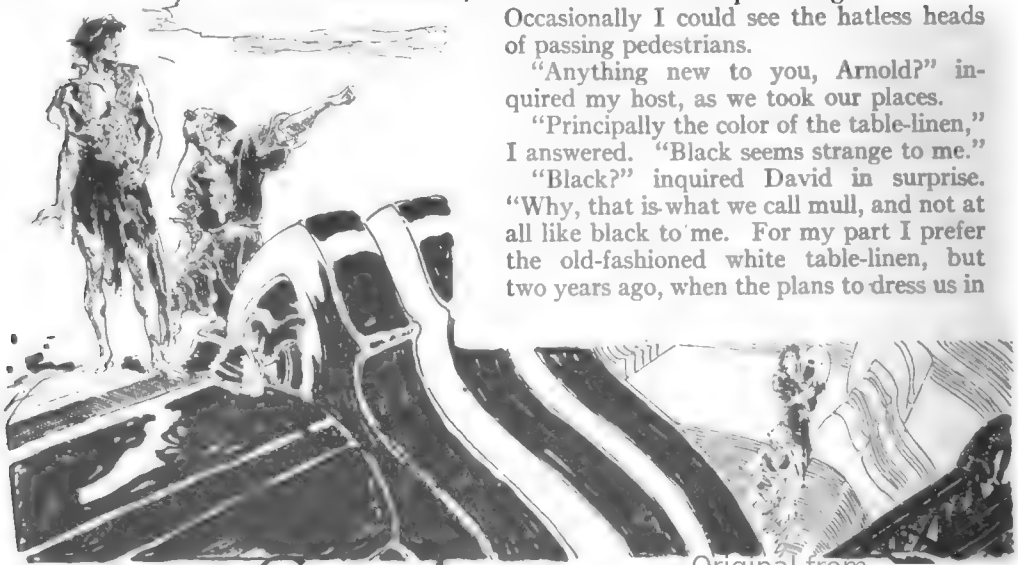
"Arnold, this is my daughter, Elizabeth," said David, after he had kissed her. "My dear, Arnold is a new stranger from a distant province and under our special care."

The girl shot a quick, dubious, searching glance at me. I met it steadily, and her eyes dropped. Again she looked at me, and my gaze appeared to reassure her, for in a very unaffected manner she gave me her hand, and we went through a hall into a living-room, and thence into a simply furnished dining-room. It much resembled one of my own century, except that there were no pictures and the table-linen was black; and between the two rooms was a small enclosed space containing a telephone funnel with a number of knobs and levers disposed about its sides, and a dumb-waiter, no doubt connecting with the house kitchen. The uppermost street ran past the window, which was small and placed high in the wall. Occasionally I could see the hatless heads of passing pedestrians.

"Anything new to you, Arnold?" inquired my host, as we took our places.

"Principally the color of the table-linen," I answered. "Black seems strange to me."

"Black?" inquired David in surprise. "Why, that is what we call mull, and not at all like black to me. For my part I prefer the old-fashioned white table-linen, but two years ago, when the plans to dress us in



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mull instead of blue were changed at the last moment, the Linen Boss had accumulated a large quantity of mull linen in the public stores, on speculation, the loss of which would have hurt him badly—our industries being autonomous—and so good citizens were asked to change the color of their table-cloths and napkins."

"If father had told me that he was going to bring home a guest—" Elizabeth began.

"But I didn't know it myself, Elizabeth," said David. "Of course I could have telephoned you, but——"

"Never do that!" the girl exclaimed, and I saw the look of fear upon her face again.

"We order what we want from the sub-kitchen each morning," David explained, crossing the room in order to press the button beside the shaft. "It is a great improvement on the old family kitchen. At first it was proposed that all should eat in common, but that was one of the points on which civilization had to yield to ingrained prejudices. Here comes our meal!"

A bell sounded, the shaft door clicked open, and a tray lay in the orifice. Elizabeth carried it to the table, and a well-cooked meal was smoking before us.

"Arnold," began David, when the empty dishes and the plates with their remnants had been sent down the shaft, "let us go into the living-room. It has occurred to me that—perhaps I have been under a misunderstanding—in short, Arnold," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I found it difficult to believe that our civilization could be so entirely new to you. There is so much that you must know before the Council summons you.

"Arnold," he began again, as we sat down, "you know there is a period of necessary constraint at present, owing to the final adjustment's being incomplete. There is still a dread that a reactionary spirit may show itself among our not wholly disciplined blues. Many of the older men remember the old régime. The Council is strict, and—in short, Arnold, I am putting my safety in your hands because I trust you, and because I have had no chance to talk to an educated man for ages. And then you need to know so much. You must be primed, and well primed, before you face the Council. Arnold, some time I will receive your confidences, and then—well, we will understand each other. Why, Arnold," he continued, with a swift change of subject which I thought intentional, "do you know I think you can spend the remainder of your day very profitably learning to read!"

"Learn in a day?"

"To some extent. There are only thirty-five principal or key characters, and the sub-characters can be discerned readily when you have mastered these. I believe Elizabeth has an old spelling-book, and she will be delighted to instruct you."

The idea aroused his enthusiasm, and a few minutes later Elizabeth and I were seated at a table, poring over the book. By supper time I had already mastered the elements, and we continued to study afterward under the soft solar light which, issuing

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from small, shaded, glass-covered apertures in the wall, made the room as bright as day.

Soon after dinner the dumb-waiter shaft door clicked open and disclosed a bulky package. David opened it. Inside was my overcoat.

At least, it was meant for me. But instead of the fine cheviot I discovered an abominable mixture of cotton and shoddy wool. Naturally, I was indignant.

David seemed surprised at my vehemence and laid his hand restrainingly upon my arm. "Is it worth while getting into difficulties with the Wool Boss before you go to the Council?" he asked.

He went on to explain that each industry was autonomous, and had its own boss, elected annually by the workers in theory, but for life in practise. The Wool Boss, like the other bosses, received five per cent. on the value of every article made by his department.

"At present our social organization is a little upset," he added. "When our foreign difficulties are ended, we shall resume our normal life. There will be more spaciousness, more freedom."

We went to bed early.

I mused so long that the solar light, which flooded the bedroom within and made London without a chiaroscuro in a black frame, was suddenly turned off, leaving me to grope my way into bed in the darkness. I lay thinking of Esther, who died so long ago, and I knew that when the first bewilderment of the new life had passed away my loss would seem as unbearable as before.

I thought of Elizabeth and the terrified look in her eyes; I heard a city clock strike ten, and, an hour after, one, and could not credit my ears until I remembered that ten was midnight. My last resolve was to forget the old life and fling myself with all my power into the new. Then I fell asleep, to be awakened by the sun shining into my eyes along a cañon that stretched between the high buildings as far as I could see.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Hidden Things

IT WAS not until a week had elapsed that the first stimulus of the life into which I had been plunged abated, leaving me a prey to melancholy reflections.

David and Elizabeth seemed to understand my feelings and tried to keep me from brooding; but I could not help seeing that over them, too, some heavy grief or apprehension hung. And I felt that I was an intruder upon it. I would hear David pacing in his room at night for hours, and sometimes a groan seemed to be wrung from his lips. Yet his kindliness toward me never failed, nor did he ever show his trouble in speech or actions.

There seemed to be no social life at all—at any rate, in the Strangers' House. The other inmates were lodged on different floors and ate in common, living under the guardianship of deputies who occasionally came up to confer with David.

And yet I knew that David had visitors after the solar lights went out. I would hear strangers going tiptoe along the passage, and whispered colloquies in David's room. Sometimes I fancied that Elizabeth shared in these. On such occasions I felt more than ever of an intruder. And always David seemed upon the point of unbosoming himself to me, and always checked himself, and the constraint deepened.

I was amazed and alarmed increasingly at what I saw in the course of my afternoon journeys about the town with David; the large brass tags that labeled every one, the occupation badges, the insolence of the white-clad men—a sort of nobility, it seemed, passing with body-guards of blues and shouldering every one out of the way. And once there came a frantic scramble to avoid a tall, black-bearded man in a uniform of dark blue, wearing a fez, who passed in the midst of his retinue.

I had noticed these men with the Moslem head-dress, striding like conquerors among a servile populace. I learned from David that the tall man was Mehemet, the captain of the Guard. More I could not elicit.

David had acquainted me with the historical events of the past hundred years, in reply to my guarded questions, the universal triumph of democratic principles after the great War of the Nations, the decay of representative government and the breaking down of authority, the unrestrained scramble for wealth and creation of world monopolies which left the masses first economically enslaved, then pauperized, and finally—after the fixing and utilization of solar energy—starving in the midst of the wealth they had created.

There followed the inevitable socialization of industries. The old order fell, not

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because it became ridiculous, but because it was unworkable. It fell forever, in a world cataclysm that ushered in the millennial dreams of Socialism, and for a time life seemed instinct with a new hope fairer than the most daring dreams of the past. But with the destruction of half the cities of the globe, her art, her books, all the experiences accumulated by mankind in the science of government were also jettisoned. Futurism had come of age.

It was the discovery of the Glow Ray, or combustion by cold light, derived from stored solar energy, that placed a terrific weapon in the hands of the leaders of democracy, enabling them to perpetuate their power and stabilize the nations, torn by perpetual revolutionary strife. I learned that the glow paint on the public buildings was the only protection against the all-consuming potency of the Ray. By the knowledge of this secret Spain, which had withdrawn from the Federation of nations, had maintained her isolation.

Russia, the very last stronghold of the old order, refusing subservience to a mechanistic world, had withdrawn also, but possessing only the paint and not the Ray, her vast army was besieged in Tula, and its overthrow, expected daily, would obliterate the last impediment to the new civilization, open her wheat-fields to exploitation, and her labor to the Federation's factories.

Upon the ruins of dead faith the rule of Science had been founded. World councils had laid down the dogmas of universal knowledge in the famous Vienna Creed, amid scenes of violence culminating in murder.

The famous quarrel as to whether Force and Matter are of the same or of a similar substance had been decided in favor of the Sames, by a proclamation of the Federation Boss, whose decrees had come to be considered absolutely infallible in all matters of knowledge.

I learned that London was the Federal capital; that Boss Lembken and Doctor Sanson were at the head of the political and scientific branches, respectively. It was Sanson who separated the race into whites and blues, the physically perfect whites laboring for the uplift of humanity, the ninety-five per cent. of blues contributing the manual labor. Much the same system existed in America, whose bosses, however, had not yet come into the Federation, though negotiations toward this end were still in progress.

"Who is this Sanson?" I inquired.

David looked at me, not in bewilderment but terror—at least so it seemed to me. He shot a glance toward the telephone funnel and cautiously moved his chair toward mine.

"Arnold," he said in a low tone, "he is a man of superhuman powers, as you will discern when you appear before the Council. He is more feared than any man was ever feared before. He is believed to be immortal, Arnold, and to have the power of reassuming his youth. And the people believe that he can bestow immortality upon them and overcome the last enemy, death. That is the secret of their terror of him."

He was speaking now in a whisper only.

"You have come at a critical time, Arnold," he said. "For popular expectancy has set a date, long ago. None knows how the rumor started, but within the next few months, 'soon after the Cold Solstice of 37,' the legend runs, a Messiah is to come to earth, ignorant of his destiny. When he learns it he will offer man his ancient liberties. Sanson will offer immortality in place of these, that men may become as gods. Then will ensue the most titanic of all struggles, and the issue is not known."

His voice quavered; and, staring at him, I realized that David was repeating no foolish, popular tale only, but one that he himself believed.

Science had not yet banished faith from the hearts of men. She had changed it to superstition instead. My brain reeled as the dreadful picture that David had drawn came home to me. A mechanistic world, with superstition added, was the inferno brought to earth.

The next instalment of ***"The Messiah of the Cylinder"*** *will appear in the July number.*

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AMERICA AWHEEL

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RUN IS NO LONGER A THING TO BE DISCUSSED WITH BATED BREATH.

MY NEIGHBOR, Pippkins, has changed his manner of vacation. In other years his annual outing was a rather portentous affair. The family began to plan it some months in advance. There were railroad and steamboat and hotel booklets upon the library-table, and Mrs. Pippkins and the girls—even Pippkins, Sr., and Pippkins, Jr.—joined in the general enthusiasm.

In March, when winter still held our town in a sort of undying arctic grasp, it was at least mentally refreshing to look upon the pictures of comely young women in dresses of impossible whiteness lolling around in canoes or strenuously battling at the tennis-nets. By April the plans were all made, reservations under way. Two months later, the house was in a fever of sartorial preparation—it began to seem as if a campaign was really on.

And finally the trek was actually begun. Mrs. Pippkins, the girls, and Junior started early in the summer, and came home late. They went to a huge wooden hotel that looked like a cotton-mill snatched from the heart of a New England town and set up on the edge of a lake; they dressed three times a day and had a more or less glorious time.

There was not much uncertainty, however, in the mind of Pippkins, Sr., as to the gloriousness of the time. For most of the summer he lived in a shadowy, shrouded house, all but abandoned and steadily gathering dust. A negro janitress from an apartment-house across the street attended to his simplest wants, in a manner indifferent, to put it lightly. He ate his meals in half-empty hotels and club dining-rooms.

On one Friday of each fortnight he boarded a hot, dusty, overcrowded train and rode for five uncomfortable hours to spend the week-end with his family. On the following Sunday he returned on a night-train. That train might have had lower berths. Pippkins never got one.

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He was told that he was lucky to get an upper. And in his mind there still remains a definite suspicion that an upper berth is one of the few surviving relics of the Spanish Inquisition.

Once in the course of each summer he closed his desk and stayed a full two weeks at the resort hotel. It was a rather tedious business. In the first place, he abominated golf, was not quick enough for tennis, and was rather timid about being in a small boat. Then the rest of the family insisted that he don a "Tuxedo" each evening for dinner. They all "dressed," too. It was boresome for all, with but one member of the family honest enough to admit it. Pippkins was glad when the fortnight was over and he could return to his dust-filled and shrouded house in town. It was rather the lesser of two evils.

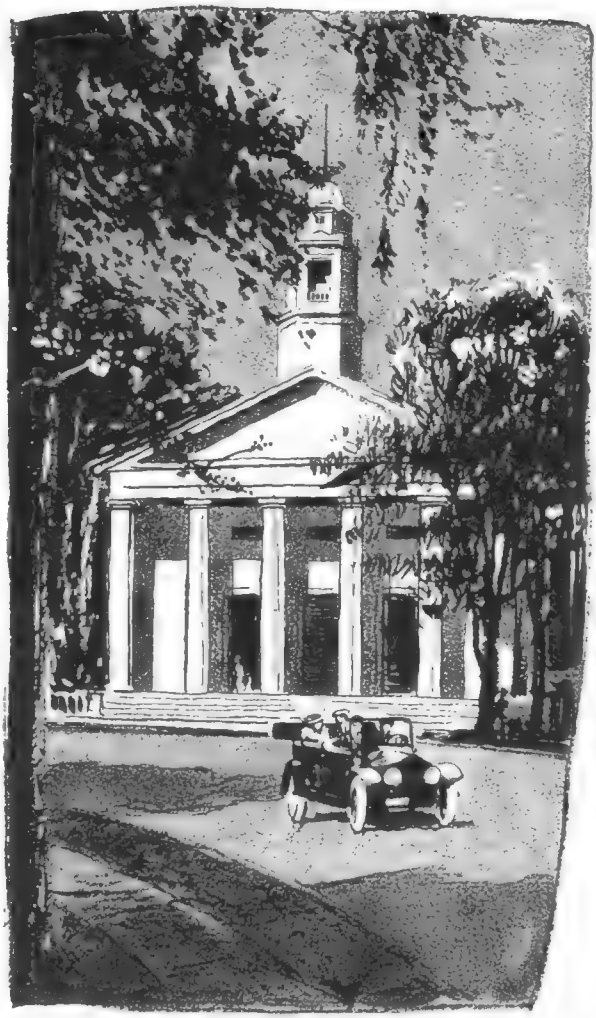
When the family finally returned, exultant in its tales of triumphs throughout the summer campaign, the head of the house was silent. While they were talking he was thinking. He was wondering if, after all, the game was quite worth the candle.

To-day there are no such doubts in Pippkins's mind. He has a car—so have four-fifths of the families in our quiet street. Pippkins caught the fever early in the game. To-day he is a veteran and hardened motorist. He talks earnestly and learnedly of gears and of transmission, and he is superlatively critical of every car—except his own. I might write a story upon how that car, and its predecessors in the Pippkins family, have changed his very soul, but this is not the time nor place. Sufficient is it to say that Pippkins is now a genuine motor expert. And Dr. King down at our corner says that Pippkins has grown ten years younger.

Mrs. Pippkins and the girls have all but forgotten when they have been on a railroad train in summer. They live in the family car. It has become a veritable ferry—between the town house and the place down at the lake.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about the place down at the lake. It's as much a part of our neighbors' family life as the car—and that is saying a good deal.

It was when Pippkins had his first car—four or five years ago. With his wife he was off on a Sunday drive—some ten or twelve miles distant from our town. There they ran across the place—quite accidentally, when an unexpected detour was sending them down a little-used side road. There it stood—a neighborly, comfortable house set in a gentle valley and facing a lovely small sheet of water. Upon one of its decaying classic columns it bore a "For Sale" sign. Pippkins and his wife fell in love with it at first sight. They visualized



WHERE THE QUAINT AND OLD-FASHIONED HAVE NOT GIVEN WAY TO THE ONRUSH OF THE COMMUTER.

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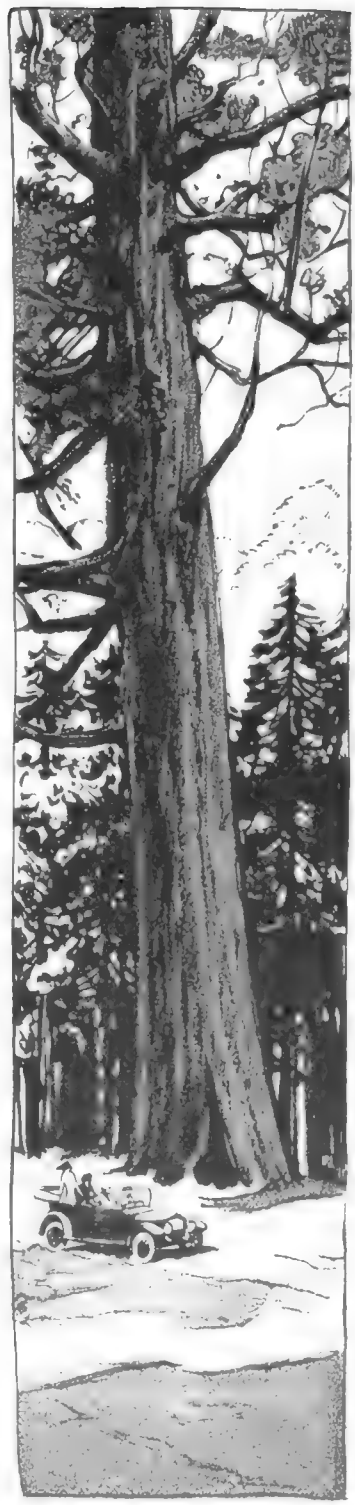
it as a country home. Three days later they drove out and purchased it. They never have regretted that step. Slowly but surely the old place has become the house of their dreams.

No longer does Pippkins have to spend the summer in a dusty, shrouded house. He shuts down his desk each afternoon precisely at five—sometimes, on a dull afternoon, much earlier—and in twenty-five minutes he is with his beloved family at his country-seat. He has a boat on the lake, and because he has learned to swim he has nothing but joy out of the craft. Some day soon he plans to give up the detail of his work and then he is going to sell the town house and live out there in the country the entire year round. But even for the present he is getting a full measure of life—because of his car. And the joy in living that it has brought to him is multiplied in each of the members of his family.

Once each year they pile into the car and take a real run—for two or three weeks. They hunt out the most attractive places; many of them places which the railroad has barely touched, if it reaches them at all. Certainly it rarely gives to the chance tourist full value of their beauties. Sometimes the Pippkinses stop overnight in great and famous resort hotels, but it is rarely for more than a single night. It brings back too vividly the colorless vacations of other years. More often they stop in small taverns, which have sprung up wonderfully in our part of the country since the coming of good roads and the



motoring tourists. They count these nights in small taverns the best nights of all their tripping.

Multiply Pippkins all the way across the face of the land, and you begin to have a definite perception of America awheel. At the beginning of the present year there were nearly three million Pippkinses in the United States, each driving a car, of varying size and age and cost, but an automobile capable of carrying them, their families, and their friends out from the familiar and perhaps rather humdrum and tiresome surroundings into the unfamiliar and the fascinating. That great number is increasing, by leaps and by bounds; not alone by weeks or by months, but by the very days and hours and minutes. The increase is bringing tremendous economic problems in its wake—the question of street and highway congestion, of gasoline consumption, of speed regulation. Not the least of these problems is that of the influence of the automobile upon railroad traffic, particularly passenger traffic.

Some figures along these lines are astounding. It was only five years ago that ninety per cent. of the guests at a certain famous resort hotel at the foot of Mount Washington arrived by train, less than ten per cent. by automobile. But New Hampshire was awaking to her tourist opportunity. She was not only mending her roads, but she was making them unexcelled in the whole United States. And last autumn when I drove up to the door

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of that self-same hotel they told me that more than ninety-five per cent. of the season's guests had arrived by automobile. According to railroad estimates, more than sixty per cent. of the many, many thousand visitors who came to New England in 1916 came in motor-cars. That enormous influx of motorists to the tight little American community of states east of the Hudson River has been due primarily to advertising, but secondarily and in the long run to New England's careful, systematic development of her highways and of her taverns, in both her big and her little towns.

"Talk about advertising for folks to go to California or the Rockies on a train," said the passenger-traffic manager of one of the largest of our transcontinental roads. "There is no getting around the fact that the transcontinental railroad is up against two things: the first of these is New York City, which is the greatest permanent and perpetual attraction in the United States three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year; the second is the automobile. Nine hundred thousand pleasure-cars sold last year; one million two hundred and fifty thousand are to be made and sold this year. More than one billion five hundred thousand dollars spent on automobiles and all their accessories in 1916—what possible chance has the railroad? Nine-tenths of the fellows who, in ordinary times, might be taking their families and themselves out, let us say, into the Golden West, are now putting the money into the car and its gas. That's

where it rubs the steel highways."

Colorado is another state where the development of the motor tourist has been both rapid and dramatic. Ten years ago less than fifty cars from outside the state came to it in the course of an entire summer. As recently as 1913, despite the tremendous increase in the production and sale of automobiles, this number had only reached two thousand five hundred. Last summer there were more than twenty-five thousand "foreign cars" reported within that playground state.

They came from every corner of the Union, although the greater part of them showed by their license-plates that they were from the states of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys and uplands—from Kansas, from Nebraska, from Iowa, and from Oklahoma, chief among these. Yet in Estes Park in the course of two September days I saw three cars bearing the license plates of my home state of New York. In addition to this, Colorado issued some forty thousand licenses to her own citizens—an impressive figure when compared with the one thousand five hundred licenses issued in 1906.

California, with her profligate natural beauty and her great good sense in developing splendid highroads, is another state where the Pippkinses flourish. Talk of three New York cars in Estes Park! Last summer in a single night there were four California cars in one garage at the Delaware Water Gap! And no two of these cars had ever before spent a night under the same roof.

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The transcontinental run is no longer a thing to be discussed with bated breath. It is growing too common to attract much attention. But it is one of the very few things with which familiarity can not breed contempt. Given a good, stout, full-powered car—which by no means is to be interpreted as an expensive, heavy, or high-powered contraption — some emergency tools, a medicine-chest (for man is as subject to a breakdown as is a modern car), two or three two-gallon African water-bags, a food reserve, and a camping outfit, and a good motorist ought to run from New York City to San Francisco in from twenty-five to thirty-five days—and in comfort, too.

Camping outfit, you inquire?

IF YOU are not familiar with motoring west of the Missouri, the question is quite natural. Of course, a camping outfit. To a man or woman fond of the bignesses and the mysteries of the open, it is the nights on the trail that form the greater part of the joy of transcontinental motoring. You can spread your blanket beside the Santa Fé trail or the Overland trail or the Lincoln Highway, and if God has given you any imagination whatsoever, you can forget that there are six-cylinders and an electric starter within forty feet of you, and can imagine yourself going with Fremont out toward the unknown, or laboring westward to find a foothold in a great new land.

Camping, forsooth. Camping is as much an integral part of motoring in the West as gasoline. And the smart Western towns are making a business of catering to the camping motorists. On a single day last summer two hundred and fifty cars came to the public camp which Denver has carved out of a corner of its City Park. The tourists arrived from every corner of the land and in every conceivable form of automobile—to say nothing of the motor-cycle contraptions. Hospitable Denver received them in her public camp, without charge and for as long as they would stay. She furnished free wood and water for their culinary necessities, and gave them a suitable police protection. In a register at the headquarters of the camp she invited not only the names and home addresses of the campers, but their frank comments on her hospitality.

Can you imagine what would happen to a car that should come into the main street of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, or Cooperstown, New York, or Princeton, New Jersey, and proceed to camp out for the night? I think that the folk of any of those villages would order out the police reserves, perhaps the fire department and the militia to boot. That is the difference between West and East. The East, particularly the extreme northeastern corner of the United States, will almost invariably give you good tavern accommodations. But it prefers that you do not despoil its trim vicinage by camps—not overnight, at any rate. The West has not progressed quite so rapidly with tavern accommodations, particularly in the smaller towns. But it will welcome you to come and make the best of its hospitality. Denver is only one of many Western towns that have their public camps. A man who went up into Oregon last summer found many of them—at Eugene and Roseburg, and other points along the popular trail up the west coast all the way from San Diego to Portland and beyond.

Nor is one to misjudge the type of folk who put up in these camps. I talked with one couple who had come down into Denver for their summer vacation. He was sheriff of one of the growing counties of Wyoming, and she was a keen woman, a graduate of Vassar, sharply in touch with the affairs of the day. Their small son was with them, and they literally carried their living accommodations. On one of the running-boards of their car was folded a spring bed. When they reached a camp-ground they had but to unfold the bed, which thrust itself out at right angles from the car, and to hood it with a canopy, fastened in similar fashion to the top of the automobile. An incandescent lamp upon an extension cord was connected with the car's electric plant, a table was fastened automatically to the foot of the bed. And sonny-boy slept in the roomy tonneau.

Can one imagine better fun? The clumsy, gaily-painted vans which our English cousins still use to wander all over their tight little island are never to be compared with devices such as these, to say nothing of the two-wheeled trailer-carts which are positively roomy and possessed of a degree of cleanliness only reached by the best of hotels. A man started from our up-state New York town late last fall for his home at Biloxi, Mississippi. He set off with one of these two-wheelers rolling

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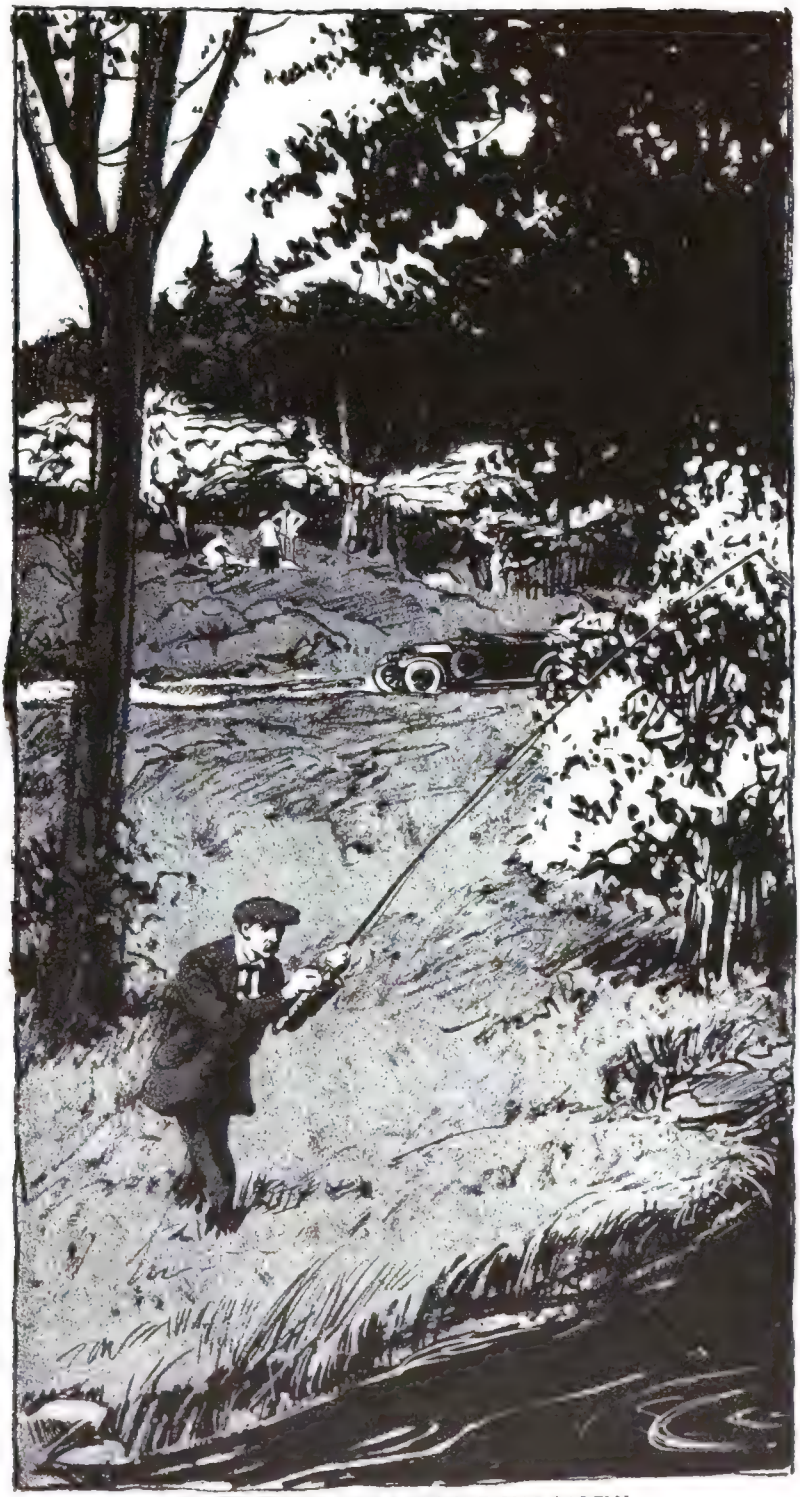

PLACES WHICH THE RAILROAD HAS BARELY TOUCHED, IF IT REACHES THEM AT ALL.

along after his car. He expected to maintain a steady southbound gait of twenty miles an hour, but with numerous stops along the way. When this was being written he was reported somewhere south by southwest of Chattanooga, but still going forward. If it rains and he ever gets through that particular corner of Dixie, he is going to be entitled to a F. R. G. S. or an honorary membership in the Travel Club of America. For the roads of northern Georgia and Alabama are most particularly abominable.

Perhaps by next autumn the Dixie Highway may be more worthy of its eloquent name, and Pippkins may be able to take that midwinter vacation he has promised his family so long a time, and drive them all down to the adorable Gulf Coast or to Florida. But for this summer, how about heading the car toward the West? There is hardly one of the great national parks that can not be reached, and at least partly traversed, by

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motor-cars to-day. And we have seen how little work the transcontinental trip is. A driver accustomed to touring of any real sort should make little work of it; even that long stretch on the Overland trail over an abandoned bit of road-bed of the Union Pacific Railroad—originally built for single track and therefore none too wide for motoring, particularly in bad weather.

Originally—in fact until very recently—the Overland Trail, better known and marked as the Lincoln Highway, offered practically the only transcontinental route practicable to the average automobile. From Omaha west it runs by way of Cheyenne and Salt Lake City on its way to Sacramento and San Francisco. It is a fine direct pathway, the chief objection to it resting in the fact that it completely misses the superb mountains of Colorado. A diverse route—the Pike's-Peak-Ocean-to-Ocean Highway—overcomes that defect, and brings the motorist through Denver, Colorado Springs, and Glenwood Springs to Salt Lake, where he can pick up the main Overland trail once again. There are also transcontinental trails to the north and the south. The northerly route—the Yellowstone trail—has jumped into great popularity because of the recent order of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, admitting automobiles, under certain reasonable restriction, into the Yellowstone Park. The southerly route is better adapted to fall and winter travel than to that of summer.

Once the Pippkins cross the crest of the Sierras—which some one has called the garden wall of California—they will find superb roads stretching in every direction. They may drive north from Los Angeles or San Diego, and have a choice of two superb roads to San Francisco; the one along the coast, with Santa Barbara, Monterey, and an occasional mission as its lions; the other over the glorious Tejon Pass and on through Bakersfield and the fat farms of the broad San Joaquin Valley. To have a choice between two such roads is a genuine embarrassment of riches.

From San Francisco north to the state line and thence on to Portland the main highway is hardly inferior, either in scenic attractions or in the quality of the road itself. From Portland to Tacoma one can not say as much; yet the road which connects these two cities is considerably better than passable at most seasons of the year, while the forty miles between Tacoma and Seattle, and beyond into the shadowy recesses of the Cascades, are marked by a paved boulevard as fine as any park road.

From this great main stem extending north and south along the west coast of our nation extend the various side roads—off to Riverside and Redlands and up the Mount Lowe, to the Yosemite, to the giant trees of the Calaveras, to Lake Tahoe, to Crater Lake, to Mount Rainier, and up the great gorge of the Columbia itself.

IT IS this last highway which probably is the most dramatic of all. Built almost entirely through the efforts of the city of Portland, it is, in effect, probably the most extensive city park in America. Already you can drive for more than forty miles out from the heart of Portland, over a paved highway that follows the river; sometimes threading the very heart of its great gorge, at other times rising by easy gradients to heights from which you catch constantly changing vistas of the river and its mountainous shores. In a little time you will be able to follow this new highway for many more miles; not alone to Hood River and through its upper and lower valleys, but right up to the Swiss chalet which flings itself at timber-line of the snow-capped Mount Hood itself.

At the present time the road, fully paved and completed, terminates at Mount Mitchell, which it threads through as interesting and complicated a bit of road construction as one may find in the entire world. When Samuel C. Lancaster, the engineer who planned the highway, first brought his reconnaissance to Mount Mitchell, it seemed as if his path was absolutely barred. For that stern old precipice thrust itself out into the deep waters of the great river of the Northwest, as if to say that man might not again pass by. Some years ago the railroad which follows the south bank of the Columbia had found a narrow, difficult pathway at the base of the mountain. After that had been gained it seemed absolutely impossible to get even a narrow trail around the mountain, to say nothing of a paved roadway twenty-five feet from curb to curb.

But to Lancaster, who had brought his great road up and down the mountain cliffs by veritable double bow-knots, with easily

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rounded curves, the problem was by no means insurmountable. He remembered some years ago riding on a *diligence* through the famous Axenstrasse of Switzerland—that sturdy road carried through a mountain side by a lateral tunnel; a real gallery, whose great windows give on a remarkable prospect. He seized upon the idea. Mount Mitchell would become the Axenstrasse of the Northwestern United States.

And so it has become. The side windows of its remarkable tunnel look out upon a great sweep of the valley of the Columbia. In the foreground and far below, the river itself, its huge volume belied by distance. Up and down the lovely river the precipitous banks, stern, uprising, but eventually giving way to a broad shelf upon the north, which is already beginning to blossom in orchards and in truck-farms. The copious rains of the Columbia, together with the gentle climate, form a strong inducement to agriculture. Upon this shelf and back of it, more hills, mountains, and back of them those superb snow-crowned peaks—Adams and St. Helen's; on a clear day, Rainier itself.

The views these stone-framed windows give to the motorist are only exceeded by one—the first glimpse of the valley as one rolls out upon the Drive from Portland. For almost twenty miles you drive forward—a pleasant, easy-running road which threads a gentle farming country, dotted with pine-trees, and finally finds its way through the picturesque cañon of the Rocky River. After that, more of the strong, young farms, and then the pine-trees part, and then . . .

For forty miles the Columbia rolls down to you. On either side its mountainous slopes are reduced to pigmy proportions by the vastness of the scale on which the whole great picture is painted. In the middle distance a thunder-storm is rolling its way down the valley toward you. But it seems as far distant and as impersonal as seemed until so recently the European war. Beyond it is sunshine, and before it is sunshine—sunshine reaching warmly down upon the rounded top of Crown Point, with automobiles parked tightly together there. From this distance they seem like flies cluttering together for a grain of sugar; the tiny chalet near-by, no larger than a toy-house, fashioned from a single block. The man who stands beside you tells you that Crown Point rises a sheer seven hundred and twenty-five feet from the surface of the river. He knows. But it seems incredible. Crown Point seems such a tiny rock—from this distance.

So goes this road of changing wonder, in a few miles looping itself around the

CAMPING IS AS MUCH AN INTEGRAL PART OF MOTORING IN THE WEST AS GASOLINE.

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very dome of Crown Point, then threading its path down the double bow-knot and through the forest, passing other chalets, spanning on stout concrete bridges Shepherd's Dell, Oneonta Gorge, and the lofty, beribboned Multonah Falls. It is a paradise for motorists, this triumph of engineering.

"BUT," you interrupt, "the Pippkins family may drive to Colorado this summer, on to California, to Estes Park, to the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, Rainier, even the Columbia River Drive; we can not. We live in the East. The glories of the great West are not for us."

No, but the glories of the great East, the splendid, unsung East, may be yours to command. And man and Nature have conspired to give the Northeast its own Columbia River Highway. It stands within three or four hours' drive of the largest city of America. You have but to find your way down any one of the dull brownstone side streets of New York to a ferry which spans the North River barrier for you. And if you have chosen one of those ferries which lead from upper Manhattan Island, you receive at once your foretaste of the glories that you are to see—the Palisades: "The lip of the world," a master thinker has called them.

Once you are past the Palisades you are well away from the river, running through a succession of Jersey suburban villages—quiet, comfortable communities where the quaint and the old-fashioned have not given way entirely to the onrush and the upbuild of the commuter. After that the narrow valley of the Ramapo and the gateway that marks the entrance to the social prestige of Tuxedo. A few rods more and a road swerves abruptly to the right from the main highroad, and you are traversing a great park—as wild and as brilliantly beautiful a place as one might expect to find in the very heart of the Rockies themselves. You come upon the great feature of this run as quickly and as dramatically as you come upon the deep vale of the Columbia just below Crown Point.

Here below you lies the Hudson. Its sides are precipitate too, and if it lacks the final touch of white-tipped mountains, think of the lore and the tradition of our great river of New York. Up there upon the left bank is West Point, and back in the days of the Revolution they stretched a great iron chain across the river there to prevent the British ships-of-war from ascending beyond it. You still can see a portion of the chain in the grounds of the Military Academy. You will, of course, want to drive up to West Point and see that Academy, the gray-uniformed boys marching back and forth upon its well-kept lawn. And in a little time you will be able to drive north from West Point, through the deep gap at the Highlands of the Hudson, and so on north to the great new Ashokan Reservoir and the wonders of the Catskills.

At present you must bend back from West Point. For Storm King is no less a barrier to a highroad than was Mount Mitchell, above the Columbia; and the problem of Storm King is yet to be solved. In a few years—probably three or four at the very most—there will be another Axenstrasse in the United States, and the windows of this tunnel will look down upon the deep waters of the Hudson, strangely tranquil in comparison with the rapid flow of the Columbia, and peopled at all hours of day and night with fast-moving steamboats, yachts, and motor-boats, to say nothing of the slower and more sedate freight-bearing craft.

In two years the State of New York, assisted by the State of New Jersey, which owns the west bank of the Hudson for twenty-five miles north from its mouth, has created the Interstate Park, the finest recreation-ground in America—at any rate east of the Rockies. Not only is it of vast extent and very great natural beauty, but, what is far more important, it is at the back door of the largest city on our continent. Within a single day's drive of its portals live and breathe and have their motor-cars some eleven million beings.

The Empire State has been prodigal in its expenditures for improved highways. It stands too close to New England not to see the beneficial social and commercial effects that good roads have had upon that tight little neck o' the woods. New York already has expended over one hundred million dollars on improved highways. The end is not yet in sight. Albany, its capital, is the greatest single touring center in America—not even excepting Denver. From it one may drive in almost any direction: south on either bank of the Hudson

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to the Catskills, to New York City and beyond; east, to the near-by Berkshires and Green Mountains, and the more distant points of New England; north, to Saratoga, Lake George, the Adirondacks, and Montreal; west, to Cooperstown and the wonderful chain of "finger lakes" in Central New York; to say nothing of the vast motoring territory west of Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

And what shall the Pippkinses say when they think of New England itself?—New England, the land of veritable motoring marvels. Does that phrase ring extreme in your ears? Well, then, drive your car over the Mohawk trail that clambers over Hoosic Mountain — directly above the world-famed railroad tunnel which pierces it—and see the staggering profusion of exquisite views that you will have all the way from North Adams to Greenfield, on the Connecticut. Or drive from Boston north through Salem and out upon that famous sea-following highway of the North Shore, through Beverley, Manchester, Magnolia, and Gloucester or Cape Ann. Or try Peru Mountain or the Williamstown Gulf in Vermont; or that superb highway which rolls down Crawford Notch from the heart of New Hampshire into the heart of Maine.

Perhaps you are not as fortunate as the Pippkinses in living near these motoring joys of our great Northeast. Perhaps you can not find the time to drive to Colorado or to California. Perhaps you live in the great central belt of the nation. Yet the joys of motor-tripping are not even then to be denied you. The Mississippi, particularly the upper regions of the river, is only a little less dramatic and beautiful than the Columbia or the Hudson. Few folks realize the height and majesty of the cliffs that border it for the greater part of the distance between St. Louis and St. Paul. Wisconsin and Minnesota abound in interior lakes, and so does Michigan.

The man in southern Ohio or Indiana may take his choice between the exquisite mountains of Kentucky, easily reached and by more than ordinarily good roads, and the chain of lake resorts that border the Great Lakes all the way down from Sault Ste. Marie to Buffalo.

And the Pippkinses of eastern Ohio or western Pennsylvania have two master motor routes to the sea—the one through Pittsburgh, ancient Bedford Springs, Chambersburg, and Gettysburg to Philadelphia; the other even more picturesque and interesting—the historic national pike extending through Wheeling and Cumberland, and, in a general way, following the valley of the Potomac, through Frederick, Maryland, whence it shoots due east to Baltimore. By easy detour one may make this route include Washington. And there is a superb road east from Baltimore to Wilmington and so on to Philadelphia, to Atlantic City, to the Delaware Water Gap, and New York itself.

IT IS A ROAD OF CHANGING WONDER—A PARADISE FOR MOTORISTS.

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Consult your motor maps. Hunt out the information bureau of the nearest automobile club. Plan your trip—not too definitely if you would have the fullest enjoyment out of it—get your car tuned, and start upon your way. All America is awheel.

The country inns are awakening; it is a poor sort of white-painted tavern that to-day does not boast a blue pumpkin room or an old English grill. Chicken dinners are a rage; waffles are at a premium. Lucy and Lydia are running a tea-room in the old house that grandaddy built in Main Street, and dear Cousin Jessie, who is not fortunate enough to live near any popular highroad, is making maple-sugar candy and catering to the rolling motor trade. Garages multiply overnight, it seems. The breath of gasoline and the spirit of welcome are awakening the dullest of our little country towns.

And even the largest of the palatial hotels in the most metropolitan of our cities no longer scorn the grimy motorist. On the contrary, they cater assiduously to the most finicky of his tastes.

Mine host is no fool. He knows that in the Pippkinses, big and little, all the way across the land, there has come to him in these piping days a great new source of profitable traffic.

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

DRIFT, logs, drift, down the swift stream;
Float, logs, float, beyond the Port o' Dream.
The sunlight pats my Luba's cheeks
And makes them glow like wine;
The breeze brings fragrance once again
From cedar, birch, and pine.
A dirge-song died upon the wind
That dried my Luba's tears;
Her lips are dumb with answered prayer,
Her eyes with banished fears.

Batyushka Gosudar,
Wan wanes thy setting star.
Fallen art thou, Great White Czar.

Turn, logs, turn, through the foam and swirl;
Glide, logs, glide, along the white whirl.
For me my Luba sits and waits
For me a feast is spread;
No more like wolfhound lean and lone
Must I devour my bread.
The jingling cow-bells tinkle pæans
Of home and joy to me;
My heart leaps God-ward like the blaze
That set my Russia free!

Batyushka Gosudar,
Wan wanes thy setting star.
Fallen art thou, Great White Czar.

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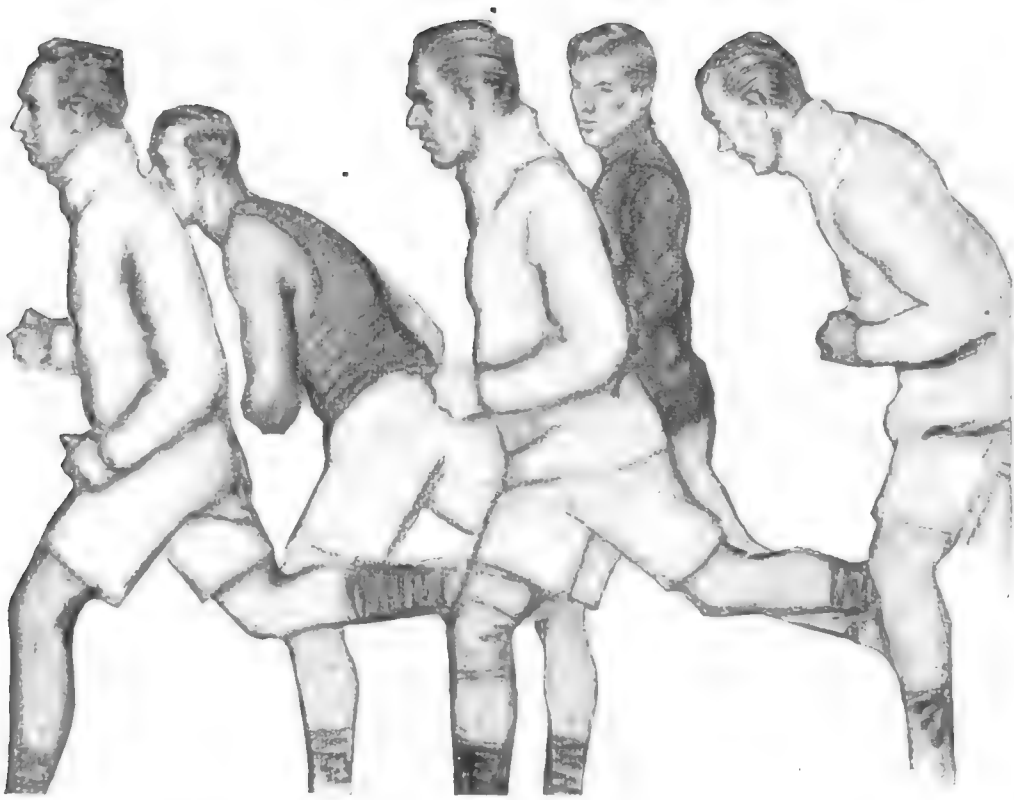

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS COUNTRY

William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

ABOVE the Palisades the sun, a glowing red ball, hung low, slipping downward through the murk of smoke and clouds. It lighted up the river, flowing lazily, majestically, and the drift-ice that had come down the stream. The faint chill of dusk was in the air, the mocking warmth of the February day had yielded already to the coming of night. And yet, the spring was in the air. It cried from the soft ground, from a thousand tiny rivulets that flowed down from heaps of stained, melting snow, from burgeoning trees the barren limbs of which were stirring with their response to the yearly summons.

From the viaduct that spanned the valley beyond Grant's Tomb a little group of men came running, running with long strides, following the easy path their leader set. Men who had learned to distrust the meretricious warmth of February shivered and shrank into their overcoats as they saw the runners coming; turned, on the sidewalk and

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in passing cars, to eye them, scornful, amused, tolerant, pleased, according to their several natures.

The runners came, in a compact little group, heads up, shoulders back, breathing hard, drawing in great drafts of the sparkling air, in which was the snap and tang of wine. Their legs were bare, save for short trunks and heavy woolen socks; they wore great, heavy sweaters. And on these, crossed oars and a large block letter C gave away the secret of their running. This was the crew-squad from Columbia, running for the sake of its wind, after the day's drill on the machines.

Steadily they pounded on, heedless alike of those who turned to regard them with a look wistful, reminiscent, and of ribald small boys who ran along with them and jeered. At a street that rose sharply toward the east they turned and ran on, quickening their pace, indeed, for the hill. And so they came to the gymnasium and the good things they had earned: the showers upon their naked bodies, the water first hot, then icy cold; the trained fingers of the rubbers, pounding, kneading, pulling, seeking out muscles that were sore and overtaxed, and must be coaxed lest they refuse to do the work appointed to them.

Among them, flat on his back upon a wooden slab, his eyes staring, unseeing, at the ceiling, lay Thaddeus Crask, whose place was Number Six in the second row of machines; Thaddeus Crask, of the sophomore class, who, after remaining deaf, through his freshman year, to all appeals, had astonished every one by his belated appearance as a candidate this year for the Varsity crew.

Columbia, really, knew little of Crask. If there is about a man anything at all reticent, secretive, he reveals little, indeed, of himself in the ordinary contacts of everyday life. And about Crask there was a reticence that was almost passionate. His very name was significant. It was not, properly, Thaddeus Crask at all. That name he had evolved and taken for himself. Thousands of miles of space and all sorts of subtler things, in infinite gradations of importance and significance, lie between Thaddeus Crask and Tadeusz Krasicki. And Thaddeus Crask had been born, and had lived through his boyhood and his early adolescence, as Tadeusz Krasicki.

On the slab, that day, submitting patiently to the hands of the rubber, you would have seen the body of Thaddeus Crask. It was a fine body, strong, lithe, beautifully proportioned. His muscles rippled and flowed under a pink skin that glowed with health. They were not gathered in the confined knots of the circus strong man; there was a deceptive smoothness about the whole man. And yet an occasional response to some move of the rubber, when some minor muscular system sprang into taut, tense readiness for action betrayed the truth. Had you been there, watching him, you would have seen the beautiful development of his thighs; the tight-stretched wall of his abdomen, hard, and yet rippling and flowing with the imprisoned power beneath; the great spread of chest and shoulders; the forearm, supple, but with the strength and delicacy of a steel rod in a machine.

Those evidences of a perfect strength, of a magnificent vitality, would have drawn your attention first. Later you would have been held by his face: you would have taken note of the long, delicate features; the wet black hair; the somber, deep-set eyes; the high cheekbones; the fixed line of the mouth, with its unyielding quality that was so subtly reenforced and driven home to your imagination by the set of the long jaw.

Through the room, among the naked, steaming bodies, a man moved about. At first you might have thought his wandering aimless, but you would soon have seen that there was a purpose in it. This was the coach; the man who was building up, out of this mass of raw material, an extraordinary entity, that, on that distant day in June, would stand revealed as a living, breathing organism, a thing with a soul as well as a body; a thing into which this man would have breathed life. As truly as any artist this man was a creator. . . .

From time to time the coach spoke, as he paused by some man's slab. And nearly always, when he did that, there came a certain look into the eyes of the man addressed, a look that was made up of pride, and adoration, and utter confidence. These boys hung on the man's few words; some, for a moment, winced, at a reproof, and then seemed to gather themselves and fall back upon their slabs again with a new, grim, dogged determination in their eyes. And others, flushed already from the quickened

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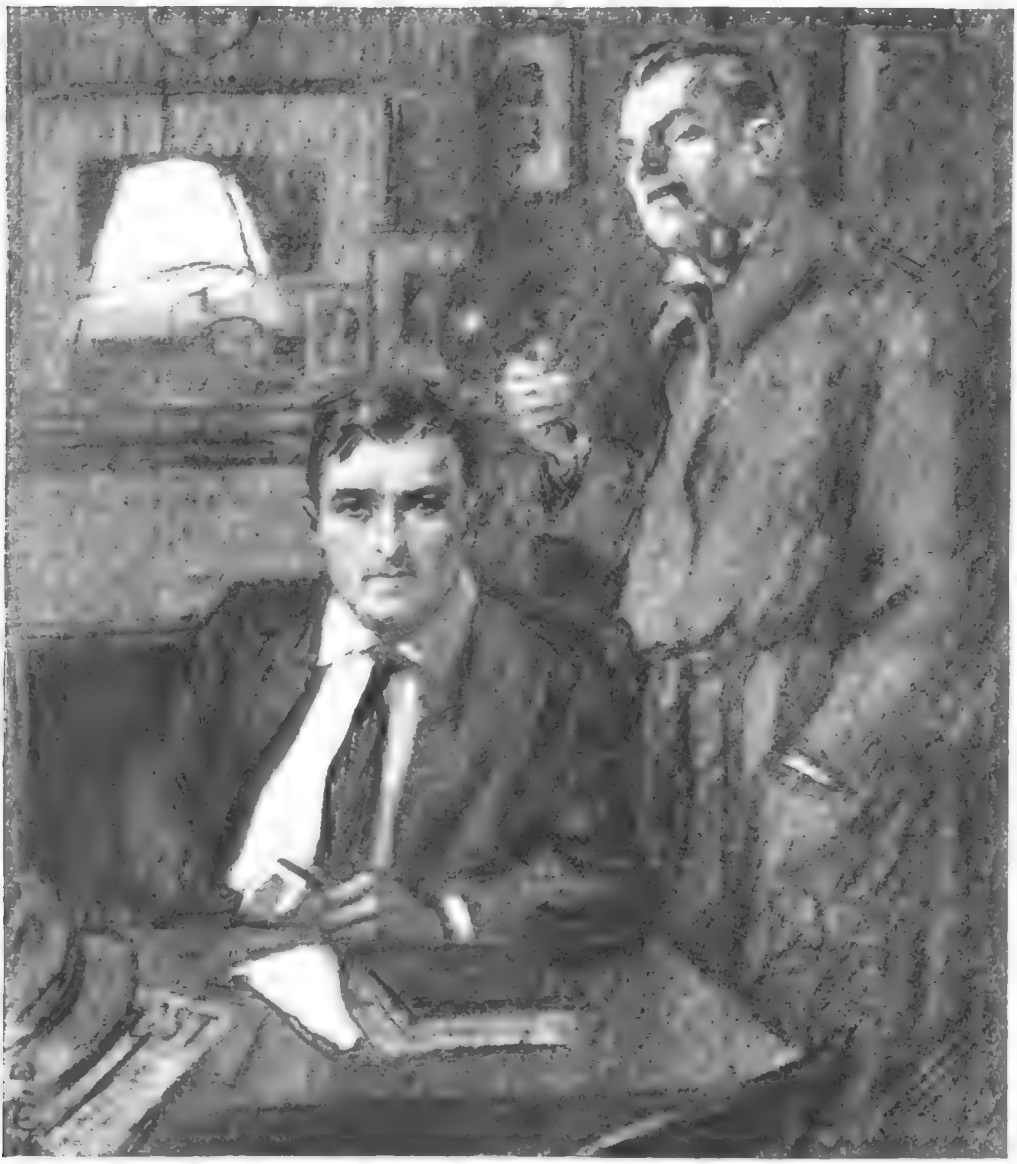
coursing of their blood, flushed again with pride and happiness at his praise.

Sometimes he said nothing at all, only stopped and looked down, and seemed to be weighing, appraising, the quality of a body that he was forced, after all, to regard as a cog in the machine for the quality of which, in the final analysis and test of the race, he would be held accountable. And once or twice, as he looked into eyes that stared upward, full of hope and eagerness, he turned away, with a sigh or a faint, almost imperceptible shake of his head, having seen, as well as the fine courage and ambition that shone from the eyes, a body that he knew would not be equal to the test. But as he looked down at Thaddeus Crask he smiled.



"COLLEGE SPIRIT? YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T ANY!"

"You did better to-day, Crask," he said, quietly. "You're getting the hang of the stroke. Still, you don't come back enough. Those muscles down in your stomach aren't doing their share yet. But—you're learning."

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"Yes," said Crask, simply.

But there was no such response to praise in Crask as in the others. His eyes held no such look of pride and gratification. It was not, precisely, that he was indifferent; rather, he was calmly acquiescent. And on the next slab a slender boy turned over, with a sort of groan of envy, and yielded his back to the rubber's hands. Sheer will-power, a fine, high, nervous courage, made him stick to a hopeless task. This was his senior year, challenging, full of doubt. He knew why he puzzled the coach and some of the other oarsmen: he was fiercely intolerant of them all. . . .

He was intolerant of so much about these others! Of the motive that led them, day after day, to undergo this drudgery of preparation for something that seemed to Crask trifling, supremely unimportant. He understood that motive well enough. It was not only praise, adulation, hero-worship

CRASK SHOOK HIS HEAD, AS, AT THE RUBBER'S WORDS, HE TURNED AND LAY FACE DOWN.

and he knew that he had failed again: that he would never sit in a Columbia shell on the day of a race. . . .

Crask shook his head, almost impatiently, as, at the rubber's words, he turned and lay face down. He heard that swiftly suppressed groan, with its note of envy; he saw the look in the coach's eyes as they stared down at him, a look puzzled, contemptuous, they sought. There was something else that moved them; something to which, while he rebelled against it, he could give a name—college spirit—words that cloaked devotion to an ideal. He could relate it to patriotism, loyalty, all sorts of blind, idealistic devotions; blind, as he saw them. . . .

And it was precisely because he had been born, not Thaddeus Crask, but Tadeusz

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Krasicki, that he felt as he did. Thaddeus Crask was an American, or, by the process of naturalization, in the way of becoming one. And Tadeusz Krasicki had been born in Cracow, and reared there and in a lonely manor house in Galicia; he was the grandson of a man an Austrian shell had killed when the brief independence of the Republic of Cracow had crumbled under the Austrian cannon.

His nursery rhymes had been the tragic tale of Poland. From his earliest days he had drunk in hatred of the three spoilers who had divided Poland as thieves divide their booty. And here is the thing that had made him different from a million boys of his blood and his generation: He had learned to hate not the three robber states alone, but their victim as well. He had learned scorn for Poland. For those from whom he had heard the story had had no vision of ravishers spoiling a victim heroic, helpless, but resisting to the last extremity. Their vision was the bitter one of a nation torn by the pettiest, the most sordid of dissensions, tossing away the chance and hope of freedom by its own ineptitude and greed, enjoying the fitting reward of its own corruption. Always, in Crask's ears, rang the bitter, sinister echo of his father's words:

"My country! I have no country! Poland? She was not fit, and perished! Austria? The spoiler, the ravisher? No—I stand alone! I fight for myself—for freedom for myself and what is mine!"

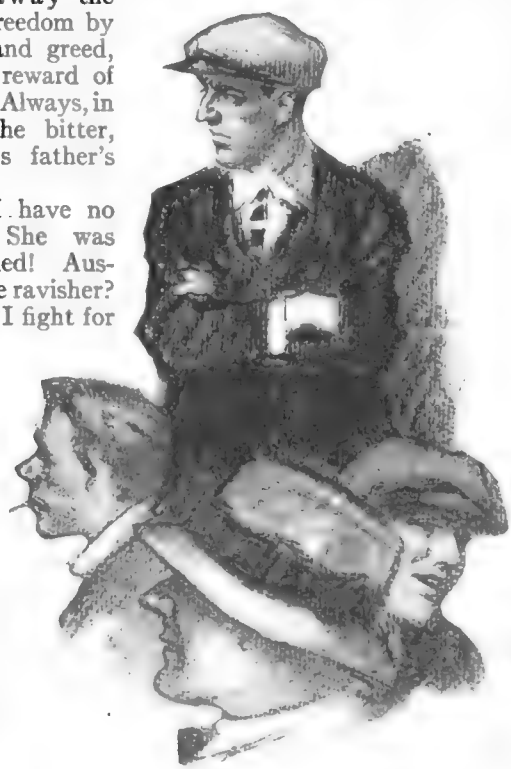
That had become the creed of Thaddeus Crask. In him the instincts of patriotism, of devotion, were deeply buried; so deeply buried, indeed, that they seemed dead. He was, it seemed to him he must be, all for himself. Had things been different he might, in a new country, that had given him, at least, freedom from political oppression and suppression, have attached those fundamental instincts to the ideals upon which that country had been built, to which so many millions of men like Crask had come to give a passionate devotion. But America had not worked so upon him; he was still, when he had come to Columbia, a savage individualist. And yet—he was working with the crew candidates, going through, daily, the drudgery and toil that was their lot.

He hadn't meant to row; he had held out for a long time against the efforts to persuade him to do so. These had been persistent. Every year, at Columbia, there was difficulty in getting out men enough to fill the crews. Coach, managers, leading men in his class and in the college, all applied themselves to the task of enlisting Crask. Among them was Marston, a junior, and a keen oarsman himself, who was one of Crask's few friends. To him, once or twice, Crask tried to explain his attitude.

"Why should I, Marston?" he said, patiently. "College spirit? You know I haven't any! I've told you that! And there's nothing in it for me. Why do you keep on trying to persuade me?"

"Because I don't believe you're such a mucker as you make yourself out to be!" Marston exclaimed. "Hang it, Crask—I like you! Lots of us do. And I wouldn't like a chap who was really the sort of chap you try to make us think you are!"

Crask shook his head, and sighed. There was something curious about his whole relation with Marston, and with one or two others. It was, and it wasn't, a part of his carefully calculated scheme of life.



CRASK, AS ALWAYS, STOOD APART WITH A FAINTLY MOCKING LOOK IN HIS EYES.

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He wanted to keep their good opinion; in an odd way he valued it. He understood, of course, that no matter how logically he stood by his individualism, he could not stand altogether alone; that he must have friends. And yet his need of friendship was not, he knew, altogether materialistic, selfish.

"I wish I could make you understand, Marston," he said. "You know about me. I haven't any country. I've told you how it was with me. Patriotism—all those myths and legends—they don't mean anything to me—they can't! I won't let them tie me down, waste me, as they did my grandfather and so many of my people, in the past——"

"I know," said Marston, hurriedly, uncomfortably. "That—I guess that's too deep for me. I've a sort of an idea that this country—that it's meant for just such chaps as you—a sort of new nation, built on a new plan. But, anyhow—that's got nothing to do with the college. We all owe the college something."

"I don't!" said Crask, savagely. "Marston—you'll never understand! I've got things for myself—I've had to! Why—over here, since I came—I've worked like a dog! I've been sweated. I've gone hungry. I've slept in the corner of a room in a tenement house that held five other men."

"Why—I *do* understand!" said Marston. "We all do! That's the great thing about you—the way you've worked up and out of all that. I couldn't have done it—you're worth a dozen of me! We—why—we admire you tremendously, just because of all that, old man! And that's one reason we're so keen to have you come out for the crew——"

"But think of the time!" said Crask. "I'm working, all the time. I know I've been lucky. I'm lucky because I'm not working on a machine in a sweat-shop still. If I hadn't found out that I had a knack for designing things for women to wear—! Well, I wouldn't be here. No, it's no use. You can't convert me, Marston. I've got to go my own way. And I wonder, sometimes, if all this college spirit isn't something—well, accepted, just because it's become a tradition? Something you get from outside, that you believe in because you've been brought up to believe in it?"

"Oh, piffle!" said Marston, uncomfortably. "You—well, you're a foreigner of course. You don't understand, really, I guess. College spirit—you can't talk about the way you feel about your college——"

And then, abruptly, on top of that talk, and of others like it, Crask went out for the crew. There was a mass meeting one day at noon, and, without having meant to attend it, he did. There were hot, fervid, immature speeches, that might have sounded absurd had there not been behind them so much of sincerity and fine, high feeling. Crask, as always, stood apart, listening with a faintly mocking look in his eyes. But then the coach had risen and, in homely, inadequate words, made his own plea. It wasn't fair; that was the burden of his speech. He was trying to give Columbia a winning crew. And he was working with twenty or thirty men—when, up at Ithaca, two hundred and fifty men had answered Cornell's first call! It wasn't fair; it wasn't fair to him or to the men who would be blamed if, in June, Columbia lost again.

And that afternoon, fired still by that appeal, Crask called to Marston, as he saw his friend making his way toward the gymnasium. "Oh, Marston!" he called. "Wait a minute! Take me along. I'm coming out!"

"Eh?" said Marston, startled. And then he brought his hand down on Crask's back. "Oh, I knew it!" he cried. "Good for you!"

"I don't know," said Crask. "But—oh, hang it—I heard the speech the coach made! He's right—it isn't fair! Why—he's up against the very thing my people were beaten by when they tried to free my country! I —he got hold of me, somehow."

"I know!" said Marston, happily. "Come along. This is great!"

Crask had yielded to an impulse. It seemed to him, as he grew cooler, that he had violated his creed, that one of the shibboleths he had renounced had triumphed over him at last. And yet it wasn't long before he found a sort of pragmatic sanction for what he was doing, and so restored his self-respect. He needed exercise; the crew-work provided that. And he was free, now, of the constant urging to row; that was a relief. And all sorts of men who were influential in the college and who would, he could see, later be useful friends sought him out and began to make much of him. These things were clear again. So he squared his rowing with his scheme. He was rowing, not for Columbia, not in the

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service of an idea, but for purely selfish reasons of his own.

Hard as the work was, he came to enjoy it. He learned a good deal, and he had a fierce capacity for learning. He learned that rowing was not as simple, as easy, as it looked. The quick rush of the slide, the turn of the wrists in the catch, the powerful thrust of the legs, the exact timing of the recovery—these were things to be brought to perfection in weeks and months of back-breaking toil, of sweat running down into the eyes, of agonizing cramps, of moments, at the end of a long drill on the machines, when it seemed that the word to stop would never come, when heart and lungs and sinews were taxed beyond the utmost limits of their imagined capacity, and wrists and temples were throbbing past all endurance. . . .

And he felt the weight of a discipline, self-imposed, in a way, and yet a thing outside of himself and that cherished individuality of his. He learned to curb his tongue as he sat under the lash of the coach's cutting words. The coach was just, but he was merciless. He was a man with one idea. For him the sun rose and the winds blew that, on that day in June, Columbia might win.

THE COACH

In the beginning Crask had no thought of making the crew; he had, even, no desire to do so. And he never suspected what was apparent to coach and oarsmen, that he had it in him to become as fine an oar as Columbia had known in years. But Marston knew, and spoke to Crask frankly, a little wistful, almost envious.

"I don't know that you'll make the crew this year," he said. "You've never been on the water, and there's so much for a man to learn! But next year—my soul! You'll be stroking the Varsity!"

"Much I'll care!" said Crask, and laughed.

And yet, in spite of himself, the zest of rowing was getting into his blood. He no longer hated, as he had at first, the drudgery of the machines. He began to enjoy the sense of power that came with the daily pull. And he was tremendously interested in the mechanics of rowing; in his discovery of the vast difference there was between such rowing as this and the paddling he had done, in his boyhood, on Galician lakes.

He learned something of the mysteries of rigging: of how each man's seat was adjusted to his height, his reach, his weight; all sorts of personal things.

And, all the time, his intimacy with Marston was growing. In the beginning Crask had been afraid of friendship; had planned, deliberately, to evade its responsibilities. Since he had begun to row, his vision had broadened. He had come to see that college offered more than he had first hoped to get from it; more, much more, than the education he had worked so hard to get. He began to understand something of the complex relationships of business life, the roots of which so often go back to school and college. The social structure of a democracy, he saw, had complexities far more subtle than those of a country ruled by caste.

"My people want to meet you, Tad," Marston said, one day, abruptly. "Pack a bag and come up over Sunday."

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The invitation surprised Crask so greatly that he accepted it before he thought. And afterward he was glad. It wasn't only because he could see—though he did—the material profit there was for him in this glimpse of the sort of life he hoped to win the right and power to live. There were quality that was, after all, like his own. And there were older men, who were extraordinarily gracious and infinitely interested in him and his rowing, and his casual references to the struggle he had had.

He could weigh these men now, and see

HE WAS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF THAT VARSITY CREW AS HE RESTED ON HIS OAR.

times, of course, when Crask was swept out of his adherence to his creed. He was human, after all; he had moments of an essentially human backsliding and forgetfulness of self, just as, it must be supposed, there are times when a true idealist luxuriates in astonishing orgies of selfishness. . . .

At Marston's, Crask met his friend's sisters, girls younger than himself, and their friends; girls who met him frankly, clear-eyed, on a basis of perfect equality; who stirred in him a reluctant admiration for a how useful they might be to him. And he could see, too, how much his rowing might mean to him; how much more assured his success would be two years hence, if he could go out as the man who had stroked the Columbia crew than if he were simply one of the throng of graduates of his year.

In March, at last, there came a week when for three days a soft wind blew warm out of the south. And finally the order came to report next day for the trip to Edgewater. The crews were to be boated.

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On the ferryboat, tingling with excitement, Crask stood in the bow, while Marston pointed to the barge. The float was out; beside it, bobbing up and down, tossed by the wash of a passing tow, was the coaching-launch. It had turned almost cold again. The southern wind had shifted, and a brisk blow came down the river, chilled by the snow that lingered still on distant hilltops. But the sun shone clear in a sky that was blue with the hue of sapphires, and a sort of glow was on the Palisades, brown, still, and bare, but ready to burst out in all the radiant color of the spring.

From the moment when the boat crashed into its slip Crask was like a man in a dream. He had that curious, baffling feeling that he was doing nothing new, nothing strange—that he had done all these things before. When he stood in the darkened room that held the boats, with the good, heavy smell of the seasoned cedar wood, and the oils and varnish; when he stood aside, strangely jealous, and watched the Varsity men run their shell out, and set it afloat, tenderly, carefully, as it had been a living thing; when the sharp orders of the coxswain rang, and the shell moved out and away from the float; all these things were familiar. . . .

And then he and the others of the second crew ran out their own old shell, relegated, now, to this baser use, but informed, somehow, with the pride of its own good service in the past, and the memory of a glorious day when it had carried a Columbia crew, not, indeed, to victory, but to a defeat as glorious as victory. Crask knew the story of that race; he had heard it from the coach, and from old oarsmen who had come back to look upon their successors.

For the first time, now, he took his place in a boat that was actually afloat. For the first time he knew the feel of his blade dipping into the water; for the first time he heard the song the water sings as it slips past the paper-thin sides of a racing-shell. And he knew, with an extraordinary triumph, that he belonged in this boat, in his seat; he knew now, at last, all guesswork put away, that he could become part of such a machine as the crew that was already swinging up the river. He was lost in admiration of that Varsity crew as he rested on his oar, waiting for the word to go. It seemed to him so smooth, so perfect. What more had those men to learn?

In the lengthening days that followed he came to know how much, indeed, they had all to learn, and to smile when he remembered that first moment of breathless, credulous admiration. For, in a way, they began again at the beginning. At first the crews, boated differently each day, in new combinations that the coach was trying out, did little more than paddle, rowing easily, lazily, for a few miles. At a low beat the men learned to pull together; were welded into a compact, efficient machine. Then, gradually, the time upon the water grew longer each day and the work harder.

Now there began to be brushes between the first crew and the second, and sometimes the freshman boat was waiting, when the second crew had had enough, to give the Varsity a race in a last mile of a long spin. And under a sun that was more nearly overhead each day, and that grew more powerful, so that it shone hot upon the naked backs, the three crews went swinging for miles up the river, rowing against the tide, eating up the distance with a long, slow, steady stroke, and, on the homeward stretch when they were a mile from the float, rested a minute or so, and then went home at a blazing thirty-six strokes to the minute. Seasoning work, all this; work that banished every ounce of fat, and hardened muscles already hard. And work, moreover, that made almost instinctive movements which in the finished oarsman must be second nature, so that, in the crisis of the race his body has been trained to go through them long after the mind has ceased to function.

All of Crask's early indifference had vanished now. He wanted, almost passionately, to win his place in the Varsity boat. His motives were still supremely selfish; it still seemed to him that victory in June meant and could mean nothing to him. But he wanted, now, the things that membership in that crew would bring him. And now he was eager as the rest for a word of praise from the coach; as cast down when he got blame instead of praise. The questioning, challenging look was no longer in the coach's eyes when he regarded Crask. It must have seemed to him that this queer fish had found himself at last, just as it seemed to Marston and the others that Crask had been touched, in the end, by the mysterious fire of college spirit. . . .

But it seemed that there was small chance for Crask to make the crew this year; that, so far as he was himself concerned, all his

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work would, in the end, have gone for nothing. More than once, indeed, he sat in the Varsity boat. But it was only for a day or two each time; then he went back to the second boat. And there was no consolation for him in the thought that he and the others in the second shell were vital to the making of the Varsity crew; that the daily stimulus of racing against a crew it was just and only just, good enough to beat, was essential to the development of the Varsity.

And, after all, promising though he was, sure though he seemed, to develop into a fine oar, Crask, in that first spring of rowing, was green. He learned quickly, but it was as Marston had said—there was so much for him to learn. Too big for a bow position, he belonged, in this first year, in the waist of the boat. Five or Six, where weight and power counted most heavily, were his positions. And in the Varsity, Trench, who was absolutely sure of his place, was Number Five, and Six was the seat of Leonard, a veteran who was in his third year of Varsity, rowing. Unless something happened to Leonard, then, Crask's chance was slim.

"Hard lines—but you've got lots of time," said Marston.

Marston himself was happy; after long weeks of nervous strain he seemed sure of his place at Number Seven at last. He had rowed in the four-oared boat the year before; two miles had seemed as much as his frail physique would stand. But this year there seemed to be no one else who could be trusted to stroke the port side of the boat—three men, of course, must take the time from Number Seven, sitting directly in front of the stroke. And with the conviction that he was really to achieve his place at last, Marston had stopped worrying and had begun to take on weight.

"THEY'LL TELL US THEY WANT US TO WIN, BLESS 'EM! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE RACE, THEY'RE FOR CORNELL!"

The early races came near to settling matters. The coach disregarded results in these, grimly enough; he would sacrifice no chance of victory at Poughkeepsie for the sake of a good showing at Annapolis, in the race with the Navy on the Severn, or at Philadelphia, where a so-called second crew that was, to all intents and purposes, the new Varsity, rowed in the American Henley. But at Philadelphia, Crask was in the boat, and got his baptism of fire. He learned what it meant to row himself out—to give every last ounce of strength and effort in the punishing, driving finish. He learned what men meant when they said that every man in a beaten eight should be spent at the finish.

The second eight was broken up when the four was formed; Crask was rather glad, after all, that he was not chosen for the four. He preferred to stay with the patched-up second crew, that was

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reenforced now by a couple of superfluous freshmen and a man or two ineligible for the first crew. Almost daily, for a time, he was in a different seat. The coach was experimenting with him, frankly. For a week he stroked the boat; then went to Seven, then back to Six.

There were times, at night, when he was almost too tired to sleep, when he rebelled fiercely against the way he was being used. It seemed to him that the coach didn't take him into account at all, except as a cog in a machine. But then he would laugh at his own resentment. For, after all, it was so that he ordered his own life. The coach was paid to turn out a winning crew; it was to his advantage, for his own gain, that he worked. It seemed to Crask that perhaps he and the coach were the only men connected with the crew who were not swayed by motives fundamentally unsound, even ludicrous.

Hot days came, now, and evenings when the light held for long, punishing rows on a river that was aflame with the colors of the sunset. Every day students and graduates appeared at Edgewater; the university was stirring, as it did every year, and becoming interested in the crew. There were pictures and long columns of description in the newspapers. And there was constant talk of the coming journey to Poughkeepsie. Then came the ordeal of examinations, and days when all the crews were broken up by the absence of men who were drawn and fine because of their anxiety, and nights when Crask, sullen and reluctant, helped sluggards who sought to make up, by a few hours of cramming, for months of neglected work. He needn't have done that; he didn't know, exactly, why he did. Why, for example, he labored with Leonard, the man who stood between him and the place he coveted in the Varsity boat.

And then, at last, with the race less than three weeks away, came the voyage to Poughkeepsie, to the training-quarters, where, at last, everything but rowing could be banished from the minds and lives of the squad. They went up by steamer, and Crask, standing by Marston in the bow, heard his friend's gasp as the steel tracery of the high bridge that spans the Hudson came into sight at last.

"When you look up and see that above you!" said Marston. "A mile from the finish! It's about the last thing you know in a race, they say! After that you can only pull, and keep on pulling!"

And later, as the steamer drew over the eastern shore, to make its landing at Poughkeepsie, Marston pointed out the spot on the western shore that marked the finish.

"There'll be yachts, of course, on the day of the race," he said. "Hello—look! There's the Cornell quarters! See the flag—red and white? That's where old man Courtney stays on the day of the race. Launch? He won't even look out when the crews are passing! Too nervous!"

The launch was waiting to carry them up to quarters a mile below the start. It swung over to the western shore. And on the way the Cornell eight came slipping down the river, followed by its launch. There was cheering, and waving back and forth, and calling of noisy, happy greetings by men who had rowed their hearts out against one another a year before. And the old, white-haired coach in the Cornell launch stared at his rivals, and smiled, and waved his megaphone.

"There's Pennsylvania's place—they're not here yet," said Marston. "Hello—that's the Syracuse freshman boat, going out! Husky lot! They say they've got a cinch this year—in the Freshman race! But if they win the Varsity again, I'll—golly, I'll eat my shirt!"

Crask grinned, nervously. He felt out of things, somehow; he felt as if Marston had drawn away from him, since he had become so sure of his place. He knew, really, that it wasn't so; that it was only his own imagination that made him think so. And yet he couldn't help a feeling that the Varsity men stood apart. The day had been very hot; on the steamer it had been hard to find a cool spot. But here, close to the water, there was a little breeze.

There was no rowing that afternoon. As soon as they reached quarters the men stripped and went overboard for a swim, in water that would have been too cold for any save oarsmen. And then there was the business of settling down in the rough quarters that would, for the next three weeks, be home; of tacking up pictures; of getting oriented in a hundred ways. Every one went into Poughkeepsie that night for a round of giddy dissipation. Crask walked up the steep hill from the landing for the first time, and saw the classic Nelson House. With the rest he went to the movies, and

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smiled at the open-eyed worship in the eyes of those Poughkeepsie girls, to whom, somehow, oarsmen never become an old story.

"They'll tell us they want us to win, bless 'em!" said Marston. "And they'll wear blue and white. But when it comes to the race, they're for Cornell! Never been here for a race, have you? Cornell doesn't know how to win! They go home right away! When we win, we'll tear this old town wide open!"

And then, next day, they were in the grasp of the routine and it was as if none of them had ever lived any other sort of life. Crask surrendered to it wholly; for the first time in his life, perhaps, he accepted a wholly objective existence. They were up early, and overboard for a swim. Then came a vast breakfast, and an hour or two of loafing about quarters—a walk, perhaps, to call at another camp. Then the boats were taken out, and the morning's rowing came. And now the coach was a driver of men indeed. This was his last chance to polish his crews; to finish, in one last drive, his task of reaching for perfection.

Crask felt himself neglected. It was the Varsity that counted; it was to the Varsity that the coach gave nearly all his time. In every sort of tide they rowed over the four miles of water; in every sort of water. In thunderstorms, sometimes; when ugly cross-winds chopped up the course, and threatened at any moment to swamp the boat. And there were time trials, too, that were rowed at dawn, or in the dusk, after sunset, to defeat the spies from other camps. No one knew what time they made; that was the coach's secret. But it was possible to make a guess by looking at his face.

And then, abruptly, ten days before the race, the coach began to notice Crask again. He followed the second shell, barking at Crask, denouncing him for trifling faults, urging him on. Rumors of all sorts ran through quarters. There was to be a shake-up, after all, at the last minute. Something was wrong with the Varsity. There was a break in the rhythm; the boat hung too much on the recovery; it lost pace between strokes, lacking the smooth, even run it should have. And changes were made, indeed, in the Varsity. Leonard and Marston changed places for two days. And every night, long after the oarsmen were asleep, the coach and his assistants were busy with the rigging of the shell.

Even when he was moved, definitely, to Number Seven in the second boat, after rowing for weeks at Six, Crask did not suspect what was coming. And then, one day, he and Marston were ordered to change places. The order came bruskly, brutally, when Marston had actually taken his seat for the first row of the day. He looked up toward the float in surprise as he adjusted his oar.

"My rigging's been changed, coach," he said.

"I know—you change places with Crask, to-day," said the coach, tersely. "Forgot to tell you. Get a move on."

Marston's face went dead white, and he bit his lips. For a moment he sat, dazed. And then he forced himself to grin. He slapped Crask's back as he passed him. "Good work, old man!" he said. "If you can make the old ship move better, go to it!"

Crask was too astonished to speak. He slipped into Marston's seat mechanically. And then, within two minutes, he was too busy to think of anything but rowing. The coaching launch ran parallel with the shell all morning, and through the megaphone there came a constant stream of criticism, suggestion, exhortation. At one o'clock, when he got back to quarters, Marston was waiting for him, his eyes unnaturally bright, his shoulders even squarer than was their wont. He dropped his arm about Crask's shoulders.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you don't want to feel bad—not for a minute! There's been a check in the boat—and I've known darned well whose fault it was! Jim's worked with me, and he's fussed with the rigging—and if he's made up his mind that the only way to get rid of the check is to get ridof me, he's darned right to can me. I'm glad you get the job!"

"But—" said Crask, uncertainly.

"Oh, shut up!" cried Marston, his voice breaking grotesquely as it rose. "Tad—if you say you're sorry——!"

Crask stared at him a moment. And then, with a feeling he couldn't analyze, that made him choke somehow, he put out his hand.

"Damn it!" said Marston, huskily, a minute later. "It's the crew that counts. I don't amount to anything—or you—or any of us. It's the crew—and the whole college, standing behind it——".

"Yes," said Crask, dully. "Jim—" But,

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all at once, he found he had no words for what he wanted to say, and that, after all, there was nothing to be done, or said. Marston had said it all, somehow.

Again, that afternoon, under a blazing sun, he rowed with the Varsity. Again he sat under that steady stream of coaching. And, in the twilight, utterly exhausted, he slipped into the water, and sank down, to rise, slowly, and lie on his back, soaking in the glorious coolness of the water, exulting in the sheer joy of utter physical relaxation. At supper he ate prodigiously. But always, when he looked down the table and saw Marston, he had a feeling that only half of him was there; that some other and infinitely more important part of him was looking on, detached, oddly empowered to formulate extraordinary judgments.

After supper he and Marston, by some common instinct, avoided one another. Crask wandered off by himself, and found a place to sit, between the tracks and the river. He looked down and across the Hudson to where the bridge stood out against the sky, and the glow of the lights of Poughkeepsie made a faint radiance. Behind him an owl was calling; from a long way off there came the steady beat of a steamer's paddle-wheel. Somewhere, out on the darkened river, two or three power-boats were dashing about, the febrile explosions of their engines assailing the stillness of the night. An occasional burst of laughter came from quarters. And the dark river, flowing sluggishly, silently, reflected the light of the stars as Crask looked down upon it and thought.

"COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE, COULD I?" SAID CRASK GRUFFLY.

He took a fierce joy in the triumph, coming when he had given up all hope. But he wished it had been gained at the expense of any other man than Marston, his friend.

Suddenly the sound of his own name made him start. He sprang up and saw the coach, who had come along the tracks.

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"That you, Crask?" said the coach, again. "Sit down. I'll sit with you. Want to talk a bit."

But for several moments he said nothing more. Then he spoke, abruptly: "Pretty tired, aren't you? I drove you hard to-day. Guess you know why. I expect to use you at Number Seven in the race."

Crask's breath came a little faster. But he said nothing.

"You're different from most of these boys, Crask," the coach went on. "Older, for one thing, I guess. Anyhow—I don't mind explaining this change. I guess you like Marston. You know a lot about rowing—picked it up fast, you have. Seen what's wrong?"

"Only that there was a check," said Crask, unwillingly.

"Well—you saw that. I guess every one did. It's had me crazy. That boy's been doing something queer—and I can't find out what. Well—nothing to do but take him out. I hate to do it. I've been saving you—breaking you in. You'll stroke the boat next year, if I don't miss my guess. And now I've got to use you this year, anyhow. I didn't want to. You don't suit the boat. Next year it'll be different. Right now, if it wouldn't break up my combination, I'd put you in at stroke and try Morgan at Seven. But it wouldn't do. Hm!"

Crask was still silent, wondering. Save when he was at work, talking through his megaphone, the coach had little to say. This garrulous mood sat oddly upon him.

"I'm going to drop you back to the second boat for the morning row to-morrow," said the coach. "One reason I'm telling you all this to-night. I've made up my mind, but I've got to give Donovan a chance. He won't measure up, but he's stuck to the grind, and he's entitled to a chance to make good. But you'll be back in the afternoon—see?"

That was all. The coach got up and wandered away. And Crask sat alone, for another hour. He was almost too tired to move. And yet, when he turned in, he lay a long time awake.

Marston seemed to be himself, wholly, in the morning. He got many sympathetic looks, but no one spoke. He winced when Donovan was ordered into the place he had lost. And to Crask he said, in a whisper:

"Just letting old Bill down easy, Tad! You've got the job. I may be rotten, but I can put it over old Bill!"

No one paid much attention to the second crew that morning. Its usefulness was practically over now. It served to give the Varsity an occasional brush, but most of the really fast rowing now was done against time. But substitutes had to be kept in condition in case of an emergency. So the second crew went out, and paddled about, and practised a few racing starts, and disported itself much as its coxswain pleased. This morning he was all for real rowing, and so they settled down to work and gave way for a long pull up-stream, under the shore.

And suddenly, when they had been rowing about a minute, something about Marston, whose back was to him, struck Crask. He lost the beat for a moment, so absorbed was he in watching his friend. Then, at a sharp word from the coxswain, he caught himself. But now he rowed mechanically, indifferently. He was conscious of the same check that had upset the Varsity—and he was almost sure he knew the reason for it. But—if he were right, how was it that the coach had not been able to correct the fault?

Steadily, during the row, Crask pondered on that problem. And it was not long before he began to understand. He could see—any man who sat in his seat could see. Leonard, in the Varsity, should have seen. But he knew Leonard—a man who rowed superbly because he had the faculty of blind obedience that makes an ox a useful beast of burden, but who would never see anything that called for the faintest imaginative power. And only the man who sat at Six while Marston rowed at Seven would or could know what was wrong—no one else would know, and Marston least of all, of a tiny convulsive wrist movement that was just enough to break the perfect timing of the stroke.

At the next rest he leaned forward and spoke to Marston, telling him what he had seen.

"Am I? I didn't know, Tad. Thanks!" said Marston. "Funny—you can do a thing like that, and never notice it till some one speaks to you."

"Maybe that's what's been wrong," suggested Crask.

"Oh, Lord—no!" said Marston, with a laugh. "Probably nervous, and just doing it to-day."

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"Better cut it out, anyway," said Crask.

"Sure—thanks."

For half a dozen strokes the boat moved smoothly, after that, without a check. But then Crask, watching as he rowed, saw Marston slip back into the trick—and the check was in evidence again. And Crask understood that Marston, even now that he had been told what he was doing, was unconscious of the break. He understood the psychology of that. And suddenly it struck him, with all the force of a blow, that he knew, now, what the coach had been unable to find out! And he knew, too, that there was a simple remedy—a trifling change in the rigging of Marston's seat—that would make it possible for him to indulge himself in that tiny, nervous movement of his wrists without affecting the run of the boat!

"Good enough!" That was his first thought. "I'll tell the coach. Old Jim can row after all!"

And then he bit his tongue, suddenly, upon the words he was about to utter aloud, and choked off his impulse to tell Marston. For he saw, in that moment, what it would mean for him to tell. Marston would go back, triumphantly, to the Varsity boat. He would row in the great race. And he, Crask, would watch the race from the shore or from the coaching-launch—a substitute, one of the unconsidered, unpraised men whom no one would see, no one would think of.

Why need he speak? No one would know. Why should he give up the reward for all his months of toil, that was in his grasp? Why should he toss away this guerdon that he had ceased to hope for, that chance had, at the last moment, given him? For Marston's sake? Because of friendship?

He welcomed the sudden call from the coxswain that set the eight to rowing desperately. But as he pulled, as he rushed his slide in a spurt that saw the stroke climb up to forty strokes a minute and more, he was still caught in the welter of his thoughts. It was as hard for him to lose the chance to row in the race as it could be for Marston. And Marston, all his life, had had, without an effort, all sorts of things that he had never had: ease, comfort, the certainty of as much as he could eat.

All his philosophy of life cried out to Crask to hold his tongue. If, in this crisis, he yielded to a sentimental weakness, he would be false to his whole scheme. Free? He would be as firmly bound by a myth as any conscript cheering as he was driven to the slaughter in the name of patriotism, of devotion to czar or kaiser. Honor? Good faith? Fair play? Crask rebelled against the words, fought down his surging consciousness of their appeal. He would not tell. He would take what fate, or chance, or luck had given him!

That afternoon he rowed with the Varsity again. It was Saturday, and a dozen old-time oarsmen had come up, to look over the crew, to help the coach, if they could, in this critical time of the final polishing. Crask could look over to the coaching-launch and see their eager faces, their eyes lighting up as memory of their own struggles flamed up; he could hear their hopeful talk. But that was only at first; late that afternoon, when the long shadows lay upon the water, he went through, for the first time, the gruelling test of a real time-trial.

Conditions were as nearly as possible what they would be in the race. Save for the absence of other shells racing against them, the Varsity men were really in a race. And there was a phantom opponent, unseen, but ever urging them on; a phantom shell, always a nose ahead. The coach spoke, for a moment, before the trial began.

"In the race, you're to row as you'll row to-night," he said. "You're not to know about those other crews. Cox will have his orders. He'll know just when the stroke is to be raised—just when you should pass each mile-mark. Some crew may rush out ahead, in the race, and row itself out in the first mile or two—you're not to care! The race will be settled in the last mile."

It seemed to Crask, in that heartbreaking four-mile pull that followed, that they had come, at last, to sheer perfection. He felt the smooth rush of the boat; the perfect run between the strokes, when the shell, like a living, breathing thing, was carried forward, by the momentum of the last stroke, until the blades dipped again. In the first mile he rowed easily, consciously. In the second a fiercer concentration upon the sheer physical effort of rowing was required. And when, at last, he looked up and saw the bridge above him he remembered what Marston had said. In the last mile he was conscious only of his oar, and of the even movement of Morgan's back before him—

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that movement which he must reproduce exactly. At the end he had given every ounce of effort that was in him; when he heard the coxswain's voice—"Way enough! Easy all!"—he knew, suddenly, that he could not have pulled another stroke. He slumped down over his oar. Cold water splashed on his back; mechanically his hand went over and scooped up water to throw on Morgan, slouching before him.

"All right!" said the coach, from the launch. "Rest a while before you pull back."

They paddled back, easily, loafing all the way. The stars were out when they emerged from the water, after their swim. Little clouds of blue smoke rose from the pipes and cigarets of the graduates who sat about the float, talking contentedly of the crew, lowering their voices, when an oarsman came near.

Crask guessed that the time had been good. But a vague restlessness had hold of him. For he knew the coach was right—that he did not fit into that crew as every part of a machine should fit. He knew, suddenly, and with a stabbing clearness, that Marston, rowing as he could row, as that slight change in the rigging would make him row, would fit as he could never fit in any seat save that of the stroke. And he knew, too, in that moment of realization that, after all, he could not keep his silence. He knew that, after all, it did matter to him that Columbia, on the day of the race, should have every chance he could give her to win—that he was bound, after all, by his duty to the university and those uncounted thousands of men of the present and of the past who were the university—just as the men of his blood who had died for Poland had been bound.

"I can't!" he said, aloud, not knowing he had spoken. "I've got to——"

"What's the matter, old man?" said Marston, startled.

He did not answer. He went straight to the coach. In a swift rush of words, afraid, perhaps, that if he waited he would not tell, he made the coach understand what he had learned.

"By golly!" said the coach, strangely excited. "No—I never saw that—I couldn't! And that big farmer, Leonard—he wouldn't see, in a thousand years! By golly—Crask—I guess you've hit it? Let's see!"

But Crask did not follow the coach to the shell. He was very tired, suddenly, and went off by himself, and was lost in the sleep of utter exhaustion when the others turned in. He had no glow of pride, no feeling that he had done a thing that was supremely right, and fine because it was right. He had only, in those first moments, a feeling of contempt for his own weakness, for the way he had, after all, at the first real test, failed utterly to live up to his own creed.

But in the morning, somehow, it was different. He was more at peace. He was able to smile at Marston's tremulous excitement when he was ordered back into his seat. And when he saw the Varsity slip away and move smoothly out into the stream, moving without a check, achieving the very perfection of rhythmic movement, a content that was as deep as it was, in his eyes, illogical, held him in its grip.

He lay on the float when the Varsity came back. And Marston dropped down beside him.

"Tad!" he said, brokenly. "The coach told me—it was you who saw what was wrong—got me my chance again——"

"Couldn't do anything else, could I?" said Crask gruffly. "We all want to see the best crew Columbia can have in the race, don't we? You see, Jim—you—oh, I guess you were right, all the time, when we used to talk about college spirit. I thought I didn't have any. But it's got hold of me up here. Columbia——

"Oh, you were right!" he broke out, in a sudden passion. "A man can't talk about the way he feels about his college! But—he can't get away from it——

"Jim!" he cried. "I'm an American! I've found it out, up here——"

"THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER"
A Startling New Serial
BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU
On Page 657

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UNIVERSAL TRAINING —FOR HEALTH

By Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.

Author of "Side-Stepping Ill Health," etc.

IF EVERY American gave two or three years of military or naval service to his country, and if the Government responded with adequate medical and dental attention to its young manhood, the average of American health and longevity would increase with a gigantic bound. We should become as healthy as any nation on earth, and then only really prepared to fight off our most constant and deadly enemies —those that for years have been killing Americans prematurely by the tens of thousands—preventable organic disease and remediable functional weaknesses.

Of far greater importance than the educational and inspirational values of universal military training is the fact that the military examinations preliminary to enlistment would disclose a great number of latent or developing conditions, such as tuberculosis, nephritis, diabetes, high blood-pressure, functional disorders of the heart, correctable surgical conditions—as hernia or varicocele—nasal obstructions, adenoids, and dental caries or tooth decay, and various other common disorders, which, taken in their incipiency and properly treated in military and naval hospitals, could be cured.

The conservation of life and health, the mitigation of suffering, the regeneration of those who might go on to helpless crippledom, the transformation of decrepit, imperfect physical machines into efficient and perfect human dynamos, capable of doing their full share of the world's work, which would follow this gratuitous medical and surgical service, would be incalculable.

It would save not only the manhood of America, but the womanhood and childhood as well, through the better and broader knowledge of hygiene, sanitation, and diet, which all our young men would absorb, carry back home, and spread.

We have for many years been harping on that somewhat frayed and unresponsive chord, "See your doctor." In this admonition we have in mind almost exclusively the middle-aged man—the father of a family, who is beginning to show signs of organic weakness.

Usually the best we can do for him is to put him on a diet, and forbid his doing everything he wants to do. Rarely do we cure him. At best we keep him from getting much worse. He is interesting, however, for he is the bread-winner, and he can't well be spared.

But how about the youth of sixteen to twenty-one who will, within a few years, become the bread-winner in his turn, and who is now diligently rehearsing for the part of an apoplectic or a dyspeptic?

Under the Government medical service necessary in universal training, all our efforts and skill would be bent toward keeping him from *needing* medical attention. In the vast majority of instances, the treatment inaugurated in youth, and the régime mapped out for one who had a tendency toward a "liver," or high blood-pressure, or kidney disorder, might entirely prevent, or else postpone, the appearance of these symptoms.

Under our present plan a very small percentage of our young men of military age apply for enlistment in the army or navy. Yet at the time they make their applications the majority of them are cocksure that they are physically all right.

It is something of a shock when between fifty and seventy-five per cent. of them are told that they are unfit for military service. This redounds most ingloriously to our shameful short-sightedness and ignorance. For probably seventy-five per cent. of the conditions for which these lads were rejected are readily curable.

Instead of enlisting these boys and turning them over to the dentists, surgeons, and doctors to be made whole again, we send

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them away. As the boys lack advisers or money for medical care, they drift back into the ranks of the do-the-best-we-canners, and go from bad to worse.

We have by this rejection stultified a praiseworthy initiative, unconsciously put a slur upon a patriotic motive, and deprived a curable medical or surgical case of an opportunity to be made whole and well.

How do we know that a large percentage of these rejected applicants could be cured?

Adjutant-General H. P. McCain, Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General W. C. Gorgas, and Surgeon-General W. C. Braisted, of the Navy, have courteously sent me reports and tables of statistics which deal with this matter in detail.

I quote from a portion of Dr. Braisted's report:

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS

Total number of applicants.	106,392
Total number rejected for all causes.....	74,280
Causes of rejection:	
Deformities.....	4,292
Ear—	
Defective hearing...	958
Other diseases of ear.	391
Eye—	
Color blindness	2,361
Defective refraction.	9,260
Other diseases of eye	753
Flat feet	8,188
Hemorrhoids.....	1,105
Heart affections.....	3,149
Hernia, or tendency to.	1,647
Mental diseases.....	273
Nasal abnormalities...	597
Skin diseases	1,196
Teeth, defective.....	7,751
Tuberculosis, or suspects.....	730
Varicocele and varicose veins.....	4,598
Venereal diseases.....	1,455
Other miscellaneous causes.	25,621

Let us study Dr. Braisted's statistics, remembering that the more an applicant stands in need of medical aid and the benefits of a wholesome, regular life and good, nutritious food, the more quickly his application should be accepted, and the sooner he should be turned over to those who will round him into as near a perfect man as his physical limitations permit.

JIMMY, JR., AFTER ABOUT EIGHTEEN YEARS OF "VOLUNTEERING" FOR HEALTH.

We can not argue with the item "Deformities," although the question naturally suggests itself, "What deformities?" We can not forget that Lord Byron, the club-footed, swam the Hellespont, and that some of the greatest military geniuses in history had some physical defect. We can not suppose that many actual cripples apply for admission into the army or navy.

Next, "Defective hearing." From what cause? Many cases of catarrhal deafness are, by skilful treatment, entirely relieved, and many hundreds are cured by simple measures.

"Defective refraction" is corrected by wearing a properly graduated pair of lenses. Some of the greatest generals in the European as well as in our own armies wear glasses.

"Flat feet" can be relieved by wearing properly adjusted shoes, or by some simple orthopedic appliance, together with a course of foot gymnastics calculated to strengthen the muscles and ligaments forming the arches.

"Hemorrhoids" are cured by the thousands every day in private and hospital practise.

If the "Heart affections" are not organic, they respond quite uniformly to skilled treatment, which restores compensation and relieves irregularities. Some such simple device as

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abstaining from cigarets or tobacco may be all that many of these cases require.

"Hernia, varicocele and varicose veins" are readily operated. Thousands of laborers go through life and daily perform arduous physical tasks while suffering from some of these conditions which have not even been operated.

"Mental diseases" are not incurable. Indeed, the majority of mild mental disorders under proper institutional care can be marvelously improved. A course of military training, with the regular routine of army life, might be brain-savers to a large number of these.

"Nasal abnormalities" yield readily to surgery. Millions of civilians have had to resort to some assistance of this nature, without in the slightest lessening their physical or mental capabilities.

"Skin diseases" are almost uniformly corrected by salvarsan, vaccines, or other easily administered treatment.

"Defective teeth" and dental decay need only the intelligent application of dentistry. This was proven when some fifty-nine-odd thousand Canadian recruits, who were rejected because of defective teeth, had their teeth repaired, and were then enrolled in regiments that afterward rendered distinguished service on the battlefields of France.

In "suspected" or even "beginning tuberculosis" it would seem almost criminal to send away men for whom the job of army or navy life is so ideally fitted. For these "suspects," if given a chance at the outdoor life, exercise, nutritious food, which is routine in the service, would almost inevitably respond. Thousands of youths now doomed to a consumptive's death might be saved, and the infection which they spread might be prevented.

JIMMY, JR., AFTER SIX MONTHS OF A MILITARY ACADEMY TRAINING.

It is evident that medical examinations preliminary to universal military or naval service would disclose evidences of a woful lack of knowledge, or perhaps a criminal neglect, of rudiments of hygiene. Service in a spick and span army corps, or the biting ridicule of their fellows, would soon correct these deficiencies.

Out of sixty-seven graduates from medical colleges who applied to enter the medical department of the army, forty-three were rejected because of "tobacco heart." In the Canadian Navy three out of four recruits are declined because of physical deficiences brought about by tobacco. Recruits could be instructed as to the effects of tobacco and alcohol. These lessons would have a powerful influence for good upon the entire community.

The total value of the general training, instruction and care the recruit would receive is too broad to be estimated.

One eminent English observer who saw the horde of flat-chested, sallow-cheeked "clerks" who were marshaled into "Kitchener's army" two years ago, and saw them again six months later, their muscles firm and hard, their cheeks full, remarked:

"This six months of physical training and discipline has regenerated England."

It would do the same for us.

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THE SWEAT OF WAR

What it Means to put One Million Men in the Field

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

By George Creel

WE BELIEVE this to be the most illuminating article on Industrial Preparedness that has yet been presented to America. Mr. Creel's vast information and special knowledge of the country's needs in war made him President Wilson's choice for head of the Government's Bureau of Public Information. This article was written only a few days before Mr. Creel's appointment.—The Editor.

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IT IS in the power of America to become as invincible as impregnable. The producing capacity of the United States is more than that of any other two nations. We supply the world with three-fourths of its cotton and two-thirds of its copper; we are masters of the earth in iron and steel and crude oil; we have the largest railroad mileage; we lead all peoples in invention, ingenuity, and initiative; our financial resources almost equal the combined wealth of Europe, and within our borders are over twenty-one million men of military age. All that we have to do is to make such careful and complete inventory of our manhood and materials as will permit a scientific plan of coordination and utilization.

This is the Big Job, and it is already under way. In charge of it is the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, composed of these seven men:

Howard E. Coffin, of the Hudson Motor Company.

Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Dr. Franklin Martin, one of America's greatest surgeons.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor.

Julius Rosenwald, president of the Sears-Roebuck Company.

Bernard Baruch, New York financier.

Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of the Drexel Institute.

Behind these seven stand the thirty thousand members of the leading engineering and scientific societies of the nation. No man gets a cent of salary. Their time and genius are free gifts to the nation.

What these master technicians are doing should be *followed* and *understood* and *supported* by every patriot, for while the work may lack the glamour of bugles and gold braid, it is the keystone in the arch of national defense. The one fact made to stand out most clearly by the European war is that modern battles are not lost by *men*, but by *things*. Armies are strong and effective only as the factories behind the firing-line are efficient. Industrial preparedness is the one solid rock upon which any structure of military preparedness may be raised.

America has declared its intent to proceed upon the Long War theory. Not only is there remembrance of the "ninety-day enlistment" tragedy of the Civil War, but the bitter experiences of France and England present additional proof that short-sighted optimism is the ultimate crime. It may be that America's participation in the struggle will be largely confined to the furnishing of money and supplies, together with such aid as the Navy may lend in ridding the ocean lanes of the submarine menace; but honor and prudence alike command that we take account of the possibility that a great fighting force may yet be asked of us. Good faith and common sense support the decision to train one million soldiers in one year and another million in the second year.

"An army of a million." It is a round, mouth-filling phrase for the orator and a simple thought for the average citizen, but behind it are administrative and executive problems that crush and bewilder by their sheer tremendousness. How is the 1,000,000 to be armed, clothed, fed, and sheltered? What about ammunition, hospitals, medicines, and transportation? Meals, uniforms, and guns do not leap into being at a bugle-call. Think of these things, and the task of the Advisory Commission will commence to come clear.

For years the United States has been running along on a 100,000 army basis, and of a sudden it is called upon to think and act in terms of 1,000,000, probably 2,000,000, and possibly 4,000,000. Imagine a private business forced, at a day's notice, to enlarge the size of its plant by ten!

An army of 1,000,000 means 4,000,000 rifles, at least 29,000 machine guns, field guns to the number of 12,000, something like 7,000,000 rounds of field-artillery ammunition, and about 4,250,000,000 cartridges. The clothing item alone means a forthwith expenditure of $83,000,000 for cotton and woolen goods, and the food cost for the million men will run about $9,000,000 a month. About $2,000,000 a month will have to be spent for fuel, and there is the matter of tents, field bakeries, rolling kitchens, lighting, and material for water and sewage systems in the camps. The army will require 36,000 draft-mules, 24,000 escort-wagons and the necessary harness; also medicines, hospital furniture, garbage-cans, etc., etc., not to mention the problems of transportation by railroad and motor, the building of depots, etc., etc., until the brain reels under the staggering weight of detail.

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Where are supplies and materials to be bought? And how? What quantities, what qualities, what prices? Where stored? The sole powder-plant owned by the War Department has a daily capacity of 11,000 pounds, about enough to last one of our sea-coast fortifications for a minute of firing. To produce a Springfield rifle, about 1,400 distinct factory operations are necessary, and 250 gages are used in the making of a shell fuse. Even to-day, after two years of hard work, scarcely a single munitions plant in the country has reached its expected capacity.

One firm muddled through a year before turning out a single rifle of the large order for which it had accepted contracts. In another case, 80,000 shell-casings were rejected in a batch because an infinitesimal variation in dimensions made them useless. A typical instance is that of a large concern that contracted to deliver 250,000 three-inch high-explosive shells in eight months, and yet, after fourteen months, had manufactured only half the order. Even then it remained for the shells to be fitted with fuses, to be placed in brass cartridge-cases and supplied with the propelling charge. If factories presumably equipped for such work were so bedeviled by ignorance, inadequacies, and inefficiencies, what is to be expected from industrial plants without experience?

This is the *real* problem of preparedness: this prosaic, painstaking business of buying, storing, and manufacturing. All the valor that may be rallied to a cause, the daring of heroes and Napoleonic strategy, are powerless to avert defeat and disaster if there be a lack of munitions, if the fighting force be not properly fed and clothed. A thorough, scientific organization of industry for national service is the one firm foundation upon which the defense of a country may be builded. The mobilization of armies is futile unless accompanied by mobilization of resources. The preparedness that is military only, and not industrial as well, is criminal in its stupid disregard of the truths that European experience has written in blood and tears.

Russia, with her strong, trained, and invincibly courageous millions, broke under attack in the beginning because the factories behind the firing-line failed miserably to meet the demand for rifles, ammunition, guns, and shells. England, eager to save Belgium, to aid France, and to protect Serbia, was compelled to mark time for nearly two years because British factories were not ready to supply her fighting force with the means for fighting. France, in her forward sweep, was made to halt while expert workmen were taken from the trenches and returned to the machines and mines, and the factories from which they should never have been summoned.

Only Germany was ready, because only Germany had foreseen. With the declaration of war, German factory owners unlocked the doors of storehouses, drew out new equipments of jigs, fixtures, tools, and gages, and almost in a day every industrial plant was producing the special war material for which the Government experts had *previously* tested and prepared it.

THIS is the preparedness that the United States has been striving to attain—an *industrial preparedness* that will guard against confusion, inefficiency, and delay. The story of the struggle is not only educational but inspiring as well, for it proves that beneath the froth and spume there are depths of patriotism even as in the old days.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of War, was the first man to get the big idea. As a result of his correspondence with Thomas A. Edison eleven great scientific societies were asked to select two members each to serve on a Naval Consulting Board. A portion of the press laughed, another portion sneered, and the people themselves were little interested; but the technicians were quick to perceive the necessities and to acknowledge their responsibilities.

These men gathered, organized, and then looked the job over. That finished, and their opinion formed, they said: "We'll need help. Expert help. All you can get." At their suggestion the President of the United States issued a call to the thirty thousand experts composing the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the American Chemical Society.

Straightway the Naval Consulting Board created a Committee on Industrial Preparedness, placing in charge Howard E. Coffin, famous engineer and automobile manufacturer. To his aid, as supervising director, came W. S. Gifford, one of the

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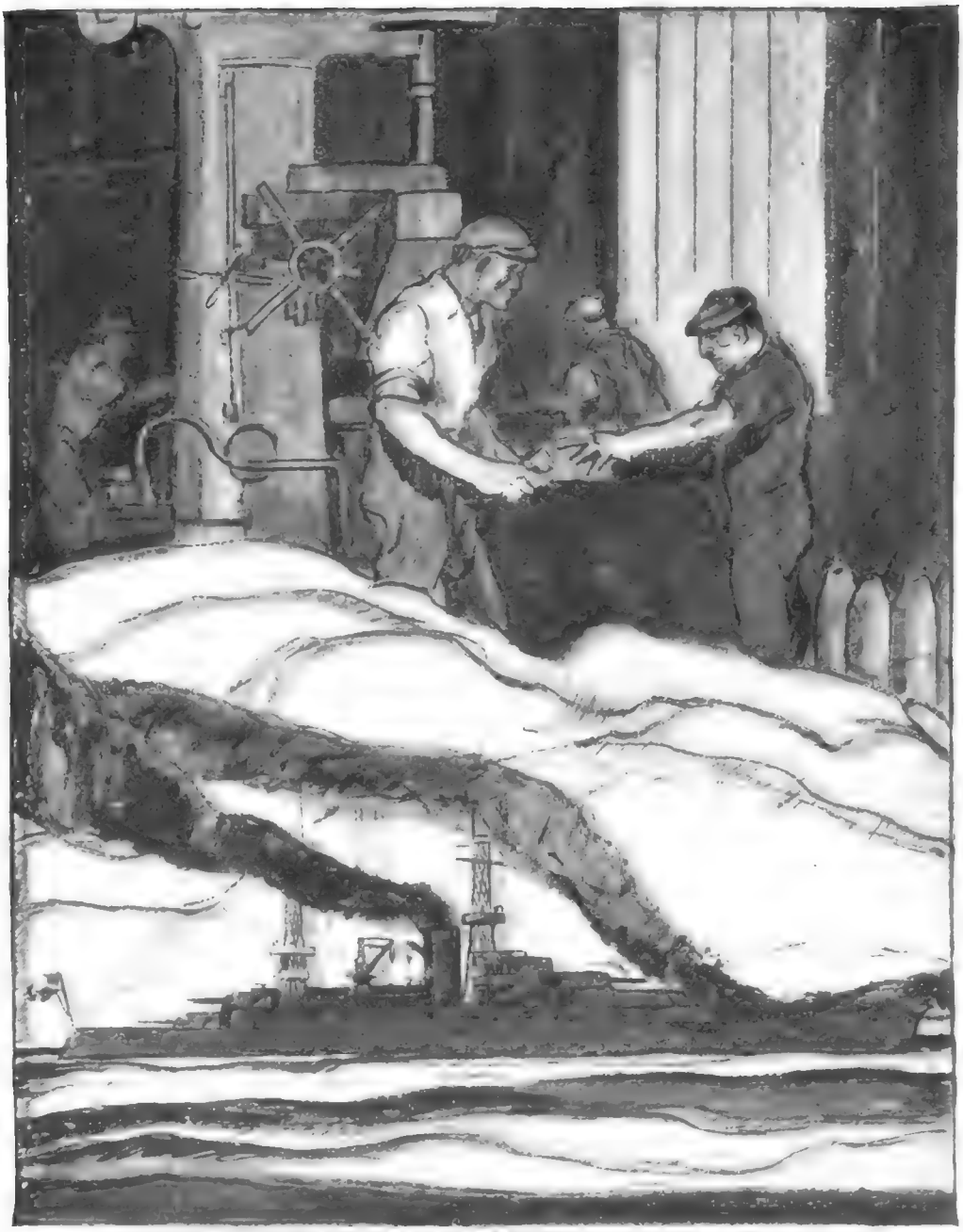

EUROPE HAS PROVED THAT IT IS AS NECESSARY TO HAVE A FACTORY FULLY MANNED AS A BATTLE-SHIP.

officers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the corporation making the Government a gift of his services. Mr. Gifford was peculiarly the man for a nation-wide job, for from the nature of his training he thinks in terms of Florida as well as in terms of Maine. A first task was the inventory of American industry.

To make the census complete and clear, a printed form was prepared that called for nature of output, capacity of plant, number of employes, skilled and unskilled, and

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every other vital fact connected with the business—in itself a tremendous piece of constructive work. In every state and Alaska each of the five societies elected a state chairman, the five constituting a state board of directors to have control of field activities. The printed form went to these state directors, who in turn made call upon their memberships. Nothing was left to chance or the mails. Each engineer had a particular factory assigned to him as his *job*, and it was up to him to get the form filled in and filled in *right*.

There was no money in it for a single man. Not even expenses. Only a vast amount of real drudgery, and that unpraised, for there is no drama in industrial preparedness, no oratory, no publicity. Yet among the thirty thousand, not a shirk or a deserter was found. For months, while politicians ranted of Americanism, this silent army of experts, including men of every racial origin, labored untiringly. No such engineering organization was ever gathered together before. No government could afford to hire the technical genius placed at the service of America as an expression of patriotism.

In plain words, the truth was brought home to manufacturers that modern warfare leaves small room for the business that does not minister to war needs. Either, in time of peace, he must determine upon the product that will keep his plant going in event of hostilities, or he must expect a "close-down." The engineers did their work and did it well. Reports were turned in from over twenty-seven thousand of the larger firms of the country, and under the direction of experts each reply was analyzed with a view to determining the war uses to which that particular plant could, when necessary, be put.

A manufacturing jeweler, for instance, was surprised to learn that his plant, with a few changes, could turn out periscopes; a sash-chain maker found that his machines were adapted to the production of cartridge clips for rifles and machine guns; a phonograph concern was discovered to be well fitted for the manufacture of certain delicate shell parts; makers of underwear may be relied on for bandages; a manufacturer of music-rolls for gages; a cream-separator plant for shell-primers; a sewing-machine company for gaines; a recording and computing machine plant for fuses; an infants'-food concern for shell plugs; drug-manufactories and dye-works for high explosives; finished shells may be expected from candle-makers, flour-millers, tobacco manufacturers, and siphon-makers; silversmiths can make cartridge-cases, bullet-jackets and caps; while shrapnel can be made in gas-engine works, can-factories, electric-elevator works, locomotive-works, stove-foundries, and machine-shops.

It was at this point, as the irresistible outcome of the Committee's labors, that Congress, late in August, 1916, created the Council of National Defense, consisting of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior, Commerce, Agriculture, and an Advisory Commission of seven civilians. On October 11th, President Wilson appointed the men who are now laying the rock-bottom foundation under America's preparedness program. Mr. Gifford was once more "borrowed" from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, at little more than half the salary he had been receiving, and appointed Director of the Council and of the Advisory Commission. Grosvenor B. Clarkson of New York, closely associated with the work from the beginning, again gave up his business and accepted the post of secretary of the two bodies. Not only were the twenty-seven thousand inventories taken over, but every department of Government was instantly swung into line behind the Council and Commission.

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MR. WILLARD, as well as heading the Advisory Commission, is chairman of the Committee on Communication and Transportation. About him he has rallied the heads of the telephone and telegraph companies of the country, and a system has been worked out that will make every wire available for military use at a given signal. As for transportation, he has divided the country into four military sections, each in charge of railroad executives who are held responsible for specific information and efficient arrangements. Steam, cable, and electric lines are all included, for the Government must know to the last car what it may depend upon for the swift and accurate movement of troops.

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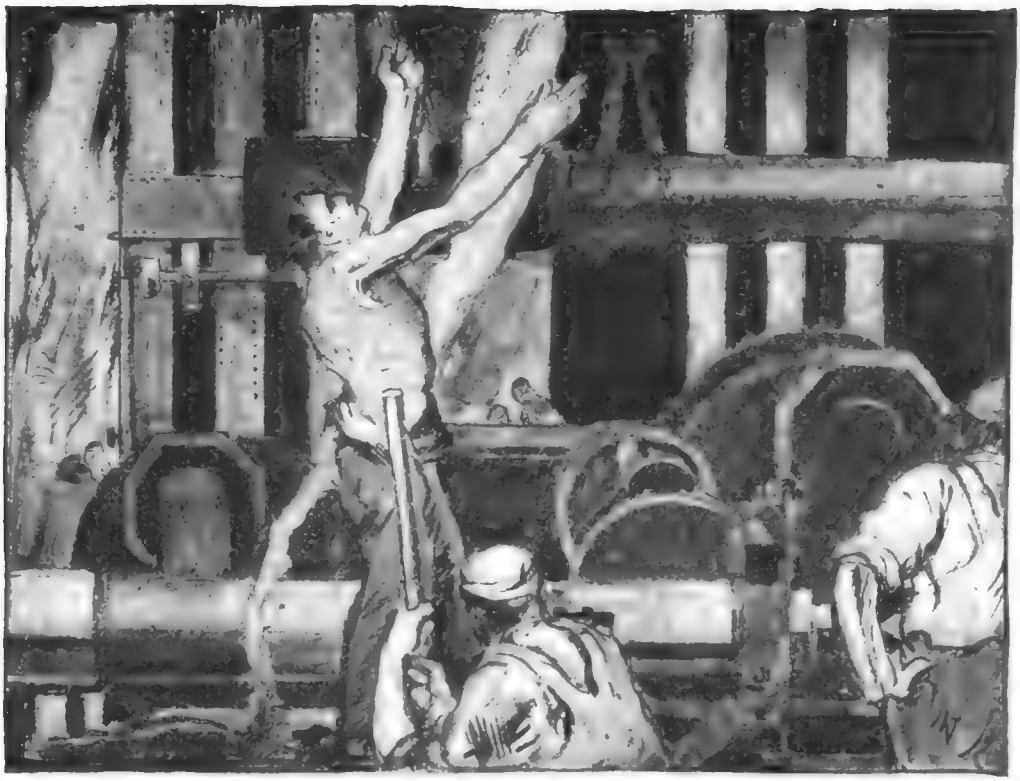

IT IS NOT THE BLOOD BUT THE SWEAT OF THE WORKER THAT IS VALUABLE IN WAR.

The same course has been pursued with the entire motor industry. In the United States to-day there are about 3,400,000 motor-cars, 150,000 motor-trucks, and 260,000 motor-cycles, constituting a military asset of incalculable value. Germany lost Paris because the Kaiser *marched* his armies across Belgium; Gallieni saved Paris because he *rode* his army to the front in taxicabs. Coker F. Clarkson of the Society of Automobile Engineers, and Alfred Reeves of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, are at the head of a committee that will bring every manufacturer and automobile owner into the national service. The country has been cut up into districts, each with its captain, and a census is being taken that will permit the speedy mobilization of every pleasure-car, truck, and motor-cycle at given points on a day's notice.

Think what it would have meant to a European nation to have a million motor-cars, each carrying from five to seven soldiers and their equipment, each able to transport from twenty to thirty miles an hour. Or to have had tractors that would have done away with special freight-cars and elaborate methods of loading.

Nor will water-craft escape the notice of vigilant census-takers. Motor-boats are useful in war for patrol duty and a variety of other purposes, and fishing-smacks, able to stay out at sea in all sorts of weather, make the finest sort of submarine scouts. District census-captains will get them all, likewise the owners of yachts.

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MR. COFFIN is at the head of the Committee on Munitions and Manufacturers. He is a man who is handling the twenty-seven thousand reports, ascertaining just what each manufacturer can do. It is up to him to find out just what munitions are needed by Army and Navy, and then to advise in getting together the jigs, tools,

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gages, dies, specifications, blue-prints, etc., that must be on hand if industrial establishments are to be turned into munitions plants at a day's notice.

As a consequence of the European war, America is now in possession of a munitions industry of no mean proportions. An instant supply for immediate needs is thus assured, but an army of one million for active service means that thousands of industrial factories will have to be swung into work. The method planned by Mr. Coffin and now sanctioned by law involves the placing by the Government of what may be termed "practise orders." A manufacturer of threshing-machinery, by way of illustration, will be given a contract for fifty or a hundred six-inch shells. Straightway an expert, armed with the printed form returned by that manufacturer, will journey to the plant and point out the exact changes that will have to be made, the jigs, the tools, or the gages that will have to be added. From the first process to the last, the working force of the plant will be taught what to do and how to do it.

The purchasing department will learn the kind of materials to buy and where to buy them; the shopmen will become familiar with the handling of jigs and tools and the secrets of heat treatment; the business department will learn the Government's demands and the standards of inspection; the shipping department how to create and deliver; and the engineering department will have all the necessary blue-prints and specifications for its files.

"The results of this peace educational work are as varied as they are important," Mr. Coffin declared as we talked over this phase of the work. "A reserve store of munitions will be built up. The munition-producing units will be spread all over the country. As it is to-day, they are bunched in a narrow and exposed strip on the Atlantic seaboard. In the files of the Army and Navy Departments will be placed such accurate and detailed information as will permit the Government to know just what each industrial plant in the country can be called upon to do at a moment's notice. And every plant will know what it, in turn, is expected to do, having learned how to do it. And there is still another point that can not be too strongly emphasized," he added. "This skilled, abundant production, based upon plants primarily devoted to peace needs, will lay for all time the fear of a munitions trust."

"How about Government ownership of munitions plants?" I asked.

"I do not believe that a single one of us has the slightest quarrel with the principle," he answered. "But it is not in the power of the United States, or of any other Government, to construct and maintain in time of peace a sufficient number of plants to meet all needs in time of war. It is upon privately owned manufacturing plants that reliance must be placed. Let there be Government-owned plants by all means, so that experimentation may be carried on, costs determined, tools manufactured, and skilled workmen developed. But the big idea, after all, is the industrial mobilization that will fit eighty per cent. of the manufacturing concerns of America for war work, and that without disturbing their peace production."

Standardization is another of Mr. Coffin's jobs, and it comes easy, for he was the father of the idea in the motor industry. All the petty, confusing differences in aircraft and cars must be done away with, so that the driver of one may drive all. It is also imperative that parts and tires may be interchanged. Spark-plugs, propeller hubs, and controls are being standardized rapidly, and even in a small thing like lock-washers, the number of sizes has been cut down from 400 to 35. An agreement has also been reached between military and commercial specifications in order that trucks and cars made for private use may be instantly available for Government use.

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MR. ROSENWALD is at the head of the Committee on Supplies, and it is his task to discover just what factories are able to turn out uniforms, hats, gloves, socks, etc., and in what quantities, what time, and at what price. He has got to get exact figures on the outputs of canneries, bakeries, and packing-houses, where wood can be bought for aeroplanes, all about live stock, harness and wagons, garbage-cans and tents, and what each district can be depended upon for in the matter of grain, hay, and vegetables. The French at Verdun used 300,000 horses

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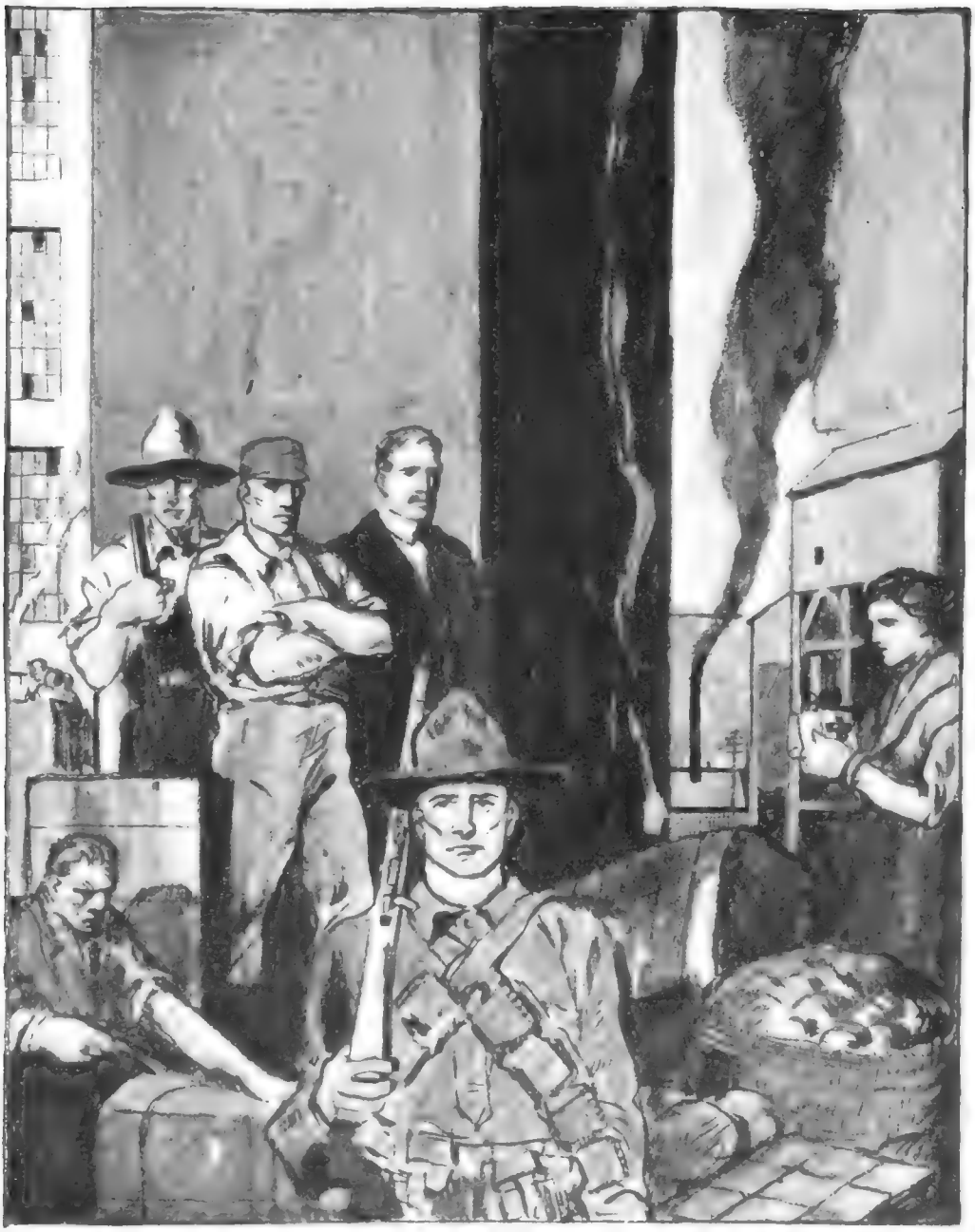

THE MOBILIZATION OF ARMIES IS FUTILE UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY MOBILIZATION OF RESOURCES.

and mules, and to feed them over five and a half million pounds of hay, oats, and mixed food were required each day. The army of a million men consumed 24,500,000 pounds of food every week, and this takes account of the "dry ration" only, not figuring in the "extras."

The Rosenwald plan contemplates a central group in each industry. For instance, the textile manufacturers will organize under a chairman, and so with the great bakeries, the packers, the millers, the commission merchants, etc. It is easy to be seen, of course, that any huge order, given

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suddenly, might well have a tendency to rocket prices. To guard against this, Mr. Rosenwald has arranged with the National Chamber of Commerce for the appointment of committees throughout the country for the purpose of preventing panic conditions.

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DR. MARTIN is in charge of the Committee on Medicine and Sanitation, and has already gathered about him the foremost men in his profession. Needs will be ascertained and supplies located and machinery devised for the acquirement of medicines, antiseptics, disinfectants, hospital furniture, etc. One committee is busy with the standardization of surgical instruments, and another committee has succeeded in having the medical colleges of the country install a special course of six months during 1917 that will fit thousands of young doctors for Army and Navy use.

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SAMUEL GOMPERS is at the head of the Committee on Labor, as a matter of course, and his task is the formation of an Industrial Reserve. It is not the *blood* of the skilled worker that is most valuable to his country in time of war, but his *sweat*. Europe has proved that it is as necessary to have a factory fully manned as a battle-ship, and out of the experience of England and France it has been learned that the labor of three million workers behind the firing-line is needed to keep a million soldiers on the firing-line. Every untended lathe or drill or forge means unequipped fighting men.

In every European country, save Germany, factories emptied at the call of war; and when realization of the blunder came, it was months before the men could be returned from the trenches to the shops. Russia, best example of all, had one rifle to three soldiers, and not enough ammunition for that one rifle.

It is the job of Mr. Gompers to guard the United States against this stupidity. The skilled workers of America will be listed so that, in event of war, industry will not be disrupted by the ignorant activities of the recruiting officer. A plan is being devised which will place the Industrial Reserve upon the same plane as the fighting force, as far as honor is concerned, in order that the soldiers of the shops shall rank in glory with the soldiers of the trenches.

England muddled matters by trying to work its labor day and night without regard for health and strength, and it was only after immeasurable harm had been done that reforms were instituted. Mr. Gompers is working out a schedule of hours and a sanitation plan that will permit America's industrial machine to start off without halt or drag, and on the committee with him, working shoulder to shoulder, are such employers as Elisha Lee of the Pennsylvania Railroad, A. Parker Nevin of the National Association of Manufacturers, and V. Everit Macy.

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MR. BARUCH has been given the Committee on Raw Materials, Minerals, and Mining. After Mr. Coffin has started the wheels in the factories, it is up to Mr. Baruch to see that the wheels keep whirring. A complete inventory of America's mineral resources has already been made, and present work is concerned with the organization of metal producers into groups. This will permit collective dealing with the Government, also increases in production where increase is needed, and likewise development of minerals in which we are weak.

Some wonderful things have already been done that bear testimony alike to Mr. Baruch's energy and the patriotism of Big Business. The copper producers, for instance, cut the market price in half on the 45,000,000 pounds of copper needed by Army and Navy, a saving to the nation of $10,000,000 in a lump. The steel manufacturers have made a similar reduction, likewise the brass and aluminum men, and by the time this article is printed, others will have followed the splendid example that puts patriotism above profits.

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DR. GODFREY is the head of the Committee on Science and Research, and Engineering. Congress has appropriated $2,500,000 for a laboratory in which the whole machinery of war will be taken apart, studied, tested, and improved. Here will the plans of standardization be worked out; here will be made drawings and specifications for distribution among private factories; here will the engines of aeroplanes and submarines be subjected to tireless experimentations to remedy their weaknesses; here will scientists make practical tests of their theories; here, in a word, will be the headquarters of industrial preparedness.

The German Emperor is credited with the statement that he could better afford to lose a third of his fighting force than one of his laboratories. It was not soldiers, but scientists, who discovered that nitric acid can be made from air, that iron and steel can be used in place of copper alloy, that wood may be fireproofed, that roasted sawdust is an antiseptic. It is in the laboratories of Germany that metals have been tested, inventions perfected, explosives discovered, and mechanical defects remedied.

Certainly America has much to do along this line. We are dependent upon Chile for nitrates, upon China for antimony, upon Canada for nickel, and upon foreign countries for rubber and various important chemicals. The engines both of aeroplanes and submarines are notoriously unsatisfactory, and the mounting price of gasoline makes it necessary some substitute be discovered.

The sum of $20,000,000 has already been voted for the construction of a nitrate plant. In this, as in the case of the laboratory, and as with the industrial inventory, additional emphasis is laid upon the fact that industrial preparedness strengthens the foundations of peace even while it guards against war. The problem of making nitric acid from the air for war purposes relates directly to the problem of making nitrogen from the air for the manufacture of cheap fertilizers. Out of the laboratory, primarily designed to study war needs, are bound to come inventions and discoveries of large value to peace needs.

Every day, almost, has seen the work of the Advisory Commission broaden and strengthen. A General Munitions Board has been created and placed in the charge of Frank A. Scott, the Cleveland manufacturer, with power to coordinate the making of purchases by Army and Navy for the speedy equipment of whatever forces may be called to the service of the country.

A first activity of this committee solved the rifle problem quickly and completely. The Springfield is the regulation Army rifle, but the production is only a few hundred a day, and it would have required a year or more to increase this output. On the other hand, the Enfield rifle, used by the Allies, is being produced by the thousands daily. The committee simply procured a change from the Springfield to the Enfield, and rifles will now be waiting for the soldiers instead of having soldiers wait for rifles.

HERBERT HOOVER has been called to the chairmanship of a committee on food supply and prices, and out of the appointment of this remarkable man may come the answer to the present grinding extortions.

Another undertaking is the Commercial Economy Board, composed of A. W. Shaw, publisher of *System*; Edwin F. Gay, Professor of Economics at Harvard, and Wallace D. Simmons, President of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis. The idea is to deal forehandedly with problems of war-time distribution, inspiring a program of cooperation that will lead to larger efficiency and the elimination of waste. American business is going to be put on a scientific basis at last.

Headquarters have been established in Washington, and each unpaid member of this compact group of experts is giving more time to the Government than to his own affairs. What these men have done goes beyond the promotion of efficiency and the perfection of the national defense. Out of their unselfish devotion has come the defeat of greed, the heartening of patriotism, the strengthening of character, the restoration of idealism, and an invigorated conception of the obligations of American citizenship. The spirit of Concord is not dead in the land. Beneath the veneer of materialism there is the same passionate devotion that carried Washington to victory.

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Announcing the Regimental Organization and First National Review of Twenty Thousand High-School Volunteers

THE FIRST AND SECOND REGIMENTS H. S. V. U. S. IN PRESIDENT WILSON'S INAUGURAL PARADE.

Captain Steever, Director of Training, H. S. V. U. S., has drafted a plan of regimental organization which has been approved by the Executive Board of the H. S. V. U. S. and applies to all the schools included in the High-School Volunteer work.

This plan has been worked out with view to facilitating the mobilization of the Volunteers from all sections for the forthcoming summer camps, district and national cadet competitions, reviews and tournaments, some of which are announced below.

All high schools in which cadet corps on the High-School Volunteer plan are organized should apply for designation as soon as possible if they wish to be included in the events to be held this spring and summer.

Captain Steever's report follows:

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From: Captain Edgar Z. Steever, U. S. A.
To: President, H. S. V. U. S.
Subject: Quarterly Report of Officer in Charge of Military Training, Public Schools, Central Department.

1. *Pursuant* to the orders of the Secretary of War, the undersigned reported at Culver, Indiana, January 1, 1917, to take charge of the installation of military training in the Public Schools of the Central Department. Since the first of the year military training has either been introduced, or existing organizations and their courses of military training systematized under the H. S. V. U. S. in the following schools, and the following regimental designations adopted:

REGIMENTS	COMPANIES	
1, 2, 3		Washington, D. C. (27 companies)
4	A, B	Cheyenne, Wyoming
	C, D	Douglas, Wyoming
	E, F	Onalaska, Wisconsin
	G	Casper, Wyoming
	H	Lander, Wyoming
	I	Rawlins, Wyoming
	K	Rigby, Idaho
	L	Pendleton, Oregon
	M	Muscatine, Iowa
5	A, B	Austin High School, Chicago, Illinois
	C, D	Lake View High School, Chicago, Illinois
	E, F, G	Carl Schurz High School, Chicago, Illinois
	H	Waller High School, Chicago, Illinois
	I, K, L	Senn High School, Chicago, Illinois
	M	Medill High School, Chicago, Illinois
6	A, B, C, D	Lane High School, Chicago, Illinois
	E, F, G	Lane High School, Chicago, Illinois
	H	Calumet High School, Chicago, Illinois
	I, K, L	Harrison High School, Chicago, Illinois
	M	Fenger High School, Chicago, Illinois
7	A, B, C, D	Crane High School, Chicago, Illinois
	E, F	Englewood High School, Chicago, Illinois
	G, H	Tilden High School, Chicago, Illinois
	I, K, L	Phillips High School, Chicago, Illinois
	M	McKinley High School, Chicago, Illinois
8	A, B, C	Parker High School, Chicago, Illinois
	D	Bowen High School, Chicago, Illinois
	E, F, G, H, I	Hyde Park High School, Illinois
	K	Morgan Park High School, Illinois
	L, M	Marshall High School, Chicago, Illinois
9	A, B	Ottawa, Illinois
	C, D	Blue Island, Illinois
	E	Elgin, Illinois
	F, G, H	Freeport, Illinois
	I, K, L, M	Rockford, Illinois
10	A, B	Waukegan, Illinois
	C, D	Paris, Illinois
	E, F	Joliet, Illinois
	G, H	Oak Park, Illinois
11	A, B	North East High School, Kansas City, Mo.
	C, D	Central High School, Kansas City, Mo.
	E, F	Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.
	G, H	Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Mo.
	I, K	Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Mo.
12	A, B	Yeatman High School, St. Louis, Mo.
	C	Central High School, St. Louis, Mo.

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REGIMENTS	COMPANIES	
	D.	Cleveland High School, St. Louis, Mo.
	E.	McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo.
	F.	Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo.
	I, K, L, M.	Soldan High School, St. Louis, Mo.
13.		Kept open at request of Superintendent of Schools, St. Louis, Mo.
14.	A, B, C, D, E.	Denver, Colo. (Full reports not yet in)
15.		Cleveland, Ohio. (Full reports not in)
16.	A, B, C, D, E.	Central High School, Detroit, Mich.
	F, G, H.	Northwestern High School, Detroit, Mich.
17.	A.	Americus, Georgia
	B.	Three Rivers, Texas
	C.	Vernon, Texas
	D.	Dunnellon, Florida
	E, F.	Washington, North Carolina
18.	A, B, C.	Perth Amboy, New Jersey
	D.	Sewickley, Pennsylvania
	E, F, G, H, I, K, L.	Louisville, Kentucky
19.	A, B, C.	St. Joseph, Missouri

2. The following district and national competitions have been arranged. Washington, D. C., has completed its Troop Leadership competitions and will meet the district champions of Kansas and northern Illinois at Chicago the first week in June. Washington, D. C., holds its competitive drill the 21st and 22d of May. Kansas City holds its competitive drill the 25th of May. Chicago, with the northern Illinois companies, will hold its great competitive review June 15th. During the first and second weeks of May at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana, I will conduct an H. S. V. U. S. camp for the training of leaders, where boys from all over the United States will be taken through the entire program of H. S. V. U. S. system of training. This will include:

Close and extended ordered competitive drill. Target designation, fire control, and fire direction. Administration. Troop leadership competitions, map maneuvers. Indoor target practise. Competitive field firing. Wall-scaling. Formal indoor "cadet show." Competitive reviews. Competitive field maneuvers. Camping and cooking. Marching. Personal and camp hygiene. Lectures: Cavalry; Field-Artillery. Tactical exercises.

3. The National Troop Leadership or Map Maneuver Competition (the first national event of its kind ever staged anywhere in the world), will be held at Chicago in June.

The prizes in this and the National Competitive Review will include the regimental colors of the H. S. V. U. S. This is not to be a permanent token of excellence, but will be held by the victorious school only until the next annual national competition, or until some other school captures it.

4. As this goes to press plans are being considered in Chicago for the mobilization of the H. S. V. U. S., this summer after school dismisses, for the purpose of rendering service on farms under military organization and under direction of the Council of National Defense, subject to the written permission of parents concerned. Details will be announced later.

The High-School Volunteers of the United States is the first national organization of, by, and for high-school boys and girls, dedicated to the development of better citizenship through the uniform plan of training and system of district and national games, competitions and reviews, worked out by Capt. E. Z. Steever, in the schools of Wyoming, and now embracing the high schools of the country. Membership is open to all students of high schools which have adopted the High-School Volunteer, formerly called the Wyoming, Plan of training as part of their curriculum. For information address:

HEADQUARTERS

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *NEW YORK*

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BUM-THROWERS

A Johnnie Kelly Story

By

Wilbur S. Boyer

ILLUSTRATED BY

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

JOHNNIE KELLY felt that it was not his fault. The overripe tomato would not have squashed against the ear of the organ-grinder had not Jack Van Zarn dodged. Besides, no organ-grinder had any right to be on the street as early as the first of March, no matter how warm the weather.

However, neither Johnnie nor Jack cared to stay and explain to the excited musician; and Victor Caluchie, who just happened to be in the vicinity, also broke into a run from force of habit. He had learned that whenever a boy did something that made a getaway advisable, it behooved every boy of thrashable age within range to seek other scenes. And once Victor started, his fate became linked with that of Jack and Johnnie. He dared not stop.

Being youths of experience, the three led the enemy neither toward home nor toward school, but lit out for the Riverside Drive wall, the outraged Hungarian close behind; while the woman with the red bandanna guarding the organ expressed her sentiments so vigorously that it was fortunate the language was not English. The hunted lost themselves among the freight-cars down by the Hudson, and the furious pursuer finally gave up the chase. Never again in the flesh did he bother the trio; but, like the ghost of Cæsar, he was destined to mold events in the checkered career of Brutus Kelly.

That tomato Johnnie had borrowed from the outdoor stand of a grocer up the avenue and had carried in his pocket for five blocks, waiting for the first classmate who dared hoot the derisive "Barbarian!" Jack Van Zarn had not counted on being blocked by a big organ with drums and cymbals and a crowd of little gaping brats around it. The combination of circumstances brought about the casualty.

Altogether, it was a lucky escape, and the three sat down by the river and laughed and punched one another gleefully.

"Gee! wasn't it bully?" panted Johnnie.

"Bet your boots!" Jack agreed.

"Sure!" added Victor. "Fine bunch o' cuss words!" The organ-grinder evidently knew more English than his spouse.

"Gee!" said Johnnie.

"Gee!" echoed Jack.

Each of the three repeated extracts from the organ-grinder's language, and all snickered and looked around to be sure no one was near enough to overhear.

"It would be wicked for us to say those things really ourselves," Jack opined after a particularly frightful phrase, "but, of course, it's all right when we're only telling what the organ-grinder said."

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THE THREE SAT DOWN BY THE RIVER. "GEE! WASN'T IT BULLY?" PANTED JOHNNIE.

"Huh!" observed Johnnie, "I wouldn't want me father to hear me repeatin'—he wouldn't understand the dif. Say, Victor, dja see me jump down offen the wall? Most twenty feet—wasn't it, Vic?"

"Sure," said Victor.

"That's nothing," retorted Jack. "I jumped a higher place 'an you—must 'a' been thirty feet. Wasn't it, Vic?"

"Sure," responded the accommodating Victor.

"Dja see me hit 'im, though, right in the listener?" bragged Johnnie. "That's what started all the fun. Didn't it look funny runnin' down his collar like blood? Gee!"

"Sure," was Victor's enlivening contribution.

"Bum-thrower," declared Jack, who had no idea of letting Johnnie carry off the honors of the day.

"T'anks—an' champeen bum-thrower, too," said Johnnie.

"What d'yer mean, 'champeen bum-thrower'?"

"Huh! Read the papers how they're fightin' in Europe, throwin' bums at each other? Each army digs a ditch like for a sewer. Then, of course, they can't shoot at each other, so they have a lot o' baseballs full o' dynamite. A soldier takes up one, lights a fuse on it like is on a firecracker, an' jist as it's ready to bust, he heaves it over into the other fellers' sewer. It's the latest way o' killin' the other side now."

"He means 'bombs,' " explained Victor, whose language was in many respects superior to Kelly's.

"That may be the Eyetalian way, but 'bums' is English—ain't it, Jack?"

Jack raised a deprecating hand. "All

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right, *all* right! Call it anything, but you're a bum bum-thrower, believe ME."

"Ye-e-es!" Johnnie sneered. "If that termater was a bum, where'd that organ-grinder be now, huh?"

"G'wan!" growled Jack, "you didn't aim at him. A *girl* can hit something that way. You ain't champeen bum-thrower—I am champeen bum-*dodger*. Hey, Vic, ain't I?"

"Sure," said Victor.

"Betcher can't hit that freight-car door with a brick from here twice together," Jack pursued.

"Betcher dassen't stand by the car and leave me heave three rocks at yer," retorted Johnnie. "That'll prove if you're champeen dodger."

There were no bricks in the neighborhood, and there was no intention of handling rocks; but "bricks" and "rocks" are synonymous with "pebbles" and "small stones" in boys' parlance.

"If it was snowballs, I'd let you peg at me," said Jack.

Johnnie leaped to his feet, fairly shouting with excitement. "See here, fellers, if we only jist get one more snow, we'll have a fight like the real thing in Europe, and we'll find out who's champeen bum-thrower and champeen bum-dodger. Is that a go?"

"Sure," agreed Victor.

"Shake on it," said Johnnie.

"That's bully," assented Jack; "but I guess there'll be no more snow this year. It's too late."

"Afraid so," Johnnie spoke ruefully; "organ-grinder's sure sign o' spring."

"Blankety-blank the first of March!" Jack spat out devilishly, and he felt real wicked in saying it.

Then down in the shelter of a pile of rocks lay the trio, Victor, Johnnie, and Jack—sons, respectively, of an Italian assistant to an apartment-house janitor, an Irish-New York policeman, and a Congressman whose forebears fought in the American Revolution. There they lolled, and rehearsed the whole incident, and bragged, and exaggerated, and lied, and quarreled once more over the honors, and became faster friends thereby, and had a bully time. It is a boy's inalienable right to color the high lights of his career to suit his own personal taste; and twenty years hence the version of the adventure which will be true to the three will be the one they developed by the riverside that glorious afternoon. It is the enviable heritage of youth. As the boy grows up he loses the power, not to exaggerate, but to make himself believe that his adventures really happened as he pretends they did and wishes they had.

Well was it that they had their pleasure that afternoon, for there was a sequel.

Miss Primton, departmental teacher of music, science, and physical training to all classes from 7A to 8B, had witnessed the initial shocking episode. At four o'clock the next afternoon the three boys came out of school in single file, lock-step, Johnnie in the lead, all reciting with unconcealed pleasure her characterization of them: "Loafers! LOAFERS!! LOAFERS!!!"

The discovery of a common enemy had cemented their friendship forever. Johnnie was one of the "gang" at last!

"Gee, horsefat!" cried Johnnie. "Got ter stay in every afternoon fer a week!"

"She's an old butt-in!" added Jack.

" 'Twasn't her organ-grinder," grumbled Johnnie.

"Didn't sound like it," laughed Jack.

"She'd 'a' disowned him if she'd heard him."

"Big stiff!" was Victor's comment.

"Do you think she'd keep me in for a month till four if I done anythin' else, like she says she will?" asked Johnnie.

"Sure," answered Victor.

"She don't bluff. She'd do it, all right, *all* right," Jack assured them.

"But she ain't got no right to keep a feller in for somethin'—for somethin' he done out o' school."

"Tell HER that," chuckled Jack; which settled the subject conclusively.

Then all shouted once more in chorus, "Loafers! LOAFERS!! LOAFERS!!!"

As they parted for the day, Jack admonished: "Don't forget, fellers, to rub your old lamps and wish for a good old snow."

Whereat Johnnie and Victor responded, "Sure!"

AND one day a week later it snowed. With a battered high silk hat concealed under his jacket, brick-top Kelly, 7B, stole cautiously into the school yard. The door to the visitors' stairway was just closing upon Mr. Parks, the teacher in charge, and an irate gentleman who was protesting in no mild language. The youngsters in the yard were in a hubbub of excitement. Johnnie had no time, however, to wait there.

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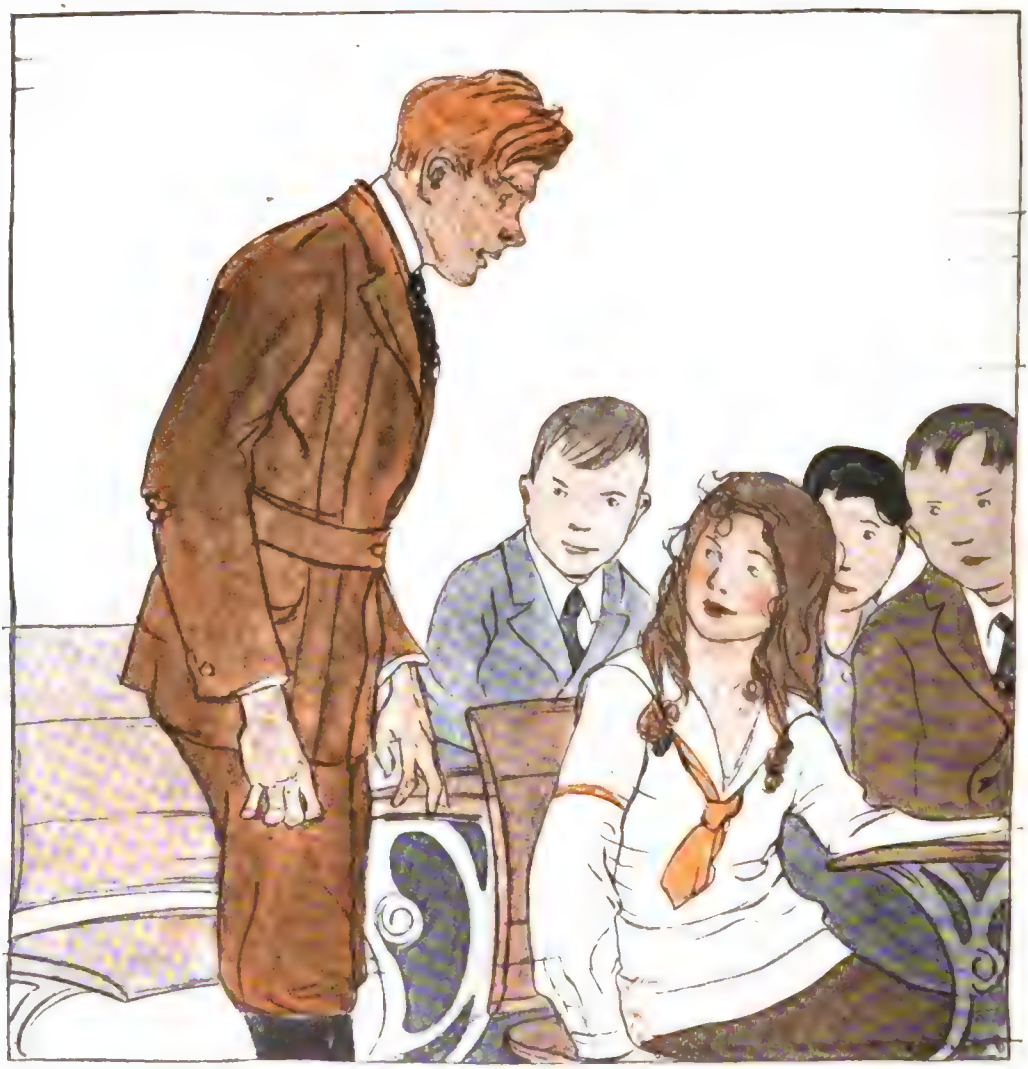
On account of his size, he had no difficulty in overawing the monitor at the foot of one of the boys' stairways. Two steps at a time—now and then three—he started for the top floor. Part way up he stopped to draw out from beneath his coat that poor silk hat and contemplate it gloomily. He shoved his hand inside the crown to get it back into shape. He rubbed the silk on his coat sleeve. It was hopeless. That particular tile was beyond redemption.

"Gee!" The exclamation was weighted with dejection and foreboding. He resumed his hasty ascent.

On the top floor he tiptoed along the corridor to the office of the principal. He stuck his head around the casing of the door to the anteroom. He was too late. The clerk was at her desk; and though the door to the inner sanctum was partly closed, he could see that Mr. Hartley himself was there. Furthermore, not better than a dozen strides ahead of Kelly was a redheaded man in a redheaded temper, who, paying no attention to the clerk, pushed open the principal's door with a bang.

In no mild tones the stranger demanded, "Are you the principal of this school?"



"WE WAS PRACTISIN'", EXPLAINED KELLY. "WHEN THE UNITED STATES SENDS AN ARMY AGAINST THE TOOT'NS, WE'RE GOIN' TO VOLUNTEER AS A COMPANY OF BUM-THROWERS."

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Johnnie drew back a bit at the fearful sound. He could feel the brush of fiery hair on the top of his head stand out even stiffer—it fairly crackled.

Mr. Hartley laid down his pen deliberately and turned his mild blue eyes on the visitor.

"Yes," he answered. "Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

The white-haired schoolmaster's welcoming smile was thrown away.

"My card, sir. I do not wish a seat," snapped the red-headed man, presenting the pasteboard at arm's length between the tips of his fingers. "I am going to have one of your boys arrested."

With a nod, Mr. Hartley took the card. "I'm sorry to hear that, Mr.—Pinter. What has he been doing?"

"I was passing alongside that board fence up the avenue here when a boy pelted me with a snowball and ruined my silk hat."

Mr. Pinter drew the tile from behind his back. It was caved in like a tomato-can in a back lot.

Johnnie looked at the hat in his own hand, and shook his head hopelessly.

"I chased him into the school-yard; and your gang of hoodlums blocked my way as I attempted to catch him, and they tried to trip me up. Your chief tough, the man teacher in charge of the yard, ordered me out."

"And you then came up to me?"

"Well, I told him what I thought of him; and he told me to get out or he'd put me out. I told him I'd like to see him try."

"So should I," commented Mr. Hartley with a conciliatory smile, surveying the broad-shouldered six-footer before him; "you'd be a pretty stiff proposition even for Mr. Parks."

Mr. Pinter grew redder, if such were possible.

"He would not have succeeded if he had not taken me unawares," he maintained. "When I shook my fist in his face, he caught my arm; and the next I knew it was tucked under his left arm and he had a leverage on it with his right that would have cracked the bones like pipe-stems if I hadn't let him lead me to the foot of your stairs. He told me to walk up four flights, and make my complaint to you. I've been treated scandalously. And your attitude shows me I need expect no satisfaction here. I will carry this to the Board—yes, to the Mayor, if necessary." The red-headed temper was in full control.

Johnnie's knees suddenly became none too stable. He longed for a chair, but flattened himself against the wall and listened in dread fascination.

"That was pretty hard on you, wasn't it?" observed the veteran principal, not for an instant taking his eyes from the irate visitor, nor allowing his voice to lose its even tenor. "Those boys in the yard, when they saw you chasing one of their fellows, should have made way for you and let you catch him. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," responded Mr. Pinter decisively.

"And my teacher in charge of the yard should have permitted you to assault any one of the children under his protection that you, in your anger, should select.",

"You argue well. I may have been out of temper, but I knew the culprit. I'd make no mistake. Anyhow, I want to go around your classrooms and find the boy that smashed my hat, and I'll arrest him."

"Well, I wouldn't allow that, no matter what the child had done," declared Mr. Hartley. "Every child in a public school is entrusted to the principal as if he were that child's parent; and you certainly would not be allowed by a parent to arrest any child without a warrant."

"I'll wait outside the school and catch him as he comes out."

"You may do that on the other side of the street, if the policeman on duty here at that hour will permit it after I inform him of your intention; but not on the sidewalk in front of the school."

"Well, then, what shall I do?"

"Ah!" drawled Mr. Hartley, leaning back and smiling good-naturedly. "Now you want advice. When you came in, you told me what you were going to do. Will you take advice after I give it?"

"I'll hear it first," retorted the red-headed man.

"I advise that you give me your address and leave the matter in my hands. I will find out who threw the snowball, and will act in the matter as I think best."

Mr. Pinter smiled grimly.

"How will you find out?"

"I'll ask the culprit to stand up and tell me all about it."

"Anda fine chance you haveof finding out!"

"That remains to be seen. Now, will you leave it to me?"

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Mr. Pinter once more eyed his head-gear and shook his head resignedly.

"It's about all the chance I have. It looks as if I had bumped up against the system. But I'll act on my own account if I am not satisfied."

"That is your privilege," replied the old school chief.

"Would you mind my presence when you make the trial?"

Mr. Hartley considered for a moment. "All right," he consented. "The guilty boy will get up, with you facing him."

Mr. Pinter smiled incredulously. He rose and followed his host, who stopped on the way out to give directions to the clerk.

Johnnie did not hear those instructions. He darted from the doorway like a scared rabbit. The tramp of many feet on the stairways left him little time for action. He glanced around in desperation for some place to hide that awful stovepipe hat. There was the assembly platform with its long desk and settee, three or four leather-bottomed chairs for the principal and visiting nabobs; and there was the piano and stool. He did not dare hang the hat on the bust of Shakespeare: it would look as though William had been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of his death indecorously. But Kelly had to act quickly. Sixty seconds later he was seated in his class-room, breathing freely. The hat had vanished.

His own class came marching in from the yard, and Johnnie kept perfectly still. He was too serious to engage in his usual chatter. And before he could recover his nerves, he heard the clerk tell Mr. Parks that there would be an assembly of boys immediately.

An assembly at one o'clock! Never had there been such a thing before. He had not reckoned on an assembly. He thought Mr. Hartley would take the red-headed man around from room to room. But an assembly! If he could only get that high hat back! Alas, it was too late! Johnnie saw that the Fates were against him.

Being one of the door monitors, Kelly had to go out ahead of his class. On the platform sat Mr. Hartley and the visitor. During recitation-hours, twelve-foot doors, the upper half of glass, divided the top floor into six class-rooms with a corridor between. It was Johnnie's duty at the signal to roll two of these doors from the front to the rear of the long corridor.

The teacher who regularly played the piano was absent, and it was with a deal of interest that Johnnie watched to see who would take her place. A snicker escaped him when he saw the common enemy, old Sally Primton, mince in to the instrument with apparent self-consciousness. Sally Primton was not really old. But with teachers, as with wine, it is not aging that spoils: it's turning sour; and Sally Primton was sour. Consequently, to the children,

SALLY PRIMTON PULLED FROM THE INSTRUMENT'S INTERIOR A DISTRESSED BLACK OBJECT.

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who associate "new" with things that are crispy, and shining, and sweet, she was Old Sally. Johnnie was aware that his own exposure was imminent; yet there was grim satisfaction in anticipating an uncomfortable five minutes for the teacher who had kept him in till four o'clock for a week.

"Ugh!" groaned the boy as he remembered the promised one month's detention if he crossed her path again.

With much fussing, like a hen in a dusty road, Miss Primton settled herself on the stool. Straightening her glasses and the sheet of music before her, she awaited the signal. Mr. Wise, the senior teacher, stood beside her. He lifted his hand; and in response she stabbed the piano. The result was a number of notes in chord; but likewise there was a sound as if some one had dropped a can of tomatoes, and Johnnie's emotions were divided between joy and fear. However, the crash was properly understood: the doors rolled to right and left and rear, leaving an assembly-room crisscrossed with tracks like a freight-yard.

Miss Primton was visibly annoyed at the result of her first attack. Nevertheless she took a good look along the keyboard and swung into the ancient tune of "Hiawatha." From various points of the compass lines of boys began to parade in.

But there was trouble from the very first note. It sounded as if the enemy had the range and was plumping shells into the mud along the whole line of march.

"Ta-ra, ta-ra! (plump! plump!)" went the piano; "ta-ra, ta-ra (plunk! blub!), ta-ra (klang!), ta-ra, ra-ra-ra (tzing! dub!)"

Mr. Wise scowled sideways at Miss Primton, then at the piano, not sure which to blame, but having his suspicions, since he and Miss Primton seldom agreed. Mr. Hartley saw that something was wrong. It could not be the piano's fault, he thought, for it had done duty steadily for twenty years without being annoyed to any extent by tuning. When he recognized who was banging at it, he broke into an animated conversation to divert the caller's attention from the horrible slaughter. And the children thought it Sally's natural cussedness.

Old Sally was no coward. Not once did she think of retreat. The enemy might blow up the whole line of march, but she would push on to the bitter end.

"Ta-ra, ra, ra! (bang! plup!)." As each falling bomb tore up a platoon at a time she rushed the next line up to fill the gap: "Ta-ta-ra; ta, ta, ra! (crash! boomp!), ta-ra! (zink!)."

At length she drove the last of the army of boys into the trenches before her. She had pushed them through that roar of deadly bombs by her dogged persistence alone. Mr. Hartley was nervous enough to yell. Mr. Wise was ready to sneer, "Equal pay!" if Miss Primton dared look up. Teachers slipping along the flanks were waiting to reach their bomb-proofs behind the rolling-doors before letting out snickers. The children, though uneasy, wondering, felt the iron hand of discipline and faltered not. Even Johnnie did not laugh. As for Old Sally herself, she looked as if she had just swallowed a bug in a raspberry.

Mr. Wise raised his hand. Again the heroine lunged desperately at the keyboard, and the youngsters crumpled into their seats as though a shell had exploded over their heads.

Mr. Hartley arose to address the school.

From a back seat Master Kelly stretched himself out into the center aisle as far as he could discreetly. He had reason to be deeply interested in what Mr. Hartley had to say; but he could not keep his mind on two things at once, and it was most important to observe what Miss Primton was going to do.

At first she did nothing but glare at the piano, which, had it been a small boy, would surely have collapsed. After a while she recovered enough self-possession deftly to gather up the short hairs on the back of her neck and prod them up out of sight. By and by a wrinkle of curiosity appeared on her countenance, and Johnnie's heart beat fast as she leaned down to investigate. She dared not touch the keys while the school head was talking, so she bent her nose close to the keyboard and snooped carefully from one end to the other.

It was at this moment that Johnnie sat up suddenly as he caught in the principal's talk the words, "—knocked off this gentleman's high hat. Why should a gentleman in a high hat be the target for cowardly boys? It is not because you have never seen one worn. I wear one—not often, but once in a while. In fact, because I live out of town, I keep a silk hat in my office to use on proper occasions after three o'clock."

Master Johnnie wilted in his seat. And

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to add to his emotions, Miss Primton squinted in under the piano lid.

Mr. Hartley went on talking, but the auburn-haired boy was only dimly conscious of the trend of the speech—he had heard enough—until it came to, "This gentleman believes that the boy who would be responsible for this is too much of a coward to stand up and acknowledge it." The principal held aloft the maltreated hat.

Jack Van Zarn rose. Then Johnnie came to himself and shot up. Caluchie was a hair behind him. Within a few seconds forty boys were standing.

Mr. Hartley was dumbfounded. He had seen the Congressman's son make the first move, so he turned to him.

"Jack, what does this mean?"

"I—I threw the—the snowball," stammered Jack.

"You didn't say that, Mr. Hartley," blurted out Kelly. "You said the boy who was responsible. I am."

"So am I," broke in Victor Caluchie.

"We all are," came a voice from across the room.

The principal looked around helplessly.

"Jack, you threw the snowball, you say. I suppose it was a snow-fight, and you didn't aim at this hat."

"Yes, I did aim at that hat," admitted Jack.

"You meant to knock this gentleman's hat from his head with a snowball?" demanded Mr. Hartley. "You, the son of——"

"I thought it was Kelly's hat," was Jack's remarkable statement.

Mr. Hartley eyed him sternly. "You mean to tell me that you mistook this high hat for *Kelly's?*"

It was at this instant that a descending groan of agony issued from the piano as Miss Primton stuck in her hand and pulled from the instrument's interior a distressed black object. It was the remains of another high hat.

She looked at it stupidly, and turning around, offered it to Mr. Hartley, who still held aloft the silk hat of the red-headed gentleman. The principal mechanically took the second hat in his disengaged hand and looked from one to the other.

"I kin tell you all about 'em," volunteered Johnnie.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Hartley, who acted as if he had lost his bearings.

"We was practisin' trench-fightin'," explained Kelly. "When the United States sends an army against the Toot'ns, we're goin' to volunteer as a company o' bum-throwers. An' we said the champeen bum-thrower was to be captain, an' I won. I'm captain. And then Van Zarn says, 'The best bum-dodger oughter be lieutenant,' an' I says, 'There ain't no bum-dodger in the comp'ny better 'an the captain,' an'——"

"Come, come, Johnnie," interrupted the principal impatiently, "explain these hats. Don't relate a long-winded story to keep yourself in the limelight. It seems to be your failing."

The admonition had no effect on Kelly. He went on: "You know that there lot is 'way below the street, jist like a real trench,

THE OVERRIPE TOMATO WOULD NOT HAVE SQUASHED AGAINST THE EAR OF THE ORGAN-OUT FOR THE RIVERSIDE DRIVE WALL, THE

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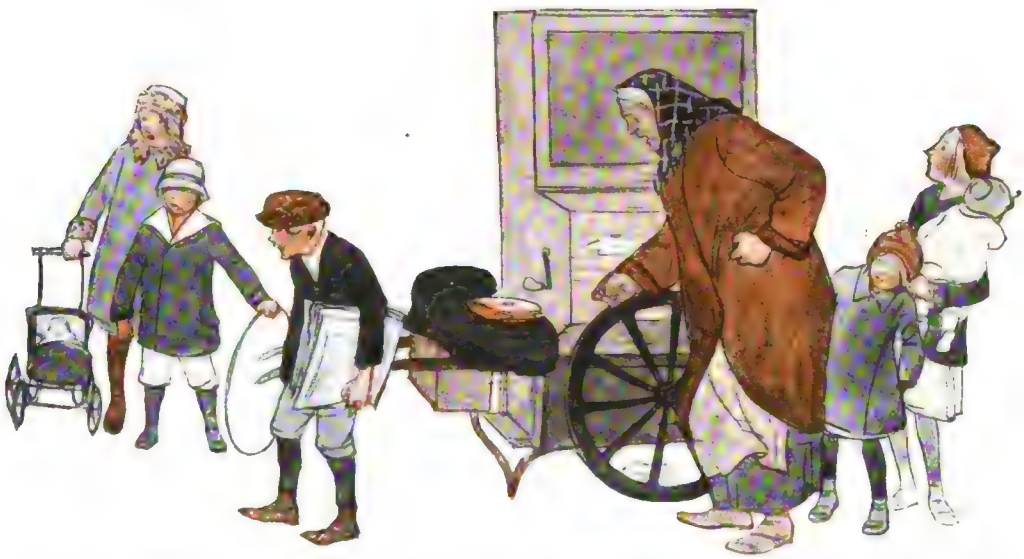

GRINDER HAD NOT JACK DODGED. BEING YOUTHS OF EXPERIENCE, THE THREE BOYS LIT OUTRAGED HUNGARIAN CLOSE BEHIND.

an' the fellers has to git 'way back to see a head over the top o' that board fence; and I says, 'Betcher I'll walk along the sidewalk close to the fence the whole block and never duck down, an' you won't hit me once.' I went to git ready, and I made this." Johnnie exhibited a false mustache which he attached to the cartilage of his nose by means of a piece of bent hair-pin.

Mr. Pinter leaned forward to get a better view. His face did not show anger. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying himself in a quiet way.

"Then—then—," Johnnie hesitated, "I borried a high hat and walked up the street right past the gang, an' they didn't know me, an' o' course they didn't hit me, an' I won, an' laughed at 'em from up the street; an' jist then some one yelled, 'Cheese it, the bell!' an' they all beat it for the yard—all except Jack, an' he laid for me. An' when he seen a high hat over the fence with—with hair—with hair like mine under it, an' a musstash, he let one whiz. An' it wasn't me a-tall—it was that man up there."

The allusion to the similarity of their coloring, instead of irritating, seemed to please the man. His mouth twitched and he glanced at the principal.

"Is this the hat?" Mr. Hartley shook the one Miss Primton had captured.

"Yes, sir, and I made this musstash out o' some hair from a chair-cushion in—in your office," Johnnie went on.

"Where did you get this hat?"

"I shoved it into the pianner," evaded Johnnie. "When I borried it I didn't think anythin' would happen to it. I was awful careful; but when I was runnin' for school with the hat in me hand—I wasn't far behind this man—I slipped and fell on it an' —an' squashed it. I thought it was an old one, honest Injun. It had been hangin' there ever since I come to this school."

"Whose was it?" asked Mr. Hartley.

"I'll—I'll pay for it."

"Whose was it?"

"Y-y-yours," said Johnnie.

Mr. Hartley's face was a study.

"I'll call it quits, if *you* will," chuckled the visitor.

Hartley and the red-headed gentleman grinned at the two hats and at each other like schoolboys.

Johnnie Kelly looked about. The cynosure of all his schoolmates' eyes, he could almost feel the thrill of their admiration. He had reached the height of his ambition. He was their hero. Suddenly he caught the vengeful eye of Sally Primton—and collapsed hopelessly into his seat.

"Gee!" sighed the captain of the bum-throwers, "thoity days more in the cooler! Darn the organ-grinder!"

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OUT IN THE OPEN AIR

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

"OH, YES," HE CONCEDED BITTERLY. "SHE SAYS I'M ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS I'M IN THE HOUSE."

IT WOULD be highly hypocritical of me to imply that Sargent Amory came to ask my advice because I possess, or even claim, any special merit as a counselor to the lovelorn. Indeed, he frankly admitted that he hadn't even thought of confiding in me until, as he strode doggedly past the Inn at midnight, he saw that the windows of my room were still illuminated, and formed from that fact the logical deduction that I must be at home, and awake. And he came to me solely because he, on his part, had just arrived at that torsional state of mental unrest which demands the relief of prompt confession to some one—any one; and because I, on my part, was obviously available.

So he tramped grimly up-stairs, burst with scant ceremony into my third-floor cubicle, flung himself into the nearest chair, and told me, in explosive words of forty-four caliber, that he was at once an outcast and a fugitive from society; a worm a toad, and a clodhopper; a youth contemned, lonely, miserable; rejected of men, and, specifically, of a girl whose name was Caroline Hastings.

"You don't mean it!" I said, aghast.

"Well, you don't suppose," said Sargent ferociously, "that I've shinned up nine thousand flights of stairs to this rotten little safe-deposit box of yours for the sheer joy of *lying* about it, do you?"

Naturally, I was stunned. In the first place, I hadn't remotely suspected that Sargent was intellectually capable of committing sentiment; in the second place, I was staggered to discover the identity of the girl. I don't want to give the impression that I failed of sympathy for him, but I certainly was astounded at the revelation.

Caroline was the active model, not only of Kenilworth, but also of the whole state. She was a champion golfer, a shark at tennis; she could swim and skate and ride with the best of them; she was a famous whip and a notable skipper, and the only consideration which prevented her from owning a private hydroplane was two conservative parents. She was the apotheosis of vim, vigor, and vitality; she had been my first affinity and thereafter my lifelong confidante. And poor Sargent Amory——

Remember, he was also my friend. Nevertheless, he was indubitably Sargent Amory. And even if his soul had been weighted down with all the friendship in the world, he could yet have stood on a scale

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set at a hundred and thirty pounds, and never annoyed the beam. He couldn't sit a horse; I doubt if he could have held one. His tennis shoes would easily have lasted fifteen or twenty seasons. He swam like a hollow tile, and skated like a fish. His best game was golf, and he played it the way a gentleman handles his knife and fork. Under the circumstances, I had good cause to be amazed at his election of an ideal. The only interest he apparently had in common with Caroline was a liking for salted almonds, and even in Kenilworth this seemed a trifle insufficient. In addition, he was too careful about his clothes.

"Sargent, old top," I said, "that's pretty rough."

"*Rough!*" he echoed. "It's a damned sight worse than that, and you know it! It's—it's—well, you're right! You're absolutely right! It's pretty rough! It's demoralizing."

"You know I'm sorry for you, don't you?"

He looked at me queerly. "Oh, yes," he said with utter weariness. "I can understand how you would be. Everybody else will be, too. And *she* was. I'm just the sort of harmless, skinny, cartoony-looking runt you *would* be sorry for! *I* know that. That's the deuce of it!"

"Hold on, boy!" I told him. "I know you're all shaken up about this, and I don't blame you, but it doesn't prove you're——"

"Listen!" said Sargent, sitting upright. "Either she's right or she's wrong—you can't deny that! Well, *she* says she's sorry for me—and what's she sorry for? Why, for the only asset I've got—part of a hatful of brains! She's sorry for me because I'm not a big bruiser like you! She's sorry for me because I don't like to rip around outdoors and tame wild animals, and jump off the dock and swim to Long Island, and all that sort of stuff! She's sorry for me because I'm *I!* That's plain enough, isn't it?"

It occurred to me that a man in Sargent's condition of mental negligée needs poetry more than truth. He couldn't conceivably want to hear argument or deprecation. What he needed most was a strong injection of some soothing emollient; and I tried to give it to him.

"Look here!" I said. "It won't get you anywhere to belittle yourself to me, old chap, because 'way down in your heart you still believe exactly as I do, that you're a fairly decent citizen, even if a girl *has* bumped your sensibilities. Let's shoot from there. Doesn't she like you at all?"

"Oh, yes," he conceded bitterly. "She says I'm all right as long as I'm in the house."

"That's not so bad! In other words, she's perfectly satisfied with your brain-cells. Well, then—you're at the half-mile mark before you start. And a man who took highest honors at Cambridge, and a master's degree for the fun of the thing—a rich man who writes essays and verse for recreation——"

"Piffle!" said Sargent.

"What of it? It's an indication——"

"I wasn't talking about my stuff," he explained dignifiedly. "I was simply referring to your line of reasoning."

"Let me finish—I was saying that a man who's an amateur literary genius——"

"Amateur?"

"Certainly! You're not a professional, are you? You don't need the money, do you? I was saying, a man who does that sort of thing for the mere enjoyment he can get out of it, doesn't have to worry about losing his pedestal. If she admires your brains now, she always will."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything—everything! Furthermore, you're a plutocrat. You've got a wad of money, so she can't object to you because you couldn't support her. That puts you right into your last lap."

"But what's that got to do——"

"So it narrows down to this—and almost anybody could have told you about it three years ago. The only real obstacle is beef. Beef and——"

"And what?" Sargent was mildly interested.

"The inclination to use it. You've said she likes you in the house. That's equivalent to saying that you're not fully developed, Sargent. You've specialized in gray matter, and you've dodged most of the things that really count. And she's a child of nature if there ever was one."

"She said," he narrated, "that if she were an invalid, or a cripple—if her life had to be spent under one roof—she'd marry me sooner than anybody else in Kenilworth. But she thinks she couldn't be happy with a man who isn't mad about the outdoors the same way she is."

"Fine!" I said. "Well—to change the subject for half a minute—I imagine you're

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planning to leave town, aren't you? Travel awhile, and try to forget it?"

Sargent nodded in the affirmative. "Yes. I don't care much about hanging around here to have a lot of old women sympathizing with me. You know how they love it!"

"Good! Made out your itinerary yet?"

"No—hadn't thought of it."

"Open for a suggestion?"

"What is it?"

"Six months at Golden-Rod, Wyoming, and six months at Coronado, California."

He stared blankly at me. "That's funny. What's the idea?"

"At Golden-Rod," I said, "there's a very excellent ranch. A cousin of mine went out there, and told me all about it. They take effete Easterners and vulcanize 'em. It's a sort of Muldoon's, only not so delicate and refined. In the first term you learn to ride, and shoot, and split wood, and in the second term you learn to eat nails. At Coronado there's the best swimming teacher in the country, and you get both still water and surf. There's golf and tennis and polo, with good instructors; and after you've found out how to paste yourself to the back of a Wyoming cow-pony, you ought to find polo very refreshing. And if a year like that wouldn't fit you for matrimony or the army, or anything else you like, you deserve to be shot at sunrise! Why don't you be original, and disprove that beautiful theory that they never come back?"

"Well," said Sargent slowly, "it's an amusing scheme, all right, but——"

"You aren't very enthusiastic about it, are you?"

Sargent was dubious. "Coronado's not impossible, but this Golden-Rod place sounds a bit strenuous."

"Of course it is; that's what it's for."

He permitted the wraith of a smile to turn his lips at the corners. "I do want to get away, but I'm not sure I'd get any profit out of playing around a second-hand ranch. I don't see any sense in punishing myself."

"If you're quitting us anyway," I said, "why not do something constructive? It can't possibly hurt you; it's sure to be good for you. It's comparatively cheap, and at least in Golden-Rod there aren't any reporters. It's not unlikely that you might make yourself husky enough to remove that obstacle. Isn't it worth trying? And in the meantime—maybe I can demonstrate that Miles Standish would have batted .500 if they'd given him one more lick. That's my advice—and you can reserve accommodations by telegraph."

Sargent gazed contemplatively at the ceiling. He was patently fascinated by the conception; it appealed to that side of him which was sternly practical. His nerves impelled him to action, and here was action designed not as an end in itself, but rather as the means to achievement.

"I'm not crazy about the idea of a press-agent," he said. "It's mighty thoughtful of you and I appreciate it. I know you'd have influence if anybody would, but I'm not advertising for a substitute for John Alden just yet awhile. It wouldn't help matters, either. No—I'm going to figure this out myself. Maybe I'll consider this Golden-Rod place and maybe I won't——"

"At any rate," I said, "it can't possibly spoil you, Sargent."

"That isn't the point." He leaned forward and gestured expressively. "I know I'm shy on muscle. I know I'm a joke to a lot of people. What I want to know is this—if I should follow a blind lead like that, what's the likelihood of *results?* Would that sort of life set me up enough to take me out of the infants' class? Or when I came back here would I be in better shape, but just as much of a novice in comparison with these other fellows? Could I learn to ride like the Embury boys, or wallop a golf ball like you, or dive like Billy Seymour? Because if I couldn't, I might better go to Australia, or stay here. What interests me isn't the *going* somewhere—it's the chance of cashing in after I get there."

"You really want to leave Kenilworth, don't you?"

"Yes; that's final."

"If, when you're back again," I promised, "you think you haven't had your money's worth, I'll know you're a yellow dog and a quitter—because it'll have been the only worth-while thing you've done in twenty-seven years!"

Sargent flushed and reached for his hat. "That's rather unnecessary language——"

"I mean every word of it, old top. To be perfectly frank, I doubt if you'll lift your hand to haul yourself out of the mud you're in now. You can do it if you want to, but it'll be hard, hard work. You'll loathe it. And it's been my brief experience that when a man swears he'll do anything in the world for a woman, there's a mental reservation

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hiding in the background—*if it's convenient!* You're a pretty puny citizen, Sargent; and neither your money nor your brains—and you've got plenty of both—is going to help you during the next few months unless you let 'em. The easiest thing for you to do is to do nothing at all. You've got to capitalize your will-power. And I don't think you want to. What you want to do is to watch purple sunsets and mope——"

Sargent was on his feet. "You fat-headed idiot," he bawled, "it's lucky for you I'm *not* your size——"

"Sargent," I said, "is that—or is it not—your admission that I *know* you?"

"If I wanted to go to Golden-Rod or Watercress or any other tank-town——"

"You'd lose your nerve at the last minute."

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars——"

"Oh, Sargent!"

"Two—five—anything you say!"

"Come, come!" I said. "That's a good beginning, but all it proves is that you've got a bank balance. And when I decline your bet, it only means that I haven't. But again, old chap—are you going to Japan, or Honolulu, to enjoy a year's misery all by your lonesome, and come back with all the

"RUMOR HATH IT THAT SARGENT'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU. I KNOW THE SENSATION, AND IT'S AN ALIBI FOR ALMOST ANYTHING."

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benefits in your memory and none on your ribs? Are you going to show Caroline how accurate she was——"

"Kindly leave her out of this conversation, will you?"

"Pardon me—I thought she was the reason for it."

Sargent reddened, swallowed hard, and suddenly wilted. "If I thought I had a *chance*," he said despondently. "Honestly, I'd do *anything*—I'd go *anywhere*—a year or ten years, what's the difference? If I thought I had the ghost of a chance, I'd——"

Here I put my hand on his shoulder and interrupted him. "Stop being an ass," I said. "All you lack is spunk—that's what she really means. Show a bit of it now. Go out and cultivate it. It'll do you good anyway, and even if you lose at the finish, you won't have wasted your time half as much as if you'd traveled aimlessly, out of pique. And they have rather lurid sunsets out in Wyoming, at that."

"Golden-Rod?" he demanded savagely.

Perceiving that he was in a malleable mood, I exhumed from my desk a pad of telegraph blanks and a fountain pen. I took Sargent by the arm, and sat him down.

"You can pick your own dates," I said. "But the first of next month is as good as any. All it means is one more bag of husks in the bunk-house—they just like to know who's coming so they'll have time to rope another wild horse for you. And don't ask 'em to reserve a room 'with bath,' because every room has one. It's called the Golden-Rod River, and it makes ice-water feel like the steam compartment in a Turkish bath. The name's P. J. Murphy."

IT WAS through pure coincidence that I happened to be lounging in the Hastings' library on the evening that Sargent Amory telephoned to Caroline. What he said to her I never knew; nor did I ever know what she said to him after the first few sentences, for although Mr. Hastings and I were sitting motionless and silent, the crash of our cigar ashes falling into the bronze tray must have been terrific, since she declared that there was so much noise that she couldn't hear a word Sargent was saying, and asked him to hold the wire while she went up to the extension in her own room.

Now I don't profess to have psychic power, but when Caroline rejoined us, twenty minutes later, and her father presently left us alone, I would have wagered my boots that we were destined to talk about Sargent—and I shouldn't have had to walk home barefoot. Caroline asked me if I knew that he was reversing the procedure of young Lochinvar, and going West.

"Surely," I said. "And if this were the age of chivalry, he'd be wandering off to show his good faith by killing a Saracen for you. As it is, he's going to Wyoming to shoot coyotes with a thirty-thirty. What else could he do?"

She was somewhat puzzled, and palpably offended at the tone of my voice. "I don't exactly grasp that," she said.

"Oh, Sargent's a good scout," I said. "But you naturally wouldn't expect him to be spectacular in an emergency, would you? Then why expect him to be spectacular when he hasn't even the opportunity."

"I wish I knew what you're talking about," said Caroline, nettled.

"I wish I knew myself," I acknowledged. "Let's find out. Rumor hath it that Sargent's crazy about you. I know the sensation, and it's an alibi for almost anything. Well, he has an irresistible impulse to go forth and make good. As I remember it, I practised the swan dive off the yacht-club platform for two months solid while you were at Narragansett, so when you came home you'd smile at me for being a good pupil. Then when I went to illustrate before you, I dove into a jellyfish. Well, Sargent can't do anything vivid for you, so he's going where vividness has its habitat."

She looked at me as though I had cast slurs on her grandparents. "You never speak very favorably about Sargent," she said soberly. "You haven't quarreled, have you? You used to be *such* good friends."

It was a wonderful opening. I sat on the very edge of my chair, and eyed her with the utmost sincerity I could summon. "My dear girl," I said, "there's never been the slightest nonsense between us, has there?"

She threatened to smile. "Well, no—if you don't count that summer when——"

"I don't!" I assured her. "Besides, that wasn't nonsense, that was dead earnest. But I've never talked a lot of fluff to you, have I? And yet you know what I've always thought about you. You're the sweetest girl in the civilized world, and the best looking, and the liveliest. And if I can't marry you myself—and all that's past—I don't want to see anybody but a prince

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get you. Now Sargent *is* a friend of mine, but I divide my friends into all sorts of different classes. And if they've got to be lined up with respect to you, some of 'em qualify and some of 'em don't. It isn't that I think less of Sargent; it's that I think more of you. And I'm not backing him in this particular instance."

She was uncommonly absorbed in what I was saying. "I'm a little astonished at that," she said. "*I* think he's a nice boy."

"Oh—*nice!*" I said. "Of course he is! But you don't want anybody but a red-blooded man, and if Sargent ever cut his finger he'd drip pale violet. Why, what can he *do?* He just sits around and spends his income, and scribbles something now and then for diversion. And there you are!"

"He's one of the most intelligent men I've ever met," said Caroline, somewhat aroused. "And I don't think it sounds well——"

"My astigmatism isn't so great," I informed her, "that I'll deny a man is a human slat simply because he happens to be a friend of mine. I *do* like Sargent. I think he has a brain like a tack. But to marry *you*—flooey!"

SARGENT'S FIRST MISSIVE TO CAROLINE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY EIGHT SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, ONE OF WHICH SUGGESTED AN IMPERSONATION OF BUFFALO BILL.

She sighed gently, and shook her head. Invariably the contrast between her indoor and her outdoor personality startled me; and it was difficult now for me to realize

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that this soft and feminine creature curled up in an armchair was the dynamic Caroline Hastings of the field. I comprehended perfectly why she had told Sargent, with such ingenuousness, that she might have consented to marry him if he had agreed to remain always under cover.

"He has the kindest heart," she said, "and the most even temper——"

"Oh, I know! But he has a thirty-seven handicap and—good Lord! Did you ever see him over at the beach in a bathing-suit? Or in the hockey-rink last winter? Why, he's absolutely the most ladylike sportsman I ever met in my life! And that's all I mean, Caroline—all I'm telling you is that he doesn't qualify in your division. Personally, I like him as well as any man I know. If I'm picking a candidate good enough for you, though, I've got to put him in Squad Z." I got up, hoping that I hadn't overdone it. "And I bet eleven dollars to a second-hand score-card," I said, "that he couldn't hit a coyote with a baseball bat at five paces."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Please don't—it's early yet."

"Down to see Sargent," I said. "It's his last night, and we want to be together. You see—I'm too fond of you to let him have you, Caroline, but I'm too fond of him to stay here to-night when he really wants me. Any message for him?"

"No-o," said Caroline, with some hesitancy. "Just — wishes for a pleasant journey. Tell him that for me, will you?"

"Verbatim," I promised.

"HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE."

It was about two weeks later that I had from Sargent in Golden Rod a letter which looked as though it had been written on papyrus with a machine screw dipped in liquid iron-rust.

It was phrased compactly, as if he had originally intended to entrust it to the Western Union, and changed his mind only when he found that wire melts at a thousand degrees or so, Fahrenheit; in short, that his one excuse for not having left Wyoming already was due to the cause which inspired his disgust: the ranch was fourteen miles from the station, and Sargent was physically incompetent to choose between Sheol and Purgatory, which is to say that if he had to determine the worst torture for his racked limbs, he wouldn't know whether it would be afoot or horseback. He also wrote feelingly of the menu.

But it required no wealth of imagery from Sargent to convince me that at present the ranch was one of the best places in the world for him.

No man who was born with a silver tea-service in his mouth has ever been harmed by the exigency of assimilating a few cans of baked beans; and a Wyoming pony is an admirable antidote for the decorated cushions of a limousine. I was banking on the hope that Sargent, sufficiently calloused to ride over to the station, would have become so infatuated with his progress that he would resolve to continue it.

And in the course of another fortnight I had a second letter, in which he said that he was gaining weight, and sleeping comparably to the well-known top. He apologized for not writing at greater length, and in extenuation he alleged that he had a sore shoulder where a choke-bore shotgun had kicked him, and a lame brisket where a fortunately lightweight horse had stepped on his chest. He made use of several technical expressions which I didn't understand, but I was pleased—for I knew that he had used them because he knew I wouldn't understand them.

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After his third epistle, in which he enclosed a small photograph of a soiled and villainous-looking vagrant labeled, "Me," I made an especial pilgrimage to see Caroline Hastings, who was reported to be involved in two violent flirtations, one with a ranking tennis-player, and one with an ex-captain of university football. I went for the specific purpose of finding out how the land lay, and I succeeded. It was as flat as a billiard-table. So that when I answered Sargent's most recent communication, I thought it best to attempt a slight imitation of the often-quoted Machiavelli. I told him that without question the obvious thing had been for him to leave Kenilworth, and to remain incommunicado for a year or so, thereby creating the general opinion that he was suffering acutely; and I said further that the true Belasco touch would be for him, now that he had satisfied the conventions by going West, to write immediately a long, impersonal, chatty letter to Caroline, telling her what a wonderful experience he was having, and indirectly thanking her for having made it possible. And I ordered him, after that, to send her one picture post-card every two weeks, and a letter once a month, and to see if he couldn't locate a pretty little Sioux squaw or a Mexican frijole to lean against his shoulder and be snapshotted with him.

He replied sarcastically that a frijole is a bean, and I retorted that I knew it before he did.

His first missive to Caroline was such a masterpiece of repression that she showed it to several of her friends as an exceptionally good description of Occidental manners and customs. It was accompanied by eight small photographs: one of Sargent alone; one of a horse unattended; one of Sargent standing at the head of the horse, one standing at his tail; and four depicting him as a rider. The last one was a hunting scene, and suggested Frank Tinney in an impersonation of Buffalo Bill. Altogether, they made a brave exhibition, and Caroline was delighted. He truly did look heavier.

"But what really pleases me best," she told me, "is that he isn't as childish as most men are. It's just as pleasant a letter as I'd get from any one. *I* think that's unusually considerate of him—he doesn't want me to feel too sorry for him."

"Sorry for him!" I said. "When he's out there dashing over the plains with lovely Spanish sonoras or banderillas, or whatever they call those Mexican show-girls! Why, you're hopelessly mistaken about the lad! He's having the time of his young life! You ought to see the letters he sends *me*!"

"I'd like to," she granted. "Why don't you let me?"

"To tell the truth," I said, without the faintest intention of telling it, "I haven't kept them. But it certainly is a gay life he's leading. Some of the riders tried to get funny with him, and—well, all I can say is that if Sargent didn't stand in pretty well with the Murphy boys, he'd be up in the penitentiary manicuring cobblestones."

Caroline lost a degree or two of color. "You don't mean—he *shot* anybody?"

"Hardly that," I said. "Three or four of the more powerful bystanders grabbed his wrists. But he's getting to feel so much at home out there that I suppose they might have called him a native, and given him the benefit of clergy anyway."

"What puzzles me," said Caroline, "is why he never exerted himself when he was here. He could have learned to ride without going all the way to Wyoming, couldn't he? Any of the boys would have taken him over to the marshes and taught him to shoot ducks. And——"

"Ducks!" I said contemptuously. "Fierce, man-eating ducks! Or herring-gulls or nuthatches! That's fine sport, isn't it? Why, Sargent wouldn't shoot a duck any more than he'd go after quail with a trench mortar! He's hunting big game."

"I thought you told me," she said in reminiscence, "that he couldn't hit a coyote with a baseball bat."

"That was before I recognized his nerve," I explained. "He writes me now that one of their commonest occupations is running down sage-hens, and nicking 'em with six-guns."

"He must have improved a lot," said Caroline.

"Well, he certainly wasn't hampered by lack of room," I assured her.

It was gradually becoming evident that Sargent liked his new surroundings. More and more joyfully he wrote to me. He told me of his constantly increasing skill, and his augmented weight; he said that he could eat bar steel or sleep on it with equal comfort. He was now toying with the rope, and riding hardier and less biddable animals; he spoke in healthy disparagement of those who take

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cream in their coffee, or need forks for their vegetables. For himself, he said that he was quite accustomed to using his iron all the way around the course.

It was during the fourth month at Golden-Rod that Kenilworth finally awoke to the fact that here in the twentieth century was an adventurer of sorts, a man who represented to the best of his ability the dead spirit of the crusaders. Until this time, it had been popularly assumed that he had gone to Wyoming to drown his sorrows. Suddenly it was broadcast that, metaphorically speaking, he had gone to learn to swim.

Now Caroline and I were the only residents of Kenilworth who had known this from the start, and even she had discounted my insinuations. And it was natural that she should discount them; for, being a woman, she couldn't fathom the sensitiveness of a man. She couldn't understand why Sargent, if he had wanted to go into training in her behalf, hadn't done it in his own back yard. She never realized that it was chiefly the expertness of all the other men that had prevented him from taking instruction in public. It wasn't conceivable to her that any adult male could be embarrassed by his inefficiency. Unfortunately it hadn't been conceivable to her that any male could be inefficient.

But when all Kenilworth bubbled with the news that Sargent was putting into effect a serious regeneration, Caroline hesitated in her judgment, and faltered in her dogmas. She was finally touched by his loyalty and determination; and at the same time she was confused by the utterly genial quality of his correspondence.

She went so far as to ask me how long Sargent intended to linger in Wyoming.

"Until February," I said.

"Oh! Only six weeks more!"

"That's what he says—he wrote positively that his time is up on the first of the month, and he'll pull up stakes then."

"I'm really anxious," said Caroline, "to see him—to see what he's been doing with himself. Why, if he's got to be anything like the pictures he's sent us, I'm afraid I'll be scared of him!"

"Out there they call him the Live Wire."

"Is that so?"

"It's a fact," I declared. "And if he'd begun a few months earlier, he'd have been a substitute on the Golden-Rod team for Frontier Day in Cheyenne. Some rough-rider, that boy!"

"It may be," said Caroline reflectively, "that after he's been schooled in that Western style of riding, he won't want to bother with us here. Do you suppose he will?"

"That's hard to say. But the sort of man who picks handkerchiefs off the ground at full speed probably won't want to stick to the main roads in Westchester County—I can tell you that much!"

She was visibly impressed by the innuendo, and although she didn't allow it to interfere with her own routine, or with the ardent campaign she was waging with her two current admirers, there were during the next few weeks many moments in which she sat in solitude and stared introspectively at the hills until requested pointedly to come back to earth. From the middle of January she was by turns restless and marvelously contented. She sang more than usual, and stated without equivocation that the ex-captain of a football team had a vacuum instead of a brain, and that the tennis champion had a face that only a mother could love! She stayed at home rather more than usual, and read diligently the works of authors not published in sets. And when she went out to take the air, she rode a new and skittish Kentuckian whose primary merit in her eyes was the inherent defect which, under the title of unreliability, had made him a bargain at the price.

On the last day of January I had a note from Sargent to say that he was en route for Coronado, and please to tell Caroline that he would send her some abalone shells as soon as he arrived.

She didn't cry when I told her. She wasn't that sort of girl. But she did talk quietly to me about Sargent, and it was through my analysis of her emotions that I was exalted in Sargent's interest.

"You know," she said, "it's been an educational season for all of us—perhaps I've learned more than he has. I used to think that there was a sort of—what you might call maternal instinct—that made women want to take care of men like Sargent. I thought that was something very fine and spiritual; and all of a sudden I've found out that it's simply defensive—it's for men who aren't big enough to deserve anything else. And it's convinced me that he knew that, and he went away like this to make it impossible to have anybody feel that way

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toward him—and I think it's the most sensible thing any man ever did!"

"Oh, not necessarily," I said. "Sargent never posed as much of a philosopher. It's too cold for him in Wyoming, so he's gone down to take a whack at polo. Very fashionable joint, Coronado. Heaps of pretty girls from Chicago and Dubuque and Denver. He's having a bully time, he says."

Caroline came as near to glaring at me as her ancestry would permit.

"You—you're unjust! You *never* appreciated him anyway. And I don't think it's particularly friendly of you to hint that he hasn't—" She stopped abruptly.

"Hasn't what?"

"I won't even discuss it with you," said Caroline loftily. "You're too stupid to understand what I mean."

I was so stupid that I employed an entire evening in writing to Sargent, and indicating that more than a month or two in California might tend to enervate him. He responded categorically, and professed such interest in surf-bathing that he doubted if he should consider leaving before October. Furthermore, he had been allotted a handicap of one in scrub polo, and he was playing regularly at Two on the reserves. He tipped the scales at a hundred and fifty pounds, and had to put his clothes on carefully for fear of tearing them. And he had decided that golf was an old man's game.

"There!" I said to Caroline. "And yet a lot of these dilettante youngsters in Kenilworth thought he was timid!"

She smiled constrainedly. "Well," she said, "it seems to me that almost anybody who didn't have anything else to do could learn how to keep afloat in salt water."

"Indeed! Do you know anybody else who ever sliced a whole year off his life just to please you?"

There was no doubt about it; she was tremulous. "N-not to please *me*," she stammered.

"Now listen to me," I commanded. "Don't you think you've given Sargent mighty little credit for what he's done?"

"*I?* Why, you're the one—the one who hasn't——"

"Oh, Caroline!" I said. "I'm too old to be bluffed like that! I've always maintained that Sargent Amory's the finest example of cold nerve that I've ever seen in my life. Here he goes out West, a useless little shrimp physically, simply to build himself up to your standard. He's as tough as leather. He can outgame nine out of ten of the men in Kenilworth to-day. He started with nothing and he's arrived with plenty. It was the hardest, most thankless job a man ever tackled, and he didn't undertake it to please himself—why, a year ago he was almost too lazy to live! He did it because he thought he ought to do it—for the sake of posterity. And then you sit here and minimize it——"

"But I *don't!* I——"

"What your quarrel with him was about, I don't know, but when he went away from Kenilworth he told me in plain English that you'd hurt him—you'd said something about his size or his strength that made him boiling mad. And he's been using this year to prove to you that you misjudged him; that he has just as much grit as the next man, and a little bit more. And when, on top of that, you claim that he was entirely selfish——"

"B-but I *didn't!* And I w-won't let you talk to me like that——"

"No," I said calmly. "There's no use arguing with me. Sargent's the best friend I've got, and even if I do care more about you than any other girl I ever met, I simply can't let you slam him in my presence. And when he comes back here next week——"

"*Next week!*" said Caroline, wide-eyed.

"I hope you'll be considerate enough to remember that some men say, 'Oh, I could if I wanted to,' but

HE WAS A SLIM YOUNG MAN, TANNED A DEEP BROWN, AND HE WAS SMILING QUIETLY AT ME.

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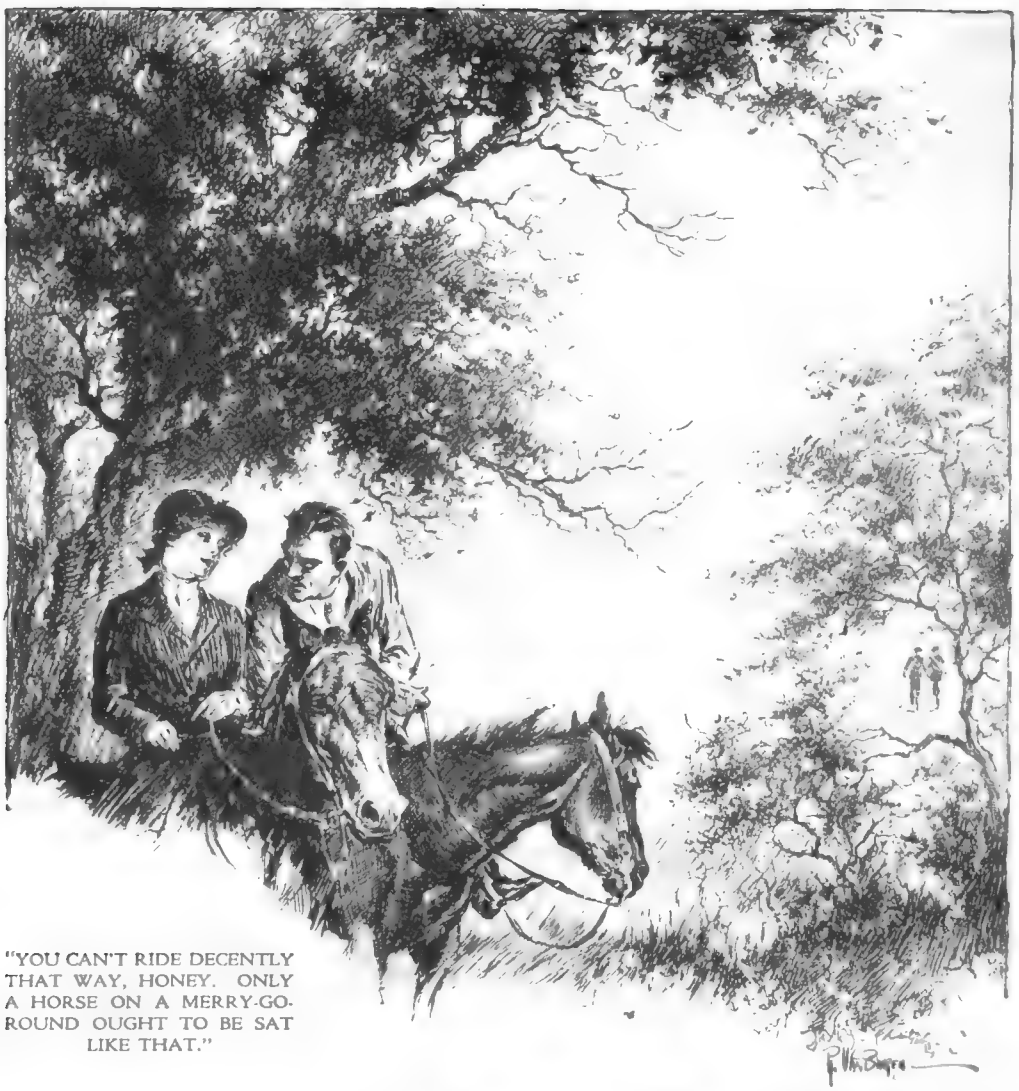

"YOU CAN'T RIDE DECENTLY THAT WAY, HONEY. ONLY A HORSE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND OUGHT TO BE SAT LIKE THAT."

Sargent could, if he wanted to, and he *did!*"

She was across the room in an instant.

"How do you know—how do you know he's coming back? He wrote me——"

"He wrote *me*," I said diffidently. "He asked me not to tell anybody, because——"

No, she wasn't crying. She wasn't that sort of girl. But when I went down the steps she went with me, and at the posts of the driveway she squeezed my arm so that I wore a black-and-blue spot for a week.

And I strolled leisurely down to the telegraph office and wired Sargent: "You are scheduled to be in Kenilworth on the twenty-second and the fatted calf will be ready."

It was lucky for me that Sargent had a sense of humor. He interpreted the message as I had intended it—allegorically.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the twenty-first I was reading in my cubicle at the Inn when all at once I was conscious of an intrusion. I glanced toward the doorway, and on the threshold stood a man who reminded me of a composite photograph of Sargent Amory and Bat Masterson and Bucky O'Neill.

He was a slim but adequate-looking young man of twenty-seven or eight. He was tanned a deep and uniform brown, and his eyes shone steadily under lashes which were curiously whitened at the tips. He was smiling quietly at me, and as I leaped to my

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feet the smile broadened to a grin, and Sargent put out his hand. There were a dozen greetings I tried to crystallize in one welcoming yell, but when our hands clasped my first coherent statement was distinctly profane.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said. "Well—how's everything?"

"Great—all but a couple of broken fingers! Good Lord, man! What *have* you done to yourself? When d'you get in?"

"Oh, a few minutes ago. Say, you keep your room stuffy, don't you? Open a window, will you?"

Obligingly I opened it. "I thought you'd have let me know your train, Sargent—I'd have been glad to meet you in town."

"*Meet* me? What for?"

"Well—sociability, if nothing else."

"Rot!" said Sargent amiably. "Got a spare pipe?"

"Help yourself! Lord, it's good to see you! Tobacco's in the jar. How's your health?"

"Tobacco!" said Sargent. "They've double-crossed you, stranger! I've been outdoors long enough to know alfalfa when I smell it burning!"

"Try a cigaret instead, then."

"No, thanks—I'll roll my own." And before I could bring out my humidor he had fabricated with one hand a plump little cylinder which he kindled nonchalently. "I got your wire."

"So? You didn't answer it."

"Didn't I? Must have slipped my mind. I meant to. Well—here I am, anyway. What are you going to do about it?"

"Why, I sent for you," I said, "because of the existence of that horrible platitude, the psychological moment."

"That sounds reasonable. How do you know?"

"Never mind that—you just waddle along up there and behave yourself."

"Now?" he inquired. He had a remarkable poise which dumbfounded me. As I looked at him I saw that the strength of the plains was living in him; that he had reacted powerfully to my imaginings.

"Why not?"

"Sooner the quicker," said Sargent composedly.

"I'll call a taxi——"

"Taxi!" he snorted. "To go a mile and a half! What do you think I am—an Easterner?"

"Excuse me," I said hastily. "Go ahead and walk—Frankenstein!"

It was two days later that I happened to be sprawling in the grass behind the seventh tee, waiting for my partner, who was parsimonious, to retrieve a floater from the lake by means of a leaky bateau and a crab-net. The seventh tee is in an angle of the woods, and just beyond it there is a bridle-path which curls upward toward the hills. I was completely hidden by the grass, so that those who cantered smartly to the curve, and halted there, were wondrously idyllic in their ignorance of my proximity.

Out of the trees came the voice of a man, harshened, but inexpressibly tender:

"You can't ride decently that way, honey—you've got to lengthen your stirrups. Only a horse on a merry-go-round ought to be sat like that."

And a woman's voice, incredibly adoring:

"Please show me, Sargent. I—I'm afraid this is the only way I know."

The ex-captain of football and the tennis champion came wrangling to the tee, and the tennis man demonstrated that he'd better stick to his last. His opponent took his stance and waggled nobly. He was dressed in coat and knickerbockers of imported plaid, his shirt was of pleated silk, his tie had cost four dollars, his cap was direct from London, and his shoes and stockings were flawless in their perfection. He had the complexion of a débutante, and the earnestness of a clergyman in debt.

Sitting erect, I saw through the trees a man and a girl on horseback; the man's arm was around her and he had just drawn her face to his. I turned to watch the football graduate.

He drove perhaps two hundred and twenty yards straight down the course.

"A pippin!" exclaimed the tennis expert. "Gee, what a smash!"

As they strode briskly ahead, I heard again the voices from the bridle-path.

"That was Mr. Loden, dear—the man I told you about."

"Pretty thing, isn't he?" said Sargent. "Hear what the other one said? 'Gee, what a smash!' *Smash!* And they both wear trousers, too! P. J. Murphy'd have 'em lynched in no time! Queer how your point of view changes, isn't it? *One* more, dear, and—" The horses' hoofs drummed in the distance.

"Oh, I don't know," I said cheerfully to myself. "Maybe it helped a little. You never can tell."

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PANCHARD—CHEF AND PATRIOT

By Marie Mattingly Meloney

DRAWINGS BY HERB ROTH

MANY of us have complained that the loose immigration laws have flooded the country with aliens whose hearts are as foreign to our ideals as their tongues are to our language. Some of us have listened with sinking hearts to the warnings of wise men who love this country, and some of us have even wondered if the land of the free would not perish from the earth.

Here is something for the cure of your soul. It is the story of one of the foreigners who has come in through the open door.

The day the German Ambassador took his passports, the following telegram was received at Governors Island:

To General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Department of the East, Governors Island, New York:

I have fed as many as twenty-five thousand people in one day. If my country needs my services, my resignation will be in the hands of my employers.

EDOUARD PANCHARD.

And General Wood answered:

Mr. Edouard Panchard, Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

My dear Sir:

I have just learned of your generous offer of service and wish to express to you my sincere appreciation. The spirit which you have shown is a fine one and is deeply appreciated. I shall make your tender of service of record in order that your advice and assistance may be available in case of need.

Very truly yours,

LEONARD WOOD,
Maj. Gen., U. S. A.

Millions of people in this country were contemplating war. They were thinking in terms of battle-ships, aeroplanes, submarines, forts, and marching men—all of the machinery of warfare except the belly of the army.

Napoleon said: "An army marches on its belly." Cæsar said it. Grant admitted it. Every military leader who has seen war knows it. General Wood knows it. Panchard knows it.

Who is Panchard? You would call him a cook. You might call him a Frenchman. General Wood would call him an American. Panchard? He is an American citizen, born in Paris of French blood—but born a potential American.

This man who knows how to feed an army, this chef with a French name who offers his services to America—"my country"

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—is the son of a man of wealth and power. He is a student of chemistry and medicine, a former officer in the reserve army of France. He has lectured at Columbia University. He is the directing chef of one of the biggest hotels in the United States. His salary at the McAlpin is eighteen thousand dollars a year. And he volunteers as an army cook, a job that pays thirty dollars a month.

Panchard stands ready and equipped. General Wood is going to use Panchard. There are army cooks to be trained. This man knows to a bean how much it takes to feed a regiment; how to buy and store and provision.

From his eighteenth year when he was a medical student in Paris, until now, when he directs three hundred servants and feeds an average of fifteen thousand people a day, Edouard Panchard has shaped his life with a definite purpose. That purpose has been to teach—first to France and later to America—the importance of food.

In his medical studies at the Hôpital de la Pitié, he took up stomach and intestinal diseases. The young student's whole mind was filled with causes and effects. He began to study food. He looked at the people he met in restaurants, in public places, and in his home. He measured them in scientific terms—terms of stomach and intestines.

"Mankind has a weak stomach," he concluded. "Why?" was his question. And then he did an amazing thing—this son of a majordomo, the directing chief and counselor to Prince Lobanov-Rostovski, Russian nobleman and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He took a job as night helper in the kitchen of a famous Paris restaurant.

When he had learned the weak spots in that organization, and found that he could not put it on a scientific, sanitary basis, he left and entered another department of cooking in a large hotel. He worked at night and studied in the daytime. And all the while he was going from one big kitchen to another, observing every department of cooking from soup to nuts.

"EN AVANT LE BOUILLON!"

The second year found him employed in a big pastry-shop. There conditions were so bad that after mastering his job he went to the proprietor and protested.

Panchard spoke with authority, conviction, and a patriotic purpose. *Monsieur le*

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patissier, who boasted the most exclusive trade in Paris, flew into a rage. An apprentice dared to criticise his establishment! There were hot words, threats, and insults, and young Panchard, "born an American in Paris," used the great American weapon—ungloved. Without waiting to count him out, the apprentice left his employer and walked into the streets of Paris, still thinking about the weak stomach of the human family.

It was then he said: "A nation is no stronger than its stomach." And added what Kipling might have written: "The morals of a nation can not be healthy unless its gut is clean."

Thus a prophet and a teacher was born.

When the fight was reported to the elder Panchard, he called a council of his two other sons, a student of architecture and a well-known hotel man. "Edouard needs to be disciplined," he said. "He will not enter the army for another year. He wishes to work with his hands. I have apprenticed him to a dyer and cleaner. He shall see hard work for a few months."

It was vacation time. The boy who was "born an American in France," who felt his equality with all men, who held that any labor which was service to the nation was honorable, who defied tradition, obeyed his father without a question. For three long hot months he worked from four in the morning until six at night over steamers and dye-pots and cleaning-boards. And as he worked he studied the kind of food his fellow workers ate and the effects of the fumes and chemicals upon their digestive system.

Finally the end of his punishment came, and there was a brief holiday for Panchard. It was the greatest holiday of his life.

The mayors of all the towns in France were to meet in Paris. A great banquet at the Tuileries. Twenty-two thousand guests were to celebrate the event. Here was something which appealed to the imagination of Panchard. He hunted up the directing chefs, Potel and Chabot, and begged to be allowed to help. He studied how the food was bought, stored, then portioned out and prepared. He kept close to the directing chef, and watched everything. He made himself useful and attracted the attention of the director.

Guests were divided into groups of five hundred with an experienced chef in charge of each group. Telephone connections ran from the directors' headquarters to each field kitchen. Every detail was worked out by the clock. At the appointed hour the director lifted the receiver and proudly gave the order:

"*En avant le bouillon!*" (On with the soup.)

Comic opera? Yes.

YOUNG PANCHARD USED THE GREAT AMERICAN WEAPON—UNGLOVED.

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But to Panchard it was a revelation, an achievement — a victory for efficiency. Twenty-two thousand people had been fed at one meal. Everything went through without a hitch, on time and in order.

It had all been figured out on paper—in pounds and quarts, tons and barrels. Panchard had learned a lesson in quantity. And the director had discovered Panchard.

Came the time for his military service. Panchard went to the colonel in charge of the student assignments. He told his story, and with the ardor of an enthusiast painted his vision. Two things stood out in the colonel's mind:

"A nation is as strong as its stomach," and "An army fights on its stomach."

The French people were considered the best-fed race on earth. And this boy said France had a weak stomach. But he told other truths which the colonel admitted, so Panchard was put in the reserve officers' school—a small group of university men with marked talents, useful to the army in special services.

When he came out of the army with his commission, he went to Monte Carlo as chef of the Grand Hotel. He was only twenty-one years old then, so he grew an imperial and a mustache to make him look older. His success at Monte Carlo brought a position at the Ritz-Carlton in Paris. Later he worked and studied in other big establishments. Offers began to come from American hotels. When he was twenty-three years old he had the income of a banker. Then his family said: "It is time for Edouard to marry. When a man is young and making plenty of money, he must marry if you would keep him a good boy." And so they looked about for a suitable wife.

But Panchard, born independent of soil and a lover of freedom, declared that he would choose for himself. In fact, he had already made his choice.

"*Mon Dieu*, the boy must think he is an American," said the Panchard family.

"An American!" It was the second time the unconscious prophecy had been made. The first was when Edouard was attending an Austrian school in Vienna where his father was living with Prince Lobassov-Rostovski. A teacher had attempted to beat him. And he who was born freedom-loving, and whose very blood was opposed to Prussian rule, dared oppose Austrian authority; even fought with all his young body—hands and feet—for he was small and frail and the professor was a man, and strong. In the fracas the boy's agile limbs got tangled up with the professor's eye-glasses and broke them in his face.

It was a serious matter, that, and Edouard Panchard was asked to explain and apologize. The boy's explanation—satisfactory to him alone—was: "I had my own opinion about something—and he should not have struck me."

It was then the professor exclaimed: "The boy must think he is in America!"

Panchard had already begun to think about the United States before his family confronted him with the tradition of his country—a marriage arrangement.

The St. Regis, then the newest and one of the finest hotels in America, was about to be opened. The position of chef was offered to Panchard, and he accepted it.

Panchard found in New York many opportunities to put his ideas into effect. But his dream did not come true until he met L. M. Boomer, a hotel man with a vision and plenty of money behind him. And so Panchard took charge of the McAlpin kitchens before they were built, and modeled them as a standard.

"Food Engineer" would probably be a more accurate title for Panchard than "chef". He conducts the four big restaurants which are under his direction much as the head of a great corporation manages his affairs.

"Sanitary" is the watchword of Panchard's army of workers. Clean, wholesome food has been the ruling passion of his life. His men know that he will stand for tardiness, for breakage of china or glassware, for impudence, for almost anything except uncleanness or carelessness in the handling of food.

The house pays out more than two thousand dollars a month for broken crockery. Men are not fined for this carelessness. But let one kitchen worker put his hand to his face or handle salads, bread, butter and such uncooked foods, and there is a fine to be paid.

When the Board of Health in New York started its investigation of public eating-places, last year, Panchard's kitchens were given the first "white card," which meant the highest prize for sanitary standards.

Panchard has always been a busy man.

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He says: "Only busy men have time to think, and keep out of mischief."

This Frenchman did a lot of thinking. He thought in the first days in this country of the "girl he left behind him." He sent back to France for her and married her as soon as she reached these shores.

He thought about this country. He was interested in government and politics. He found room for improvement in his own work. Dr. Wiley had not begun his fight in those days. The country was without a prophet in the matter of food.

One night as he was reading some masonic papers, he came to the words "my country." He laid down the papers and faced this question: "What is my country?" He walked the floor, thinking, the rest of the night. Several times his wife called to him.

"What is worrying you?" she asked.

"Go to sleep," he replied. "I have something to decide."

He greeted the new day with his choice made.

"This is my country. It shall be my children's country, to enjoy, to love, and to serve."

At nine o'clock he was in City Hall asking for citizenship. That was seven years ago.

Four years later Panchard faced another question. In the stillness of a hot August night he found the answer. The land of his birth was in trouble. His first impulse when Belgium was invaded was to go back to France. But his decision was: "I shall give my worldly possessions to the widows and orphans of French soldiers. But this is my country and will very likely be brought into the war. America is less prepared than France. Such experience as I have had would be of greater service here than there."

Forty of the men who worked for Panchard at the McAlpin and the Savarin and the Trouville resigned to go back to France. They were French citizens and their families were in the old country. Panchard saw them off with this promise: "I shall help you in any way I can." This is the way he saw:

Every week Panchard sends a regular sum to those of the forty men who can be reached. He seemed annoyed that this fact had become known. But it is the boast of the men with whom he is associated.

"It is nothing," said Panchard, "nothing but a little money—while my boys are giving up their lives for their country."

A society for foreign chefs in America for fifty-one years has held an annual private exhibition showing the art of cookery. Panchard saw in this organization the nucleus for a nation-wide educational movement.

Two years ago he financed and organized a national food exhibition for the benefit of the public. It was held at the biggest exhibition hall in America. Marvelous culinary achievements—banquet dishes costing hundreds of dollars to produce, real works of art—were displayed.

But Panchard's chief interest lay in demonstrating sanitary, approved methods of preparing and handling foods. This feature of the exhibit had an educational value for the public. He asked schools and colleges and people of influence to go there and learn the lesson it taught.

The exhibition was a success.

Panchard asked the visiting chefs to be his guests at a ball. The ball itself was an achievement. But it was for more than pleasure that Panchard had asked these famous cooks to join him. At the close of the supper he rose and said:

"There is something I want to say to you. I have brought you here not to show you the excellence of my work, but to give you a message which comes straight from my heart and which you must take home with you and consider.

"If you are Frenchmen, you belong in France. If you are German, Germany needs you. If America is good enough for you to live in, and make your fortunes in, to educate your children, to give them opportunity and equality with all other men, it is good enough to be your country.

"Less than two per cent. of the chefs of America are citizens of this country. The time is probably close at hand when you can serve this country. It has done much for you and for your children. What are you ready to do for it?

"Every foreign-born American has to face this question: 'If the United States should go to war with the land of my birth, where would I stand?' Others put it to him and he must face it with his own soul.

"And if he can not say 'This is my country. I love its institutions, its laws, and its traditions, and if necessary I am willing to die to defend its Constitution'—he has no right to claim its privileges. If he can not say this without hesitation, he is not an American."

That is Edouard Panchard.

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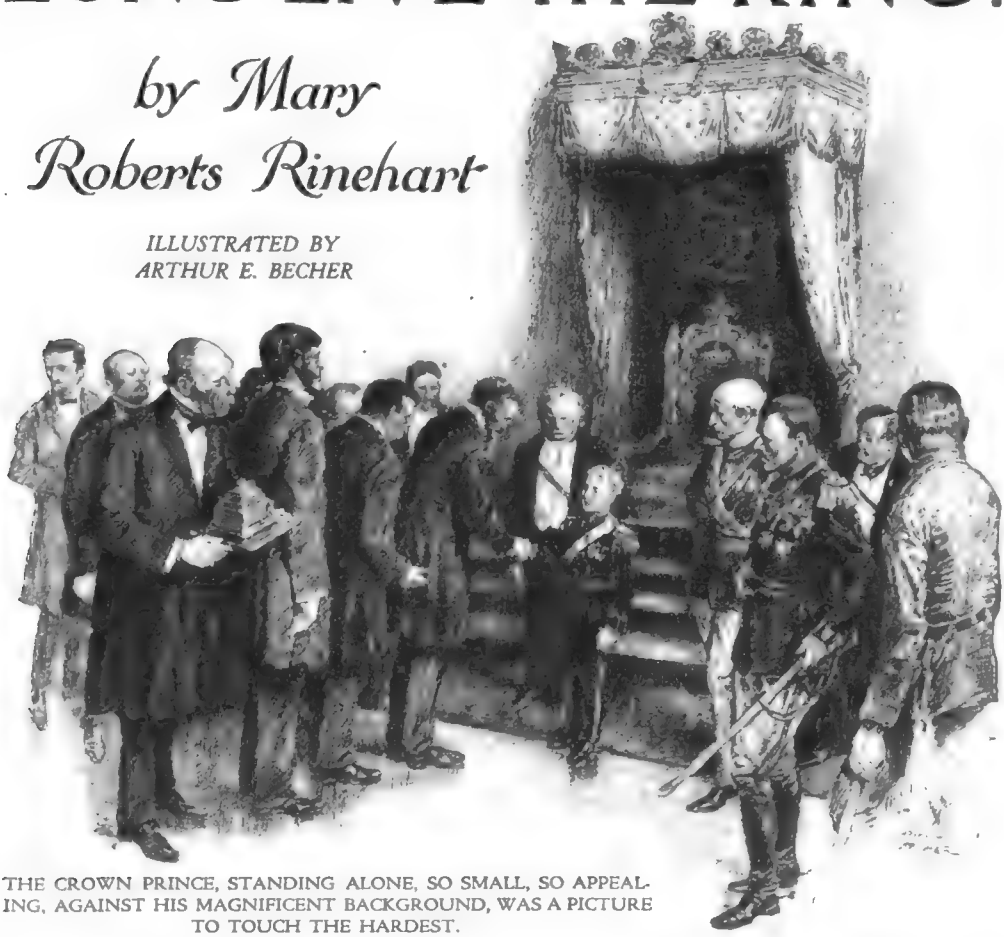
LONG LIVE THE KING!

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



THE CROWN PRINCE, STANDING ALONE, SO SMALL, SO APPEALING, AGAINST HIS MAGNIFICENT BACKGROUND, WAS A PICTURE TO TOUCH THE HARDEST.

AFFAIRS at the Court of Livonia are not happy. The King, old and frail, has not more than a year to live. The heir apparent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a boy of ten. There are stirrings of revolution all through the kingdom. A secret Terrorist society, which had assassinated Otto's father, has reorganized and grown powerful. One afternoon Otto runs away from an opera and meets an American boy, Bobby Thorpe, whose father is manager of a scenic railway in the park, and to Otto's wild delight Bobby takes him for a ride. The Crown Prince, returns to the Palace very dirty and disheveled.

That night the King and his Chancellor, Mettlich, confer over the boy's danger, and end by appointing Lieutenant Nicholas Larisch to have constant charge of him. This arrangement appeals to Otto, who adores "Nikky," and also to Otto's cousin Hedwig, next in line after Otto, who is inclined to adore Nikky herself. But other plans are being made for Hedwig. Mettlich has convinced the King that the safety of the country demands an alliance between Livonia and her neighbor Karnia: Hedwig must marry Karl, King of Karnia, whom she loathes. The Chancellor unfolds this plan to Hedwig's mother, the Archduchess Annunciata, and wins her grudging consent. That same afternoon Nikky is told of the marriage plan and pledged to loyalty. It is not until evening that Hedwig herself is told.

But the Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Annunciata, and spy in King Karl's service, has heard; and, loving Karl herself, she resolves to prevent the marriage.

Meantime, she prepares a code letter giving King Karl full data about Livonia's army and equipment, and slips it out to a messenger.

But she is seen by a member of the Terrorists, and that night her messenger is attacked, and while he is unconscious a blank letter is

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substituted. Nikky happens to get in on the fight, and helps the wounded messenger home. Later, from the cathedral steps, he sees this same man pass his letter to a confederate in a car. Nikky hides in the car, and after it has crossed into Karnia, overpowers the driver, gets the letter, and forces the man to reveal its destination. He then changes clothes with the messenger from Karnia and leaves him, bound, concealed near the roadside; puts cigaret papers in place of the supposed letter, which he tucks into his cap lining—without looking at it—and proceeds to King Karl's hunting-lodge. Here his skill is unequal to the situation: he is forced into King Karl's presence and the letter he has believed so precious—the blank substitute—is taken from him.

At the Livonian Court, meantime, the project of Hedwig's marriage has been pushed forward, and Mettlich starts for Karnia to complete negotiations.

It is he who, coming upon the bound messenger of Karnia, discovers Nikky's whereabouts, and secures his release, as a step in the arrangements by which Hedwig is signed over to King Karl.

Nikky is given his liberty, but a brief audience with Karl serves to substantiate the King's suspicion that the young lieutenant is in love with Hedwig. The Countess, receiving a summons from the Terrorists, visits the Committee of Ten, who demand, on the strength of a discovery of her code letter which puts her in their power, that she prevent the alliance of Hedwig and Karl and help them abduct the Crown Prince, Otto.

CHAPTER TWENTY (*Continued*)

MISS BRAITHWAITE had a headache that afternoon, and the Crown Prince drove out with his aunt. The Archduchess Annunciata went shopping. Soon enough she would have Hedwig's trousseau on her mind, so that day she bought for Hilda—Hilda, whose long legs had a way of growing out of skirts, and who was developing a taste of her own in clothes.

So Hilda and her mother shopped endlessly, and the Crown Prince sat in the carriage and watched the people. The man beside the coachman sat with alert eyes, and there were others who scanned the crowd intently. But it was a quiet, almost an adoring crowd, and there was even a dog, to Prince Ferdinand William Otto's huge delight.

The man who owned the dog, seeing the child's eyes on him, put him through his tricks. Truly a wonderful dog, that would catch things on its nose and lie dead, rousing only to a whistle which its owner called Gabriel's trumpet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, growing excited, leaned quite out of the window. "What is your dog's name?" he inquired, in his clear treble.

The man took off his hat and bowed. "Toto, Highness. He is of French origin."

"He is a very nice dog. I have always wanted a dog like that. He must be a great friend."

"A great friend, Highness." He would have expatiated on the dog, but he was uncertain of the etiquette of the procedure. His face beamed with pleasure, however. Then a splendid impulse came to him. This dog, his boon companion, he would present to the Crown Prince. It was all he had, and he would give it, freely, even though it left him friendless.

But here again he was at a loss. Was it the proper thing? Did one do such things in this fashion, or was there a procedure? He cocked an eye at the box of the carriage, but the two men sat impassive, immobile. Finally he made up his mind. Hat in hand, he stepped forward. "Highness," he said nervously, "since the dog pleases you, I—I would present him to you."

"To me?" The Crown Prince's voice was full of incredulous joy.

"Yes, Highness. If such a thing be permissible."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"He is the best I have, Highness. I wish to offer my best."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto almost choked with excitement. "I have always wanted one," he cried. "If you are certain you can spare him, I'll be very good to him. No one," he said, "ever gave me a dog before. I'd like to have him now, if I may."

The crowd was growing. It pressed closer, pleased at the boy's delight. Truly they were participating in great things. A small cheer and many smiles followed the lifting of the dog through the open window of the carriage. And the dog was surely a dog to be proud of. Already it shook hands with the Crown Prince.

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Perhaps, in that motley gathering, there were some who viewed the scene with hostile eyes, some who saw, not a child glowing with delight over a gift, but one of the hated ruling family, a barrier, an obstacle in the way of freedom. But, if such there were, they were few. It was indeed as the Terrorists feared. The city loved the boy.

Annunciata, followed by an irritated Hilda, came out of the shop. Hilda's wardrobe had been purchased, and was not to her taste.

The crowd opened, hats were doffed, backs bent. The Archduchess moved haughtily, looking neither right nor left. Her coming brought no enthusiasm. Perhaps the curious imagination of the mob found her disappointing. She did not look like an Archduchess. She looked, indeed, like an unamiable spinster of the middle class. Hilda, too, was shy and shrinking, and wore an unbecoming hat. Of the three, only the Crown Prince looked royal and as he should have looked.

"Good heavens," cried the Archduchess, and stared into the carriage. "Otto!"

"He is mine," said the Crown Prince, fondly. "He is the cleverest dog. He can do all sorts of things."

"Put him out."

"But he is mine," protested Ferdinand William Otto. "He is a gift. That gentleman there, in the corduroy jacket——"

"Put him out," said the Archduchess Annunciata.

There was nothing else to do. The Crown Prince did not cry. He was much too proud. He thanked the donor again carefully, and regretted that he could not accept the dog. He said it was a wonderful dog, and just the sort he liked. And the carriage drove away.

He went back to the Palace, and finding that the governess still had a headache, settled down to the burnt-wood frame. Once he glanced up at the woolen dog on its shelf at the top of the cabinet. "Well, anyhow," he said sturdily, "I still have you."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

As a Man May Love a Woman

HEDWIG came to tea that afternoon. She came in softly, and defiantly, for she was doing a forbidden thing; but Prince Ferdinand William Otto had put away the frame against such a contingency. He had, as a matter of fact, been putting cold cloths on Miss Braithwaite's forehead.

"I always do it," he informed Hedwig. "I like doing it. It gives me something to do. She likes them rather dry, so the water doesn't run down her neck."

Hedwig made a short call on the governess, prostrate on the couch in her sitting-room. The informality of the family relationship had, during her long service, been extended to include the Englishwoman, who in her turn found nothing incongruous in the small and kindly services of the little Prince. So Hedwig sat beside her for a moment, and turned the cold bandage over to freshen it.

Had Miss Braithwaite not been ill, Hedwig would have talked things over with her then. There was no one else to whom she could go. Hilda refused to consider the prospect of marriage as anything but pleasurable, and between her mother and Hedwig there had never been any close relationship.

But Miss Braithwaite lay motionless, her face set in lines of suffering, and after a time Hedwig rose and tiptoed out of the room.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was excited. Tea had already come, and on the rare occasions when the governess was ill, it was his privilege to pour it.

"Nikky is coming," he said rapidly, "and the three of us will have a party. Please don't tell me how you like your tea, and see if I can remember."

"Very well, dear," Hedwig said gently, and went to the window.

Behind her Prince Ferdinand William Otto was in a bustle of preparation. Tea in the study was an informal function, served in the English manner, without servants to bother. The Crown Prince drew up a chair before the tea service, and put a cushion on it. He made a final excursion to Miss Braithwaite and, returning, climbed onto his chair.

"Now, when Nikky comes, we are all ready," he observed.

Nikky entered almost immediately.

As a matter of fact, although he showed no trace of it, Nikky had been having an extremely bad time since his return; the Chancellor, who may or may not have known that his heart was breaking, had given him a very severe scolding on the way back from Wedeling. It did Nikky good,

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too, for it roused him to his own defense, and made him forget, for a few minutes anyhow, that life was over for him, and that the Chancellor carried his death sentence in his old leather dispatch-case.

After that, arriving in the capital, they had driven to the little office in a back street, and there Nikky had roused again enough to give a description of Peter Niburg, and to give the location of the house where he lived. But he slumped again after that, ate no dinner, and spent a longish time in the Place, staring up at Annunciata's windows, where he had once seen Hedwig on the balcony.

But of course Hedwig had not learned of his return, and was sitting inside, exactly as despairing as he was, but obliged to converse with her mother in the absence of the Countess. The Archduchess insisted on talking French, for practise, and they got into quite a wrangle over a verb. And as if to add to the general depression, Hilda had been reminded of what anniversary it was, and was told to play hymns only. True, now and then, hearing her mother occupied, she played them in dotted time, which was a bit more cheerful.

Then, late in the evening, Nikky was summoned to the King's bedroom, and came out pale, with his shoulders very square. He had received a real wigging this time, and even contemplated throwing himself in the river. Only he could swim so damnably well!

But he had the natural elasticity of youth, and a sort of persistent belief in his own luck, rather like the Chancellor's confidence in seven as a number—a confidence, by the way, which the Countess could easily have shaken. So he had wakened the next morning rather cheerful than otherwise, and over a breakfast of broiled ham had refused to look ahead further than the day.

That afternoon, in the study, Nikky hesitated when he saw Hedwig. Then he came and bent low over her hand. And Hedwig, because every instinct yearned to touch his shining, bent head, spoke to him very calmly, was rather distant, a little cold.

"You have been away, I think?" she said.

"For a day or two, Highness."

THE COUNTESS RELAXED, AND MINNA, ON THE BOX, CHATTED WITH THE DRIVER.

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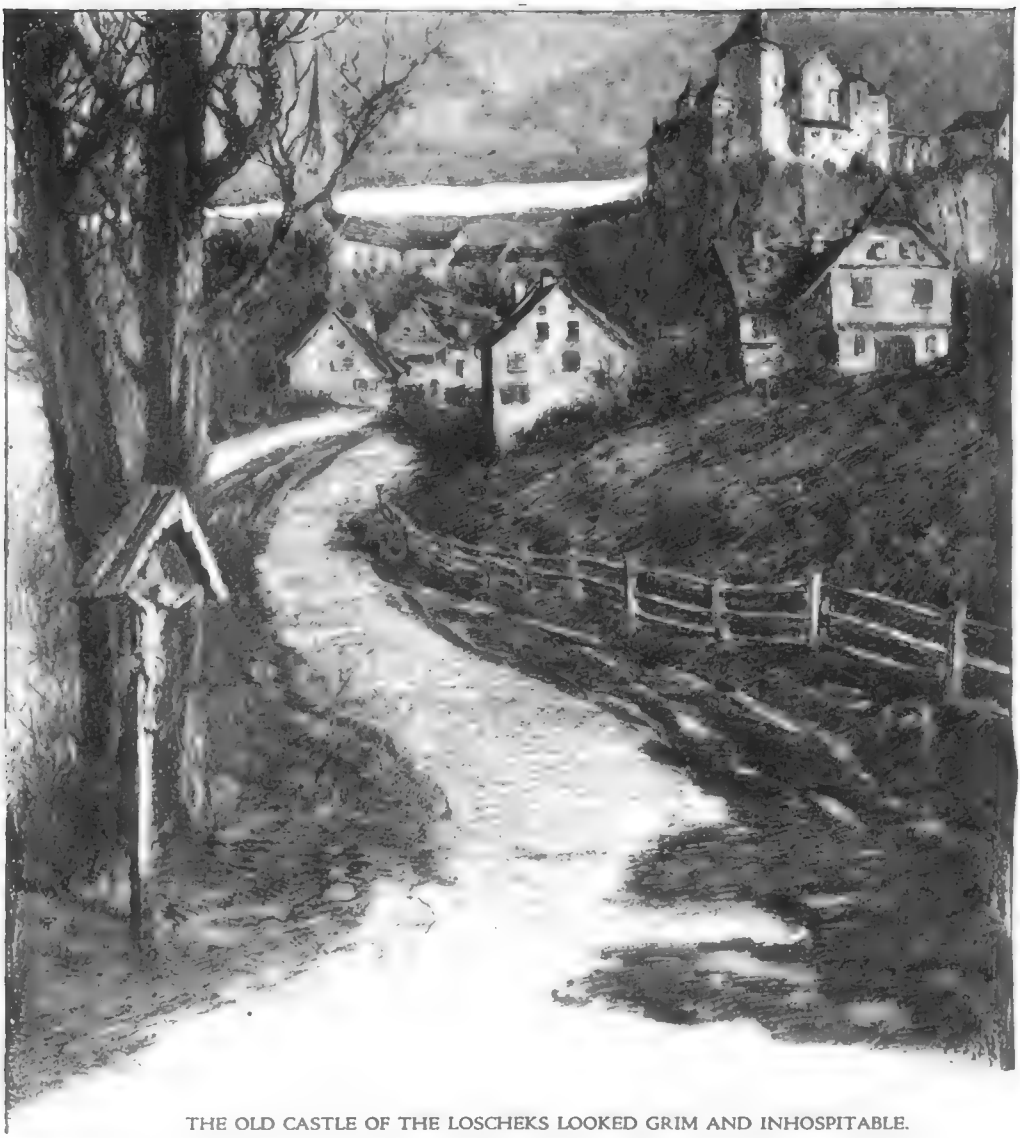

THE OLD CASTLE OF THE LOSCHEKS LOOKED GRIM AND INHOSPITABLE.

The Crown Prince put a small napkin around the handle of the silver teapot. He knew from experience that it was very hot. His face was quite screwed up with exertion.

"And to-day," said Nikky reproachfully, "to-day you did not ride."

"I did not feel like riding," Hedwig responded, listlessly. "I am tired. I think I am always tired."

"Lemon and two lumps," muttered the Crown Prince. "That's Nikky's, Hedwig. Give it to him, please."

Nikky went a trifle pale as their fingers touched. But he tasted his tea, and pronounced it excellent.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto chattered excitedly. He told of the dog, dilating on its cleverness, but passing politely over the manner of its return. Now and then Hedwig glanced at Nikky, when he was not looking, and always, when they dared, the young soldier's eyes were on her.

"I think," said Otto, slipping from his chair, "that I will ask Miss Braithwaite if she cares for tea. Sometimes it helps her."

He bustled out, and Hedwig turned to

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Nikky. "That was cruel, about the dog," she said. "I know just how brutally mother did it. Oh, they are all cruel!"

Nikky said nothing. Their few moments alone always found him silent.

"You went away without leaving any word. No one knew. It was—" she tried to smile—"it was a famous mystery."

"I went to Karnia, Highness."

"To Karnia!"

"It is rather a long story, and a stupid one. Some time, perhaps——"

"She will take some tea without sugar," announced the Crown Prince.

While he poured it, Hedwig was thinking. Was it possible that Nikky, of them all, should have been chosen to carry to Karl the marriage arrangements? What an irony! What a jest! It was true there was a change in him. He looked subdued, almost sad.

"To Karnia?" she asked, when Prince Ferdinand William Otto had again left the room. "Officially?"

"Not—exactly."

"Where, in Karnia?"

"I ended," Nikky confessed, "at Wedeling."

Hedwig gazed at him, her elbows propped on the tea-table. "Then," she said, "I think you know."

"I know, Highness."

"And you have nothing to say?"

Nikky looked at her with desperate eyes. "What can I say, Highness? Only that—it is very terrible to me, that I—" He rose abruptly and stood looking down at her.

"That you—" said Hedwig, softly.

"Highness," Nikky began huskily, "you know what I would say. And that I can not. To take advantage of Otto's fancy for me, a child's liking, to violate the confidence of those who placed me here—I am doing that, every moment."

"What about me?" Hedwig asked. "Do I count for nothing? Does it not matter at all how I feel, whether I am happy or wretched? Isn't that as important as honor?"

Nikky flung out his hands. "You know," he said rapidly. "What can I tell you that you do not know a thousand times? I love you. Not as a subject may adore his princess. But as a man loves a woman."

"I too!" said Hedwig. And held out her hands.

But he did not take them. Almost it was as though he would protect her from herself. But he closed his eyes for a moment, that he might not see that appealing gesture. "I, who love you more than life, who would, God help me, forfeit eternity for you—I dare not take you in my arms."

Hedwig's arms fell. She drew herself up. "Love!" she said. "I do not call that love."

"It is greater love than you know," said poor Nikky. But all his courage died a moment later, and his resolution with it, for without warning Hedwig dropped her head into a chair and, crouching there forlornly, fell to sobbing.

"I counted on you," she said wildly. "And you are like the others. No one cares how wretched I am. I wish I might die."

Then indeed Nikky was lost. In an instant he was on his knees beside her, his arms close about her, his head bowed against her breast. And Hedwig relaxed to his embrace. When at last he turned and looked up at her, it was Hedwig who bent and kissed him.

"At least," she whispered, "we have this. We can always remember, whatever comes, that we have had this."

But Nikky was of very human stuff, and not the sort that may live by memories. He was very haggard when he rose to his feet, haggard, and his mouth was doggedly set. "I will never give you up, now," he said.

Brave words, of course. But as he said them he realized their futility. The eyes he turned on her were, as he claimed her, without hope. For there was no escape. He had given his word to stay near the Crown Prince, always to watch him, to guard him with his life, if necessary. And he had promised, not to block the plans for the new alliance.

Hedwig, with shining eyes, was already planning.

"We will go away, Nikky," she said. "And it must be soon, because otherwise—"

Nikky dared not touch her again, knowing what he had to say. "Dearest," he said, bending toward her, "that is what we can not do."

"No?" She looked up, puzzled but still confident. "And why, cowardly one?"

"Because I have given my word to remain with the Crown Prince." Then, seeing that she still did not comprehend, he explained, swiftly. After all, she had a right

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to know, and he was desperately anxious that she should understand. He stood, as many a man has stood before, between love and loyalty to his king, and he was a soldier. He had no choice.

It was terrible to him to see the light die out of her eyes. But even as he told her of the dangers that compassed the child and possibly others of the family, he saw that they touched her remotely, if at all. What she saw, and what he saw, through her eyes, was not riot and anarchy, a threatened throne, death itself. She saw only a vista of dreadful years, herself their victim. She saw her mother's bitter past. She saw the austere face of her grandmother, hiding behind that mask her disappointments.

But all she said, when Nikky finished, was: "I might have known it. Of course they would get me, as they did the others." But a moment later she rose and threw out her arms. "How skilful they are! They knew about it. It is all a part of the plot. I do not believe there is danger. All my life I have heard them talk. That is all they do—talk and plan and plot, and do things in secret. They made you promise never to desert Otto, so that their arrangements need not be interfered with. Oh, I know them, better than you do. They are all cruel. It is the blood."

What Nikky would have said to this was lost by the return of Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He came in, carrying the empty cup carefully. "She took it all," he said, "and she feels much better. I hope you didn't eat all the bread and butter."

Reassured as to this by a glance, he climbed to his chair. "We're all very happy, aren't we?" he observed. "It's quite a party. When I grow up I shall ask you both to tea every day."

That evening the Princess Hedwig went unannounced to her grandfather's apartment, and demanded to be allowed to enter.

A gentleman-in-waiting bowed deeply, but stood before the door. "Your Highness must pardon my reminding your Highness," he said firmly, "that no one may enter his Majesty's presence without permission."

"Then go in," said Hedwig, in a white rage, "and get the permission."

The gentleman-in-waiting went in, very deliberately, because his dignity was outraged. The moment he had gone, however, Hedwig flung the door open, and followed, standing, a figure of tragic defiance, inside the heavy curtains of the King's bedroom.

"There is no use saying you will not see me, grandfather. For here I am."

They eyed each other, the one, it must be told, a trifle uneasily, the other desperately. Then into the King's eyes came a flash of admiration, and just a gleam of amusement.

"So I perceive," he said. "Come here, Hedwig."

The gentleman-in-waiting bowed himself out. His hands, in their tidy white gloves, would have liked to box Hedwig's ears. He was very upset. If this sort of thing went on, why not a republic at once and be done with it?

A Sister of Charity was standing by the King's bed. She had cared for him through many illnesses. In the intervals she retired to her cloister and read holy books and sewed for the poor. Even now, in her little chamber off the bedroom, where bottles sat in neat rows, covered with fresh towels, there lay a small gray flannel petticoat.

The sister went out, her black habit dragging, but she did not sew. She was reading a book on the miracles accomplished by pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of the Angels, in the mountains. Could but the old King go there, she felt, he would be cured. Or failing that, if there should go for him some emissary, pure in heart and of high purpose, it might avail. Over this little book she prayed for courage to make the suggestion. Had she thought of it sooner, she would have spoken to Father Gregory. But the old priest had gone back to his people, to his boys' school, to his thousand duties in the hills.

Some time later she heard bitter crying in the royal bedchamber, and the King's tones, soothing now and very sad.

"There is a higher duty than happiness," he said. "There are greater things than love. And one day you will know this."

When she went in Hedwig had gone, and the old King, lying in his bed, was looking at the portrait of his dead son.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

At Etzel

THE following morning the Countess Loschek left for a holiday. Minna, silent and wretched, had packed her things for her, moving about the room like a broken thing. And the Countess had sat

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in a chair by a window, and said nothing. She sent away food untasted, took no notice of the packing, and stared, hour after hour, ahead of her.

Certain things were clear enough. Karl could not now be reached by the old methods. She had, casting caution to the winds, visited the shop where Peter Niburg was employed. But he was not there, and the proprietor, bowing deeply, disclaimed all knowledge of his whereabouts. She would have to go to Karl herself, a difficult matter now. She would surely be watched. And the thousand desperate plans she thought of for escaping from the country and hiding herself, in America perhaps, those were impossible for the same reason. She was helpless.

She had the choice of but two alternatives, to do as she had been commanded, for it amounted to that, or to die. The Committee would not kill her, in case she failed them. It would be unnecessary. Enough that they place the letter and the code in the hands of the authorities, by some anonymous means. Well enough she knew the Chancellor's inflexible anger, and the Archduchess Annunciata's cold rage. They would sweep her away with a gesture, and she would die the death of all traitors.

A week! Time had been when a week of the dragging days at the Palace had seemed eternity. Now the hours flew. The gold clock on her dressing-table, a gift from the Archduchess, marked them with flying hands.

She was, for the first time, cut off from the gossip of the Palace. The Archduchess let her severely alone. She disliked having anything interfere with her own comfort, disliked having her routine disturbed. But the Countess surmised a great deal. She guessed that Hedwig would defy them, and that they would break her spirit with high words. She surmised preparations for a hasty marriage—how hasty she dared not think. And she guessed, too, the hopeless predicament of Nikky Larisch.

She sat and stared ahead.

During the afternoon came a package, unskilfully tied with a gilt cord. Opening it, the Countess disclosed a glove-box of wood, with a design of rather shaky violets burnt into the cover. Inside was a note:

> I am very sorry you are sick. This is to put your gloves in when you travel. Please excuse the work. I have done it in a hurry.
>
> FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO.

Suddenly the Countess laughed, choking, hysterical laughter that alarmed Minna; horrible laughter, which left her paler than ever, and gasping.

THE old castle of the Loscheks looked grim and inhospitable when she reached it that night. Built during the years when the unbeliever overran southern Europe, it stood in a commanding position above a valley, and a steep walled road led up to it. The narrow windows of its turrets were built, in defiance of the Moslem hordes, in the shape of the cross. Its walls had been hospitable enough, however, when the Crusaders had thronged by to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel. Here, in its stone hall, they had slept in weary rows on the floor. From its battlements they had stared south and east, along the road their feet must follow.

But now, its ancient glory and good repute departed, its garrison gone, its drawbridge and moat things of the past, its very hangings and furnishings moldering from long neglect, it hung over the valley, a past menace, an empty threat.

To this dreary refuge the Countess had fled. She wanted the silence of its still rooms in which to think. Wretched herself, its wretchedness called her. As the carriage which had brought her from the railway turned into its woods, and she breathed the pungent odor of pine and balsam, she relaxed for the first time.

Why was she so hopeless? She could escape. She knew the woods well. None who followed her could know them so well. She would get away, and somewhere, in a new world, make a fresh start. Surely, after all, peace was the greatest thing in the world.

Peace! The word attracted her. There were religious houses where one would be safe enough, refuges high-walled and secure, into which no alien foot ever penetrated. And, as if to answer the thought, she saw at that moment across the valley the lights of Etzel, the tower of the church, with its thirteen bells, the monastery buildings behind it, and set at its feet, like pilgrims come to pray, the low houses of the peasants. For the church at Etzel contained a celebrated shrine, none other than that of Our Lady of the Angels, and here came, from all over the kingdom, long lines of foot-sore and weary pilgrims, seeking peace, sanctity, and some a miracle.

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The carriage drove on; Minna, on the box, crossed herself at sight of the church, and chatted with the driver, a great figure who crowded her to the very edge of the seat.

"I am glad to be here," she said. "I am sick of grandeur. My home is in Etzel." She turned and inspected the man beside her. "You are a newcomer, I think?"

"I have but just come to Etzel."

"Then you can not tell me about my people." She was disappointed.

"And you," inquired the driver, "you will stay for a visit?"

"A week only. But better than nothing."

"After that, you return to the city?"

"Yes. Madame the Countess—you would know, if you were Etzel-born—Madame the Countess is lady-in-waiting to her Royal Highness, the Archduchess Annunciata."

"So!" said the driver. But he was not curious, and the broken road demanded his attention. He was but newly come, so very newly that he did not know his way, and once made a wrong turning.

The Countess relaxed. She had not been followed. None but themselves had left the train. She was sure of that. And looking back, she satisfied herself that no stealthy foot-traveler dogged their slow progress. She breathed quietly, for the first time.

She slept that night. She had wired ahead of her coming, and the old caretaker and his wife had opened a few rooms: her boudoir and dressing-room, and a breakfast-room on the first floor. They had swept the hall too, and lighted a fire there, but the hall had been built for a great household, and its emptiness chilled her.

At four o'clock in the morning she roused at the ringing of a bell, telling that masses had already begun at the church. For with the approach of Lent, pilgrimages had greatly increased in numbers. But she slept again, to waken to full sunlight, greatly refreshed.

When she had breakfasted and dressed, she went out on a balcony, and looked down at the valley. It was late. Already the peasants of Etzel had gone out to their fields. Children played along its single street. A few women on the steps of the church made rosaries of beads which they strung with deft fingers. A band of pilgrims straggled up the valley, the men carrying their coats, for the sun was warm, and the women holding their skirts from the dust.

As they neared the church, however, coats were donned. The procession took on order and dignity. The sight was a familiar one to the Countess. Her eyes dropped to the old wall below, where in the sunshine the caretaker was beating a rug. Close to him, in intimate and cautious conversation, was the driver of the night before. Glancing up, they saw her and at once separated.

Gone was peace, then. The Countess knew, knew certainly. "Our eyes see everywhere." Eyes, indeed, eyes that even now the caretaker raised furtively from his rug.

Nevertheless the Countess was minded to experiment, to be certain. For none is so suspicious, she knew, as one who fears suspicion. None so guilty as the guilty. During the forenoon she walked through the woods, going briskly, with vigorous, mountain-bred feet. No crackle of underbrush disturbed her. Swift turnings revealed no lurking figures skulking behind the trunks of trees. But where an ancient stone bridge crossed a mountain stream, she came on the huge driver of the night before reflectively fishing.

He saluted her gravely, and the Countess paused and looked at him "You have caught no fish, my friend?" she said.

"No, madame. But one plays about my hook."

She turned back. Eyes everywhere, and arms, great hairy arms. And feet that, for all their size, must step lightly!

Restlessness followed her. She was a virtual prisoner, free only in name. And the vigilance of the Terrorists obsessed her. She found a day gone, and no plan made. She had come here to think, and consecutive thought was impossible. She went to vespers at the church, and sat huddled in a corner. She suspected every eye that turned on her in frank curiosity. When, during the Salve Regina, the fathers, followed by their pupils, went slowly down the aisle, in reverent procession between rows of pilgrims, she saw in their habits only a grim reminder of the black disguises of the Terrorists.

On the second day she made a desperate resolve, and characteristically put it into execution at once. She sent for the caretaker. When he came, uneasy, for the

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Loscheks were justly feared in the countryside, and even the thing of which he knew gave him small courage, she lost no time in evasion.

"Go," she said, "and bring here your accomplice."

"My accomplice, Excellency! I do not——"

"You heard me," she said.

He turned, half sullen, half terrified, paused. "Which do you refer to, Excellency?"

She had seen only the one. Then there were others. Who could tell how many others?

"The one who drove me here."

So he went, leaving her to desperate reflection. When he returned, it was to usher in the heavy figure of the spy.

"Which of you is in authority?" she demanded.

"I, madame." It was the spy who spoke.

She dismissed the caretaker with a gesture.

"Have you any discretion over me? Or must you refer matters to those who sent you?"

"I must refer to them."

"How long will it take to send a message and receive a reply?"

He considered. "Until to-morrow night, madame."

Another day gone, then, and nothing determined!

"Now listen," she said, "and listen carefully. I have come here to decide a certain question. Whether or not you know what that question is does not matter. But before I decide it I must take a certain journey. I wish to make that journey. It is into Karnia." She watched him.

"It is impossible," he replied quickly. "My instructions——"

"I am not asking your permission. I wish to send a letter to the Committee. They, and they alone, will determine this thing. Will you send the letter?"

When he hesitated, perplexed, she got up and moved to her writing-table.

"I shall write the letter," she said haughtily. "See that it is sent. When I report at the end of the time that I have sent such a letter, you can judge better than I the result if it has not been received."

He was still dubious, but she wrote the letter and gave it to him, her face proud and scornful. But she was not easy, for all that, and she watched from her balcony to see if any messenger left the castle and descended the mountain road. She was rewarded, an hour later, by seeing a figure leave the old gateway and start afoot toward the village, a pale-faced man with colorless hair. A part of the hidden guard that surrounded her, she knew, and somehow familiar. But, although she racked her brains, she could not remember where she had seen him.

For the next twenty-four hours she waited. Life became one long endurance. She hated the forest, since she might not visit it alone. She hated the castle, because it was her prison. She stood for hours that first day on her balcony, surveying with scornful eyes the procession of the devout—weary women, perspiring men, lines of children going to something they did not comprehend, and carrying clenched in small, warm hands drooping bunches of early mountain flowers.

And always, calling her to something she scorned, rang the bells for mass or for vespers. The very tower below beckoned her to peace—her, for whom there would never again be peace. She cursed the bell savagely, put her fingers in her ears, to be wakened at dawn the next morning by its insistent call.

There was no more sleep for her. She lay there in her bare room and gave herself to bitter reflection. Here, in this very castle, she had met Karl. That was eleven years before. Prince Hubert was living. During a period of peace between the two countries, a truce had been arranged, treaties signed, with every prospect of permanence. During that time, Karl and Hubert, glad of peace, had come here for the hunting. She remembered the stir about their coming, her father's hurried efforts to get things in order, the cleaning and refurbishing, the peasants called in to serve the royal guests, and stripped of their quaint costumes to be put into ill-fitting livery.

They had bought her a new frock for evening wear, the father who was now dead, and the old aunt who had raised her—an ugly black satin, too mature for her. She had put it on in that very room, and wept in despair.

Then came the arrival, her father on the doorstep, she and her aunt behind him, and in the hall, lines of uneasy and shuffling peasants. How awkward and ill at ease they must have seemed! Then came the carriage, Hubert alighting first, then Karl;

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Karl had seen her instantly, over her father's bent back.

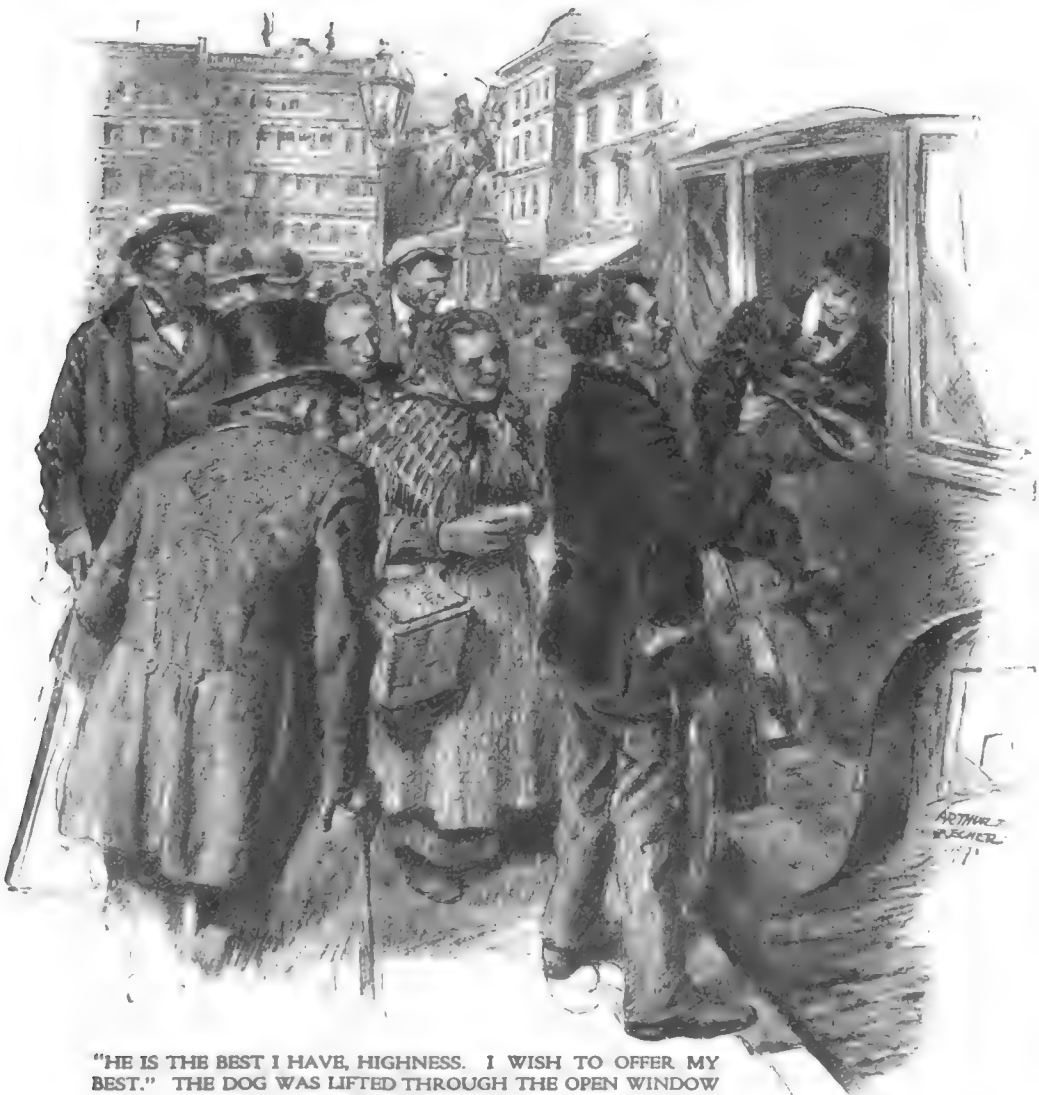
Lying there, seeing things with the clear vision of the dawn, she wondered whether, had she met Karl later, in her sophisticated maturity, she would have fallen in love with him. There was no way to know. He had dawned on her then, almost the first man of rank she had ever seen. She saw him, not only with fresh eyes, but through the halo of his position. He was the Crown Prince of Karnia then, more dashing than Hubert, who was already married and had always been a serious youth; handsomer, a blond in a country of few blond men His joyous smile had not taken on the mocking twist it acquired later. His blue eyes were gay and joyous.

When she had bowed and would have kissed his hand, it had been Karl who kissed hers, and straightened to smile down at her.

"This is a very happy day, Countess," he had said.

Then the old aunt had bustled forward, and the peasants had bowed nervously, and movement and noise had filled the old place.

For four days the royal hunters had



"HE IS THE BEST I HAVE, HIGHNESS. I WISH TO OFFER MY BEST." THE DOG WAS LIFTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW OF THE CARRIAGE.

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stayed. On the third day Karl had plead fatigue, and they had walked through the pine woods. On that very devil's bridge he had kissed her. They had had serious talks, too. Karl was ambitious, even then. The two countries were at peace, but for how long? Contrary to opinion, he had said, it was not rulers who led their people into war. It was the people who forced those wars. He spoke of long antagonisms, old jealousies, trade relations.

She had listened, flattered, had been an intelligent audience. Even now, she felt that it was her intelligence as much as her beauty that had ensnared Karl. For ensnared he had been. She had dreamed wild dreams that night after he kissed her, dreams of being his wife. She was not too young to know passion in a man's eyes, and Karl's had burned with it.

Then, the next day, while the hunters were away, her aunt had come to her, ugly, dowdy, and alarmed. "Little fool!" she had said. "They play, these princes. But they are evil with women, and dangerous. I have seen your eyes on him, sick with love. And Karl will amuse himself. It is the blood. And go away, laughing."

She had been working with the satin dress, trying to make it lovely for him. Over it her eyes had met her aunt's, small and twitching with anxiety. "But suppose he cares for me?" she had asked. "Sometimes I think—Why should you say he is evil?"

"Bah!"

She had grown angry then and, flinging the dress on the floor, had risen haughtily. "I think he will marry me," she had announced, to be met with blank surprise, followed by cackling old laughter.

Karl had gone away, kissing her passionately before he left her in the dark hall. And many things had followed. A cousin, married into Karnia, became lady-in-waiting to the old queen. Olga Loschek had visited her. No accident all this, but a carefully thought-out plan of Karl's. She had met Karl again. She was no longer the ill-dressed awkward girl of the mountains, and his passion grew, as her beauty grew.

He had made further love to her then, urged her to go away with him on a journey to the eastern end of the kingdom, would indeed have compromised her hopelessly. But, young as she was, she had had courage and strength. Perhaps shrewdness, too. Few women could have resisted him. He was gentleness itself with her, kindly, considerate, passionate. But she had kept her head.

And because she had kept her head, she had kept him. Through his many lapses, his occasional mad adventures, he had always come back to her. Having never possessed her, he had always wanted her. But not enough, she said drearily to herself, to pay the price of marriage.

She was fair enough to him. Nothing but a morganatic marriage would be possible, and this would deprive his children of the throne. But less than marriage she would not have.

The old queen died. Her cousin retired to the country, and raised pheasants for gaiety. Olga Loschek's visits to Karnia ceased. In time a place was made for her at the Court of Livonia and a brilliant marriage for her was predicted. But she did not marry. Now and then she retired to the castle near the border, and Karl visited her there. And, at last, after years, the inevitable happened.

She was deeply in love, and the years were passing. The burden of resistance had always been on her, and marriage was out of the question. She was alone now. Her father had died, and the old aunt was in seclusion in a nunnery, where she pottered around a garden and knitted, endlessly, garments for the poor.

For a time Olga had been very happy. Karl's motor crossed the mountains, and he came on foot through the woods. No breath of scandal touched her. And, outwardly, Karl did not change. He was still her ardent lover. But the times when they could meet were few.

And the Court of Livonia heard rumors —a gamekeeper's daughter, an actress in his own capital, these were but two of the many. Olga Loschek was clever. She never reproached him or brought him to task. She had felt that, whatever his lapses, the years had made her necessary to him.

The war that followed the truce had seen her Karl's spy in Livonia. She had undertaken it that the burden of gratitude should be on him—a false step, for men chafe under the necessity for gratitude.

Then had come another peace, and his visit to the summer palace. There he had seen Hedwig, grown since his last visit to

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lovely girlhood, and having what Olga Loschek could never again possess, youth.

And now he would marry her, and Olga Loschek, his tool and spy, was in danger of her life.

That day, toward evening, the huge man presented himself. He brought no letter, but an oral message. "Permission is given, madame," he said. "I myself shall accompany you."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Nikky Makes a Promise

THE Chancellor lived alone, in his little house near the Palace—a house that looked strangely like him, overhanging eyebrows and all, with windows that were like his eyes, clear and concealing many secrets. A grim, gray little old house, which concealed behind it a walled garden full of unexpected charm. And that, too, was like the Chancellor.

In his study on the ground floor, overlooking the garden, the Chancellor spent his leisure hours. Here, on the broad desk-like arm of his chair, where so many state documents had lain for signature, most of his meals were served. Here, free from the ghosts that haunted the upper rooms, he dreamed his dream of a greater kingdom.

Mathilde kept his house for him, mended and pressed his uniforms, washed and starched his linen, quarreled with the orderly who attended to him, and drove him to bed at night.

"It is midnight," she would say firmly—or one o'clock, or even later, for the Chancellor was old, and needed little sleep. "Give me the book." Because if she did not take it, he would carry it off to bed, and reading in bed is bad for the eyes.

"Just a moment, Mathilde," he would say. And finish a paragraph. Sometimes he went on reading, and forgot about her, to look up a half-hour later, perhaps, and find her still standing there, immobile, firm.

Then he would sigh, and close the book.

At his elbow every evening Mathilde placed a glass of milk. If he had forgotten it, now he sipped it slowly, and the two talked—of homely things, mostly: the garden, or moths in the closed rooms which had lost, one by one, their beloved occupants, or of a loose tile on the roof. But now and then their conversation was more serious.

Mathilde, haunting the market with its gaily striped booths, its rabbits hung in pairs by the ears, its strings of dried vegetables, its lace bazars—Mathilde was in touch with the people. It was Mathilde, and not one of his agents, who had brought word of the approaching revolt of the coppersmiths' guild, and enabled him to check it almost before it began. A stoic, this Mathilde, with her tall, spare figure and glowing eyes; stoic and patriot. Once every month she burned four candles before the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows in the cathedral, because of four sons she had given to her country.

On the evening of the day Hedwig had made her futile appeal to the King, the Chancellor sat alone. His dinner, almost untasted, lay at his elbow. It was nine o'clock. At something after seven he had paid his evening visit to the King, and had found him uneasy and restless.

"Sit down," the King had said. "I need steadying, old friend."

"Steadying, sire?"

"I have had a visit from Hedwig. Rather a stormy one, poor child." He turned and fixed on the Chancellor his faded eyes. "In this course that you have laid out, and that I am following, as I always have—" irony this, but some truth, too—"have you no misgivings? You still think it is the best thing?"

"It is the only thing."

"But all this haste," put in the King, querulously. "Is that so necessary? Hedwig begs for time. She hardly knows the man."

"Time! But I thought—" He hesitated. How say to a dying man that time was the one thing he did not have?

"Another thing. She was incoherent, but I gathered that there was some one else. The whole interview was cyclonic. It seems, however, that this young protégé of yours, Larisch, has been making love to her over Otto's head."

Mettlich's face hardened, a gradual process, as the news penetrated in all its significance.

"I should judge," the King went on relentlessly, "that this vaunted affection of his for the boy is largely assumed, a cover for other matters. But," he added, with a flicker of humor, "my granddaughter assures me that it is she who has made the advances. I believe she asked him to elope with her, and he refused!"

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"THERE IS NO USE SAYING YOU WILL NOT SEE ME, GRANDFATHER, FOR HERE I AM."

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"A boy-and-girl affair, sire. He is loyal. And in all of this, you and I are reckoning without Karl. The Princess hardly knows him, and naturally she is terrified. But his approaching visit will make many changes. He is a fine figure of a man, and women——"

"Exactly," said the King, dryly. What the Chancellor meant was that women always had loved Karl, and the King understood.

"His wild days are over," bluntly observed the Chancellor. "He is forty, sire."

"Aye," said the King. "And at forty a bad man changes his nature, and purifies himself in marriage! Nonsense, Karl will be as he has always been. But we have gone into this before. Only, I am sorry for Hedwig. Hilda would have stood it better. She is like her father. However"—his voice hardened—"the thing is arranged, and we must carry out our contract. Get rid of this young Larisch."

The Chancellor sat reflecting, his chin dropped forward on his breast. "The Crown Prince will miss him."

"Well, out with it. I may not dismiss him. What then?"

"It is always easy to send men away. But it is sometimes better to retain them, and force them to your will. We have here an arrangement that is satisfactory. Larisch is keen, young, and loyal. Hedwig has thrown herself at him. For that, sire, she is responsible, not he."

"Then get rid of *her*," growled the King.

The Chancellor rose. "If the situation is left to me, sire," he said, "I will promise two things: That Otto shall keep his friend, and that the Princess Hedwig shall bow to your wishes without further argument."

"Do it, and God help you!" said the King, again with the flicker of amusement.

The Chancellor had gone home, walking heavily along the darkening streets. Once again he had conquered. The reins remained in his gnarled old hands. And he was about to put the honor of the country into the keeping of the son of Maria Menrad, whom he had once loved.

So now he sat in his study, and waited. A great meerschaum pipe, a stag's head with branching antlers and colored dark with years of use, lay on his tray; and on his knee, but no longer distinguishable in the dusk, lay an old daguerreotype of Maria Menrad.

When he heard Nikky's quick step as he came along the tiled passage, he slipped the case into the pocket of his shabby housecoat, and picked up the pipe.

Nikky saluted, and made his way across the room in the twilight, with the ease of familiarity. "I am late, sir," he apologized. "We found our man, and he is safely jailed. He made no resistance."

"Sit down," said the Chancellor. And, touching a bell, he asked Mathilde for coffee. "So we have him," he reflected. "The next thing is to discover if he knows who his assailants were. That, and the person for whom he acted—however, I sent for you for another reason. What is this about the Princess Hedwig?"

"The Princess Hedwig!"

"What folly, boy! A young girl who can not know her own mind! And for such a bit of romantic trifling you would ruin yourself. It *is* ruin. You know that."

"I am sorry," Nikky said, simply. "As far as my career goes, it does not matter. But I am thinking of her."

"A trifle late."

"But," Nikky spoke up valiantly, "it is not romantic folly, in the way you mean, sir. As long as I live, I shall—it is hopeless, of course, sir."

"Madness," commented the Chancellor. "Sheer spring madness. You would carry her off, I dare say, and hide yourselves at the end of a rainbow! Folly!"

Nikky remained silent, a little sullen.

"The Princess went to the King with her story this evening." The boy started. "A cruel proceeding, but the young are always cruel. The expected result has followed: The King wishes you sent away."

"I am at his command, sir."

The Chancellor filled his pipe from a bowl near by, working deliberately. Nikky sat still, rather rigid.

"May I ask," he said at last, "that you say to the King that the responsibility is mine? No possible blame can attach to the Princess Hedwig. I love her, and—I am not clever. I show what I feel."

He was showing it then, both hurt and terror, not for himself, but for her. His voice shook in spite of his efforts to be every inch a soldier.

"The immediate result," said the Chancellor, cruelly, "will doubtless be a putting forward of the date for her marriage." Nikky's hands clenched. "A further result

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would be your dismissal from the army. One does not do such things as you have done, lightly."

"Lightly!" said Nikky Larisch. "God!"

"But," continued the Chancellor, "I have a better way. I have faith, for one thing, in your blood. The son of Maria Menrad must be—his mother's son. And the Crown Prince is attached to you. Not for your sake, but for his, I am inclined to be lenient. What I shall demand, for that leniency, is that no word of love again pass between you and the Princess Hedwig."

"It would be easier to go away."

"Aye, of course. But 'easier' is not your word, nor mine." However, Nikky's misery touched him. He rose and placed a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. "It is not as simple as that. I know, boy. But you are young, and these things grow less with time. You need not see her. She will be forbidden to visit Otto, or to go to the riding-school. You see, I know about the riding-school! And, in a short time now, the marriage will solve many difficulties."

Nikky closed his eyes. It was getting to be a habit, just as some people crack their knuckles.

"We need our friends about us," the Chancellor continued. "The Carnival is coming, always a dangerous time for us. The King grows weaker day by day. A crisis is impending for all of us, and we need you."

Nikky rose, steady enough now, but white to the lips.

"I give my word, sir," he said. "I shall say no word of—of how I feel to Hedwig. Not again. She knows—and I think," he added proudly, "that she knows I shall not change. That I shall always——"

"Exactly!" said the Chancellor. It was the very pitch of the King's dry old voice. "Of course she knows, being a woman. And now, good night."

But long after Nikky had gone he sat in the darkness. He felt old and tired and a hypocrite. The boy would not forget, as he himself had not forgotten. His hand, thrust into his pocket, rested on the faded daguerreotype there.

Peter Niburg was shot at dawn the next morning. He went, a coward, to his death held between two guards and crying piteously. But he died a brave man. Not once in the long hours of his interrogation had he betrayed the name of the Countess Loschek.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Birthday

THE Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia was having a birthday. Now, a birthday for a Crown Prince of Livonia is not a matter of a cake with candles on it, and having his ears pulled, once for each year and an extra one to grow on. Nor of a holiday from lessons, and a picnic in spring woods. Nor of a party, with children frolicking and scratching the best furniture.

In the first place, he was wakened at dawn and taken to early service in the chapel, a solemn function, with the Court assembled and slightly sleepy. The Crown Prince, who was trying to look his additional dignity of years, sat and stood as erect as possible, and yawned only once.

After breakfast he was visited by the Chaplain who had his religious instruction in hand, and interrogated. He did not make more than about sixty per cent. in this, however, and the Chaplain departed looking slightly discouraged.

Lessons followed, and in each case the tutor reminded him that, having now reached his tenth birthday, he should be doing better than in the past. Especially the French tutor, who had just heard a rumor of Hedwig's marriage.

At eleven o'clock came word that the King was too ill to have him to luncheon, but that he would see him for a few moments that afternoon. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, who was diagramming the sentence, "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves in America," and doing it wrong, looked up in dismay.

"I'd like to know what's the use of having a birthday," he declared rebelliously.

The substitution of luncheon with the Archduchess Annunciata hardly thrilled him. Unluckily he made an observation to that effect, and got five off in Miss Braithwaite's little book.

The King did not approve of birthday gifts. The expensive toys which the Court would have offered the child were out of key with the simplicity of his rearing. As a matter of fact, the Crown Prince had never heard of a birthday gift, and had, indeed, small experience of gifts of any kind, except as he made them himself. For that he had a great fondness. His small pocket allowance generally dissipated itself in this way.

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So there were no gifts. None, that is, until the riding-hour came, and Nikky, subverter of all discipline. He had brought a fig lady, wrapped in paper.

"It's quite fresh," he said, as they walked together across the Place. "I'll give it to you when we get to the riding-school. I saw the woman myself take it out of her basket. So it has no germs on it."

But, although he spoke bravely, Nikky was the least bit nervous. First of all he was teaching the boy deception. "But why don't they treat him like a human being?" he demanded of himself. Naturally there was no answer. Maria Menrad's son had a number of birthdays in his mind, real birthdays with much indulgence connected with them.

Second, suppose it really had a germ or two on it? Anxiously, having unwrapped it, he examined it in the sunlight of a window of the ring. Certainly, thus closely inspected, it looked odd. There were small granules over it.

The Crown Prince waited patiently. "Miss Braithwaite says that if you look at them under a glass, there are bugs on them," he observed, with interest.

"Perhaps, after all, you'd better not have it."

"They are very small bugs," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, anxiously. "I don't object to them at all."

So after all, Nikky uneasily presented his gift, and nothing untoward happened. He was rewarded, however, by such a glow of pleasure and gratitude from the boy that his scruples faded.

No Hedwig again, to distract Nikky's mind. The lesson went on, trot, canter, low jumps. And then what Nikky called "stunts," an American word which delighted the Crown Prince.

But Nikky, like the big child he was himself, had kept his real news to the last.

Already, he was offering himself on the altar of the child's safety. Behind his smiles lay something of the glow of the martyr. His eyes were sunken, his lips drawn. He had not slept at all, nor eaten. But to the boy he meant to show no failing, to be the prince of playmates, the big brother of joy. Perhaps in this way, he felt, lay his justification.

So now, with the Crown Prince facing toward the Palace again, toward luncheon with his aunt and a meeting with the delegation, Nikky, like an epicure of sensations, said: "By the way, Otto, I found that dog you saw yesterday. What was his name? Toto?"

"Where did you find him? Yes, Toto!"

"I looked him up," said Nikky, modestly. "You see, it's like this: He's a pretty nice dog. There aren't many dogs like him. And I thought—well, nobody can say *I* can't have a dog."

"You've got him? You, yourself?"

"I, myself. I dare say he has fleas, and they will get in the carpet, but—I tell you what I thought: He will be really your dog, do you see? I'll take care of him, and keep him for you, and bring him out to walk where you can see him. Then, when they say you may have a dog, you've got one, already. All I have to do is to bring him to you."

Wise Nikky, of the understanding boy's heart. He had brought into the little Prince's life its first real interest, something vital, living. And something of the soreness and hurt of the last few hours died in Nikky before Prince Ferdinand William Otto's smile.

"Oh, Nikky!" was all the child said at first, and grew silent for very happiness. Then: "We can talk about him. You can tell me all the things he does, and I can send him bones, can't I? Unless you don't care to carry them."

This, in passing, explains the reason why, to the astonishment of his servants, from that day forth the Crown Prince of Livonia apparently devoured his chop, bone and all. And why Nikky resembled, at times, a well-set-up, trig, and soldierly-appearing charnel-house. "If I am ever arrested," he once demurred, "and searched, Highness, I shall be consigned to a madhouse."

Luncheon was extremely unsuccessful. His cousin Hedwig looked as though she had been crying, and Hilda, eating her soup too fast, was sent from the table. The Crown Prince, trying to make conversation, chose Nikky as his best subject, and met an icy silence. Also, attempting to put the bone from a chicken leg in his pocket, he was discovered.

"What in the world!" exclaimed the Archduchess, "What do you want of a chicken bone?"

"I—I just wanted it."

"It is greasy. Look at your fingers!"

"Mother," Hedwig said quietly, "it is his birthday."

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"I WILL NEVER GIVE YOU UP NOW", SAID NIKKY

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"I do not need you to remind me of that."

But she was a trifle more agreeable during the remainder of the meal. She was just a bit uneasy before Hedwig those days. She did not like the look in her eyes.

That afternoon, attired in his uniform of the Guards, the Crown Prince received the delegation of citizens in the great audience chamber of the Palace, a solitary little figure, standing on the red carpet before the dais at the end. Behind him, stately with velvet hangings, was the tall gilt chair which some day would be his. Afternoon sunlight, coming through the long windows shone on the heavy chandelliers, lighted the paintings of dead kings of his line, gleamed in great mirrors and on the polished floor.

On each side of his small figure the Council grouped itself: fat Friese, rat-faced Marschall, Bayerl, with his soft voice and white cheeks lighted by hot eyes, and the others. They stood very stiff, in their white gloves. Behind them were grouped the gentlemen of the Court, in full dress and decorated with orders. At the door stood the Lord Chamberlain, gorgeous in scarlet and gold.

The Chancellor stood near the boy, resplendent, a blue ribbon across his shirt front, over which Mathilde had taken hours. He was the Mettlich of the public eye now, hard of feature, impassive, inflexible.

In ordinary times less state would have been observed, a smaller room, Mettlich only, or but one or two others, an informal ceremony. But the Chancellor shrewdly intended to do the delegation all honor, the Palace to give its best, that the city, in need, might do likewise.

He had staged the affair well. The Crown Prince, standing alone, so small, so appealing, against his magnificent background, was a picture to touch the hardest. Mettlich had studied the people, read their essential simplicity, their answer to any appeal to the heart. These men were men of family. Surely no father of a son could see that lonely child and not offer him loyalty.

With the same wisdom, he had given the boy small instruction, and no speech of thanks. "Let him say what comes into his head," Mettlich had reasoned. "It will at least be spontaneous and boyish."

The Crown Prince was somewhat nervous. He blinked rapidly as the delegation entered and proceeded up the room. However, happening at that moment to remember Nikky with the brass inkwell, he forgot himself in amusement. He took a good look at the gold casket, as it approached, reverently borne, and rather liked its appearance. It would have been extremely convenient to keep things in, pencils and erasers, on his desk. But, of course, he would not have it to keep. Quite a number of things passed into his possession and out again with the same lightning-like rapidity.

The first formalities over, and the Crown Prince having shaken hands nine times. bowing deeply first, the spokesman stepped forward. He had brought a long, written speech, which had already been given to the newspapers. But after a moment's hesitation he folded it up.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, looking down, "I have here a long speech, but all that it contains I can say briefly. It is your birthday, Highness. We come, representing many others, to present to you our congratulations, and—the love of your people. It is our hope—" He paused. Emotion and excitement were getting the better of him—"our hope, Highness, that you will have many happy years. To further that hope, we are here to-day to say that we, representing all classes, are your most loyal subjects. We have fought for his Majesty, the King, and if necessary we will fight for you." He glanced beyond the child at the Council, and his tone was strong and impassioned. "But to-day we are here, not to speak of war, but to present to you our congratulations, our devotion, and our loyalty."

Also a casket. He had forgotten that. He stepped back, was nudged, and recollected.

"Also a gift," he said, and ruined a fine speech among smiles. But the presentation took place in due order, and Otto cleared his throat.

"Thank you all very much," he said. "It is a very beautiful gift. I admire it very much. I should like to keep it on my desk, but I suppose it is too valuable. Thank you very much."

The spokesman hoped that it might be arranged that he keep it on his desk, an ever-present reminder of the love of his city, which, by the way, it contained, beautifully done on parchment. To this the Chancellor observed that it would be arranged, and the affair was over. To obviate the difficulty of having the delegation back down the long room, it was the Crown Prince who departed first, with the Chancellor.

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Altogether, it was comfortably over, and the Chancellor reflected grimly that the boy had done well. He had made friends of the delegation at a time when he needed friends. As they walked along the corridors of the Palace together, the Chancellor was visualizing another scene, which must come soon, pray God with as good result; the time when, the old King dead and the solemn bell of the cathedral tolling, this boy would step out on to the balcony, and show himself to the throng below in the Place.

To offset violence and anarchy itself, only that one small figure on a balcony!

Late in the afternoon the King sent for Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He had not left his bed since the day he had placed the matter of Hedwig's marriage before the Council, and now he knew he would never leave it. There were times between sleeping and waking when he fancied he had already gone, and that only his weary body on the bed remained. At such times he saw Hubert, only, strangely enough, not as a man grown, but as a small boy again. And his Queen, but also of many years before, as he had married her, as she had looked when at last, after months of married wooing, she had crept willing into his arms.

So, awakening from a doze, he saw the boy there, and called him Hubert. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, feeling rather worried, did the only thing he could think of. He thrust his warm hand into his grandfather's groping one, and the touch of his soft flesh roused the King.

The sister left them, and in her small room dropped on her knees before the holy image. She prayed for the King's soul, for the safety and heavenly guidance of the boy. The wind stirred her black habit and touched gently her white coif. She prayed, her pale lips moving silently.

In the King's bedchamber Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat on a high chair, and talked. He was extremely relieved that his exile was over, but he viewed his grandfather with alarm. His aunt had certainly intimated that his running away had made the King worse. And he looked very ill.

"I'm awfully sorry, grandfather," he said.

"For what?"

"That I went away the other day, sir."

"It was, after all, a natural thing to do."

The Crown Prince could hardly believe his ears. "If it could only be arranged safely—a little freedom—" The King lay still with closed eyes.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto felt uneasy. "But I am very comfortable, and—and happy," he hastened to say. "You are, please, not to worry about me, sir. And about the paper I threw at Monsieur Puaux the other day, I am sorry about that too. I don't know exactly why I did it."

The King still held his hand, but he said nothing. There were many things he wanted to say. He had gone crooked where this boy must go straight. He had erred, and the boy must avoid his errors. He had cherished enmities, and in his age they cherished him. And now——

"May I ask you a question, sir?"

"What is it?"

"Will you tell me about Abraham Lincoln?"

"Why?" The King was awake enough now. He eyed the Crown Prince keenly.

"Well, Miss Braithwaite does not care for him. She says he was not a great man, not as great as Mr. Gladstone, anyhow. But Bobby—that's the boy I met—he says he was the greatest man who ever lived."

"And who," asked the King, "do *you* regard as the greatest man?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto fidgeted, but he answered bravely: "You, sir."

"Humph!" The King lay still, smiling slightly. "Well," he observed, "there are, of course, other opinions as to that. However—Abraham Lincoln was a very great man. A dreamer, a visionary, but a great man. You might ask Miss Braithwaite to teach you his Gettysburg Address. It is rather a model as to speech-making, although it contains doctrines that—well, you'd better learn it."

He smiled again, to himself. It touched his ironic sense of humor that he, who had devoted his life to maintaining that all men are not free and equal, when on that very day the same doctrine of liberty was undermining his throne—that he should be discussing it with the small heir to the throne.

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He hoped it was not very long.

"Otto," said the King, suddenly, "do you ever look at your father's picture?"

"Not—always, sir."

"You might look at it now and then. I'd like you to do it."

"Yes, sir."

The next instalment of ***"Long Live the King!"*** *will appear in the July number.*

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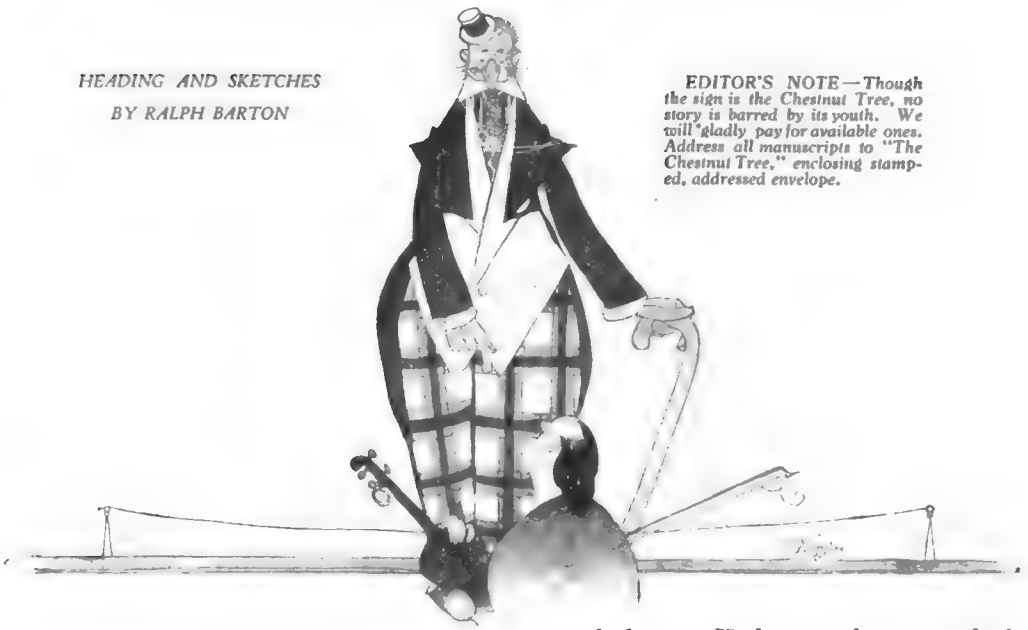
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON



EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The Way of a Bank

THE teller of a bank in a Texas town was endeavoring to be polite to a very trying woman at his window.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, madam," he said, "but you will have to be identified." And he pushed the check across the slab toward her as he spoke.

"Identified?" repeated the woman. "What does that mean? Isn't the check good?"

The bank man did not smile, for this was the thirtieth woman who had asked the question that day.

"I have no doubt it is," he said; "but I don't know you. Do you know anybody in the bank?"

"Why, I am Mrs. Waters!" exclaimed the lady. "Didn't you see my name on the check? See—here it is."

The teller shook his head wearily. "You must be identified," he insisted. "You must bring somebody who knows you."

The lady drew herself up. "That check," she said with dignity, "was given me by my husband. There's his name on it. Do you know him?"

"I do; but I don't know you."

"Then, I'll show you who I am. My husband is a tall man with reddish hair. His face is smooth-shaven. He has a mole on one cheek and looks something like a gorilla, some people say, but I don't think so. When he talks he twists his mouth to one side, and one of his front teeth is missing. He wears a number seventeen collar, a number nine shoe, and won't keep his coat buttoned. He's the hardest man to get money out of you ever saw—it took me three days to get this check."

The teller waved his hand. "I guess it's all right," he said. "Put your name right there—no, on the back, not the face."

A COMMERCIAL traveler while en route through the South relates this of a darky's purchase of cheese from the local store:

"Boss, how much is er nickel's worth of dat er cheeses?"

"Can't sell a nickel's worth, Sam, it's too high."

"All right; gi'me for a dime's worth, cap'n."

The storekeeper cut a thin slice, and Sambo remarked, "Oh, oh! You-all perty near missed it, didn't you, cap'n?"

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BURKS—He's the meanest man in town!

Smirks—And why?

Burks—I told him that I bossed my wife, and he went and told her.

THE late James Buchanan Brady, better known as "Diamond Jim," is noted for his lavish tips among the servitors of Broadway's many hotels and restaurants.

Recently Mr. Brady gave a dinner party to a select few of his close friends. From cocktails to cigars, he had taken much pains to mark a new epoch in *de luxe* hospitality.

For some unaccountable reason, the usually smooth service and perfect cuisine of the place fell down with a loud thump. Long delays followed each course; the food was far below par; and to cap the climax, the slippery-fingered waiter spattered a goblet of burgundy over the façade of one of the guests.

At length, as they were about to depart, Brady, with a deep scowl at the offending waiter, presented a bill for payment of the check. As the latter returned, Brady swept the change from the plate without so much as a nod, and started to leave.

"Haven't you forgotten the waiter, sir?" the waiter timidly asked in astonishment as the vision of a fat tip vanished.

"Forgotten *you?*" echoed Mr. Brady. "Certainly not. I'll send you a nice postcard the next time I take a trip."

GIPSY fortune-teller (seriously) — Let me warn you. Somebody's going to cross your path.

Motorist — Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap?

"RED GULCH don't look nothing like it did ten years ago," said the drummer.

"No," agreed Broncho Bob. "Ten years ago, before so many saloons started up, if you see a rattlesnake coming up the road you knowed it was a sure-enough rattlesnake."

A JERSEY man of a benevolent turn of mind encountered a small boy in his neighborhood, who gave evidence of having emerged but lately from a severe battle.

"I am sorry," said the man, "to see that you have a black eye, Sammy."

Whereupon Sammy retorted:

"You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!"

GROWING tired of having her linen torn by the machinery used in laundries, a lady gave it to a negro washerwoman, who, although forty, confessed that she was a "blushin' bride," the eventful ceremony having taken place just two months previous. To date, the bridegroom had failed to go to work, but the lady did not know that.

"How do you like married life?" she asked.

"Fine! Jus' fine!" replied the bride.

"And is your husband a good provider?"

"He suttinly am, ma'am," declared the bride. "He suttinly am. Dis week he got me fo' new places to wash at!"

A WITNESS was being questioned as to his whereabouts for the year past. "Where were you beginning January, 1915?" queried the attorney.

"With the Boston *Herald*," was the reply. "I disagreed with the managing editor upon a national political issue."

"Where were you immediately after that?" came next from the attorney.

"Minneapolis *Tribune*."

"And why did you leave there?"

"Well, I also disagreed with that paper's managing editor upon a national political issue."

The judge's curiosity was aroused by this repeated answer, and he said: "Please tell the court what this national political issue was upon which you seem to have such decided opinions."

"Prohibition," was the answer.

ROBERT MANTELL tells of a barnstorming company in the West, in the old days, that made a try at Shakespeare. Considerable complaint was heard relative to the efforts of the man who essayed to do the *Ghost* in "Hamlet."

One day a dramatic man on a local paper said to the leading man: "That fellow who plays the *Ghost* does not suggest the supernatural."

"I should say not," assented the leading man, "but he does suggest the natural super."

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TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE
OF THE HIGHEST STANDARD
IN QUALITY DESIGN AND
WORKMANSHIP

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK GIVES DETAILED
DESCRIPTIONS AND RANGE OF PRICES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

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John Gordon, Printing Salesman, talks about personality in letters

"Now, Mr. Stone," said John Gordon, when the cigars were lighted, "about those letterhead estimates——"

"Well. Gordon, I liked your samples, but I'm afraid you're a little high. We have about decided that we can't afford to spend any more money than is absolutely necessary this year on our stationery."

"Of course you can't, Mr. Stone," said Gordon, "nor can you afford to spend any *less* than is necessary.

"Your letters," he continued, "are your representatives, are they not?"

"Yes, I guess they are."

"Your customers and your prospective customers form an idea of your Company from them, don't they?"

"Well, yes, I imagine they do."

"In other words, your letters are just like your salesmen, Mr. Stone. A certain proportion of their selling value of course depends on the words they convey, but is it not also true that a large proportion depends on their character and personality?"

Mr. Stone nodded thoughtfully.

"Did you ever think of a letter, Mr. Stone, as having a genial hand-clasp and a radiant smile? Did you ever realize that a business letter written on exceptionally good paper creates the same favorable *first impression* as does your clean-cut, well-dressed, smiling salesman?

"That's the reason I based my estimate on the use of Old Hampshire Bond. I felt that your Company could not afford anything short of the best.

"Old Hampshire Bond meets every possible requirement as a business representative. It feels good and it looks good. It's tough and durable enough to stand many handlings in the mail and still keep its snappy, crackling personality.

"And as to price—if you figure the cost of your 20,000 letters, postage, stenographer's time and everything, you will find that your letters will cost you only about $40 more in a year if written on Old Hampshire Bond."

Mr. Stone was silent. He was thinking.

The Letters of Judson McGee—Sent FREE

The use Judson McGee, Esq., makes of better business letters and the system of data collection and filing he has developed, as described in his short book, is of practical value to business men. The book is about better letters. As far as make of paper is concerned, it is non-partisan. Any business man writing on his business letter-head may have it free.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

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HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6 JUNE, 1917 Vol. XXXVI

VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Author of "The Messiah of the Cylinder," the remarkable four-part serial which begins in this number.

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ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

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COVER BY EVERETT SHINN

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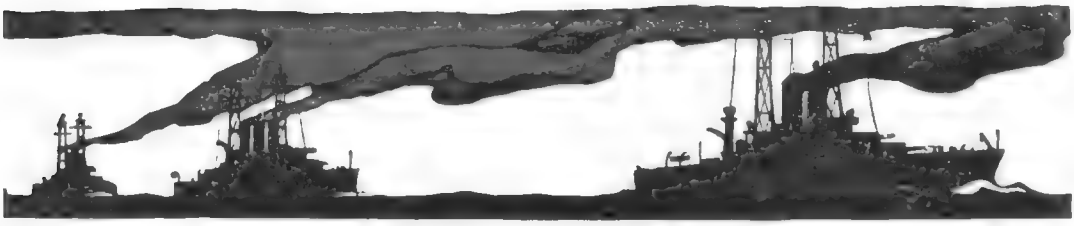

PAINT is to wood what armor-plate is to a battleship. Paint resists weather and decay just as armor resists shot and shell. Good paint is made from a combination of metals, just as good armor-plate is. Steel alone will not make good armor. You must add nickel. A combination of lead and zinc makes the best paint.

New Jersey Zinc in paint

makes paint stronger, tougher, more elastic and more durable. Zinc and lead combined sink into the wood deeper than lead alone. Zinc produces a paint film that will not crack, crumble, peel or blister. Zinc improves the appearance of paint and gives it a finer, smoother finish. Zinc, in a word, makes paint last longer, and look better while it lasts.

If you are going to use a prepared paint, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc Paints.* If you want your painter to mix his own paints, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc-in-Oil.* If you want to know the best zinc mixture for any ordinary painting job, send for our indexed booklet, *Zinc-in-Paint.* All are yours for the asking.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *Room 409, 55 Wall Street,* New York

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

WAKE UP, AMERICA!

MEANING?

YOU.

The United States has entered this war with a thrilling and convincing statement of her motives. England and France have acclaimed us as an ally whose purpose acknowledges that their tremendous sacrifices during the past three years of fighting were made in a crusade for civilization and against barbarism.

Never in our history has there been a nobler call to national duty. It brought us face to face with the debt each one of us owes, not only to our country, but to civilization. But if we are going to give substance to President's Wilson's inspiring words, every patriotic man, woman, and child in this country ought to do his bit, and do it in the way in which he or she may be the most efficient.

EVERYBODY'S wishes that there might be conscription of all of us for the debt we owe civilization and our country. That is not possible. While we believe that selective conscription is ultimately to solve in a democratic way our fighting and equipment problems, we must rely for the present even for these things on the volunteer system. Other phases of our mobilization probably always will depend on volunteers.

Fighting in modern warfare is less than half the battle. Back of the trenches, and no less important for victory, should be the massed resources of the country—men, money, and food. And our allies need our resources even more than they need our fighting men.

Wise thrift that adds to our national wealth helps powerfully in such a struggle as this country has now entered. "Every housewife who preaches strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation," said President Wilson in his appeal to us.

Our crops during the coming season are going to count for more than our guns. And while we are fitting ourselves to take our rightful place in the fighting lines, we can help generously to sustain the credit of our allies. Every dollar that you subscribe for our war-bond issues will go in part to the treasuries of the countries that for three years have been fighting for the very principles that brought us into this war.

There are so many ways now to help that every one can find something to do—if he is willing to do it. And in the doing, many of us will acquire a conscious nationalism which we have never felt before. We will learn to look upon our flag not as a mere decoration, but as a sacred token of service rendered.

Just at the present time this country is suffering from an illogical optimism toward the war. Germany is not beaten yet. Military critics say that the war may last two years more and possibly longer.

There can be but one brand of loyalty in this country now—active support of our Government's plans; and the quicker every one of us gets busy doing for the aid of our Government the thing that he can do best, the sooner this war will be over and peace secured.

What can you do?

Look over this directory, select the service you wish to render, and offer it at once to the United States. In all cases write or apply in person as directed. Obtain circulars giving full information and application-blanks. Fill out blanks as directed. Because of lack of space we have not printed the addresses of Naval and Military departments. If you do not know in what department you live, write to the Navy or War Department at Washington for this information.

ACTIVE SERVICE

MILITARY

As private, all branches service, apply to nearest enlistment station, or to your local post-office. Second-, Third- and Fourth-Class Post-Offices are additional enlistment stations.

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REGULAR ARMY (Second Lieutenancies)—Men up to the age of twenty-seven are needed. No previous military experience is required if men have the proper educational and physical qualifications, and can pass the necessary examinations after a course of training. Apply to headquarters of Department in which you live.

SPECIAL BRANCHES—Men with special experience for commissariat work, sanitation, medical service, or wireless operation, apply to Quartermaster-General, Surgeon-General, or Chief of Signal Corps, War Department, Washington, or Advisory Commission National Defense, Munsey Building, Washington.

OFFICERS' RESERVE CORPS—Infantry, Cavalry, Field and Coast Artillery. Thirty thousand officers are needed in these branches of the service at once. Officers for this Corps and for whatever forces Congress may authorize are the greatest military need of the country today. Commissions are issued for periods of five years. The professional examinations cover administrations, drill regulations, field-service regulations, small-arms-firing regulations, manual of guard duty, military law and topography.

Age limitations for officers of the line are: Second Lieutenant, 21 to 32 years; First Lieutenant, 21 to 36 years; Captain, 21 to 40 years; Major, 21 to 45 years.

Other sections of this Corps are:

Medical (see Medical Service below), Quartermaster, Engineer, Ordnance.

SIGNAL. (See Aviation Section below.) Apply to your Department Headquarters.

NATIONAL GUARD—Apply at State Capitol.

NAVY

All branches except aviation apply to:

Your RECRUITING DIVISION Headquarters for address of your recruiting office.

Here are the Division Headquarters:

EASTERN DIVISION, Recruiting Inspector, 225 West Forty-Second Street, New York, N. Y.; CENTRAL DIVISION, Recruiting Inspector, R. A. Long Building, Kansas City, Mo.; SOUTHERN DIVISION, Recruiting Inspector, Queen and Crescent Building, New Orleans, La.; WESTERN DIVISION, Recruiting Inspector, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Calif.

MEDICAL SERVICE

ARMY—For work with the Medical Department of the United States Army, or the Officers Reserve Corps, Medical Section, apply to Surgeon-General of the Army, War Department, Washington.

NAVY—Those desiring medical work with the Navy must become members of the Naval Coast Defense Reserve by qualifying as assistant surgeons. Apply to Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., or to the commanding officers of the Naval Hospital at the following places: Puget Sound, Wash.; Mare Island, Cal.; Great Lakes, Ill.; Las Animas, Colo.; Port Royal, S. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; Newport, R. I.; New York City; Philadelphia, Pa.; Annapolis, Md.; Washington, D. C.

HOSPITAL—Applications for service with Base Hospital Units should be made directly to Col. Jefferson R. Kean, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. In addition to service in these Units, surgeons will be needed in hospitals to take the places of those ordered out with their Units.

The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured, 105 East Twenty-Second Street, New York City, arranges courses in this subject. Apply to Dr. Louis F. Bishop, Secretary. Physicians are needed as instructors in these courses.

NAVAL MILITIA

Now merged with regular Navy except aviation section.

NAVAL COAST RESERVE

Ten thousand men are needed immediately. This class will include: (1) men who have had amateur or professional experience on the water, and who are qualified or may be trained for service as officers, or members of the crews of submarine chasers. patrol vessels, mine sweepers or layers, or other auxiliary vessels of the Navy; technical knowledge of navigation is not required for enrolment. (2) Men who are capable of useful service in the administrative work of the Navy, such as paymasters, supply-officers, electrical or mechanical engineers, censors and many other positions.

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Apply to headquarters of commandants of Naval Districts as follows:

Headquarters of Commandants of Naval Districts in Charge of Enrolments in Naval Coast Defense Reserve—

1st. Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.
2d. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.
3d. 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
4th. Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
5th. Citizens' Bank Bldg., Norfolk, Va.
6th. Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.
7th. Naval Station, Key West, Fla.
8th. Naval Station, New Orleans, La.
9th, 10th, 11th. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.

Note: Naval Recruiting Offices of the Central Recruiting Division may make enlistments for Naval Districts 9, 10, and 11.

12th. 417 Sheldon Building, San Francisco, Calif.
13th. Navy Yard, Puget Sound.

FOR THE AVIATION SECTION OF THE SIGNAL CORPS, U.S.A.

Apply to the Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. This applies for either Regular or Reserve service.

Brief requirements for Signal Corps Reserve (Aerial Reserve Corps):

College education or its equivalent.

For those who can already fly and are ready to take flying tests the age limits are 21 to 30 years.

For those who are not already able to fly the age limits are 21 to 27 years. (Men of this class accepted are given training with pay by the Government.) Apply to the Chief Signal Officer, Washington, D. C., for further information.

FOR THE NAVAL FLYING CORPS, REGULAR SERVICE

Those in Eastern District apply to Lieutenant Commander John Grady, 225 West Forty-Second Street, New York City.

Those in other Districts write or apply in person to Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

FOR THE NAVAL FLYING CORPS RESERVE

For the time being, and until the Navy Department establishes aviation training-schools, only men already experienced as aviators, balloon operators, and mechanics are enlisted, unless the applicants wish to enlist and be placed on the waiting list until arrangements are made for their training. These should apply at the offices of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD AVIATION SECTION

Apply in writing or in person to the Chief Signal Officer or the Recruiting Officer at the headquarters of the National Guard for your vicinity.

SUPPLEMENTARY SERVICE

AGRICULTURAL—For seeds, labor, expert advice, or forming agricultural clubs, apply to agents of local railroads, local Congressmen, county agricultural agents at your county seats, or Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

WOMEN'S WORK

NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMEN'S SERVICE, 259 Madison Avenue, New York City. Registration of women for industrial service.

MILITIA OF MERCY, to care for families of Naval militia and Naval recruits. Address 4 West Forty-Ninth Street, New York City.

SURGICAL DRESSING COMMITTEE, 1826 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.; 10 East Fifty-Eighth Street, New York City.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, 1917 Colfax Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

SPECIAL AID SOCIETY, 601 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

GIRLS' NATIONAL HONOR GUARD, 34 West Twenty-Eighth Street, New York City.

WOMEN'S SECTION NAVY LEAGUE, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S LEAGUE for Self-Defense, 33 West Forty-Second Street, New York.

NATIONAL SPECIAL AID SOCIETY, 259 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ARMY RELIEF SOCIETY, 22 William Street, New York.

AMERICAN RED CROSS—The Amer-

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ican Red Cross also needs men of good business training in different kinds of organization work. Apply to the Central Committee, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

MEN'S WORK

HOME DEFENSE LEAGUES, Committees of Safety, etc. Write to National Committee of Defense Societies, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

CITIZENS' SECRET SERVICE, apply to Carl Anderson, Times Square, New York.

FOR COMMUNITY MOBILIZATION Plans, write Martin J. Gillen, Racine, Wisconsin.

ENGINEERING and other Societies cooperating. American Institute of Consulting Engineers, 35 Nassau Street, New York City. American Institute of Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineers, 25 West Thirty-Ninth Street, New York.

OWNERS OF AUTOMOBILES, motor cycles, trucks, write National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, 7 East Forty-Second Street, New York, Volunteer Motor Transport Committee.

OWNERS OF MOTOR-BOATS, write U. S. Power-Boat Squadron, Marblehead, Massachusetts, or Power-Crafts Association, New York.

AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLICISTS apply to The Vigilantes, 110 West Thirty-Fourth Street, New York City.

THE AMERICAN LEGION, 10 Bridge Street, New York City.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Army and Navy Branches—Apply to International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, 124 East Twenty-Eighth Street, New York.

AMERICAN FIELD AMBULANCE SERVICE—Volunteers are greatly desired both for the Field Service in which the minimum enlistment is for six months, and for the American Ambulance Hospital Service for work in Paris, in which the minimum enlistment is for three months. Apply to William R. Hereford, 14 Wall Street.

SPECIAL AID SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN PREPAREDNESS, 601 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

PREPAREDNESS LEAGUE OF AMERICAN DENTISTS, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AMERICAN BOYS NAVAL AND MARINE SCOUTS, 51 Chambers Street, New York.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

U. S. BOY SCOUTS, 7 Maiden Lane, New York.

JUNIOR NAVAL RESERVES, 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York.

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF UNITED STATES, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, New York.

WHERE TO TRAIN

MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS—For enrolment at the Training Camps to be held in the Summer of 1917 under the authority of the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916. These Camps include:

Senior Division (for men from 18 to 45 years of age, and, with special permission, for men from 45 to 55).

Junior Division (for boys 15 to 18 years).

For further information as to these Camps apply directly to the Military Training-Camps Association, 19 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York, or Headquarters of Department.

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEER CAMPS, Culver, Indiana.

NAVAL TRAINING ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES. (See Naval Coast Reserve, above.) This association also conducts classes on Seamanship and General Ship Routine, Ordnance and Gunnery, Navigation and Signals, Steam Engineering and Electricity, and other topics. Men are also needed for miscellaneous work. Apply at 26 Cortlandt Street.

NATIONAL SCHOOL CAMP, 1 Broadway, New York City.

COLLEGE MEN'S TRAINING CORPS, 19 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York City.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 1502 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

CIVILIAN COMMITTEE, NAVAL TRAINING CRUISE, 52 William Street, New York City.

FARM-BOY CAVALIERS, University Farm, University of Minnesota.

AND

Subscribe as liberally as you can to our Government's war-bond issues. These bonds may be bought through all National and Federal Reserve Banks.

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How New Fortunes Are Being Won Overnight

How one man who formerly earned $1500 a year became one of the richest men in his city. How another increased his salary 800% in one year. Other examples that point the way to ambitious men and women.

By R. D. Raines

WHILE there is no school which can teach its pupils how to make money, there is a way to cultivate one's personal powers which is enabling a great army of men in all parts of the country to turn failure into success almost overnight, and the "how" of it is really very simple.

I know of one young man who, a little over two years ago, was earning $1500 a year, with no prospect of anything more. He was married and had a wife and two children to support. Year after year he had been working hard and faithfully, yet didn't seem to be able to get ahead.

Today, twenty-six months later, this man is one of the leading business men of his city. He is worth nearly $200,000. He owns three automobiles—belongs to country clubs and other exclusive organizations—goes fishing, hunting, traveling, whenever he wants to, and has one of the finest houses in town costing, over $25,000, which he paid for in cash.

Here is what this man recently wrote me about his success—and it carries a message which can easily be worth a fortune to any reader of this magazine:

"In response to your question, I am only too glad to explain how I was able to change my poor man's lot for all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can command.

"Until a few years ago I belonged to that great army of drifters—you know the kind—those fellows who take what comes to them but never stop to think how much more they might get with very little extra effort.

"One night just about two years ago I suddenly '*found*' myself, and as a result my whole life was changed. In less than three years I have accomplished what I had thought before would not be possible in my whole lifetime.

"The trouble with most men—the great army of drifters—is that they let slip by this crucial stage in their development without making a really searching, critical, unbiased inventory of themselves. They miss finding what is keeping them from success, so they continue to drift. Those very men—my own friends, lots of them—are earning just about what they did and what I did two years ago. Just like those men, I found that I had a pretty fair share of ambition, determination and energy, but in spite of these assets I wasn't getting anywhere and I wanted to know why. I determined to watch myself closely—to compare myself with those giants of American business who have made such a stupendous success—Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie. In the past I had worried about my lack of education, but not one of these millionaires had any more schooling than I had. I knew then it couldn't be a matter of education.

"I kept on watching myself closely. I got the habit of criticising my action on any proposition that came before me. And then I saw the light. It was this way—in every proposition, no matter how trivial, that required a decision, I found that I was afraid to make an 'out-and-out' decision. I knew in my heart the way I should have decided and yet hesitated. I decided one way and then another. I didn't seem to be able to make decisions promptly and decisively even though I really knew which way I should decide.

"At last I was beginning to discover myself. I found that I didn't know strongly enough just what I wanted—or knowing, I hadn't the necessary will power to demand it. I decided to experiment with my will power. I said to myself and repeated it over and over that I would cultivate it. I knew now where the trouble had been in the past. I had in the past just sort of begged for success—now I determined to go after it—to go after it with a grim determination that would brook no interference. I determined to cultivate my will power and to command and demand what I wanted—SUCCESS.

"But it wasn't plain sailing at first. I knew I wanted to cultivate my will power. I had determined that, but *how* to do it—that was the question. I knew in a dim sort of way that other men had studied this question, and I began to investigate. At times I felt myself hesitating—my enthusiasm cooling—but with a directness of pur-

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pose I had scarcely known before, I kept up the search for means whereby I might develop my will power.

"For a while I was able to find nothing that offered any help to me in arriving at a proper understanding of my own will or rather in acquiring the new power that I hoped might be possible.

"One day when talking the matter over with an especially well-informed man, whom both you and I know, I learned from him that an eminent scientist had just completed the most thorough and comprehensive study of will power ever made. The name of this scientist, as you know, is Prof. Frank Channing Haddock.

"I immediately got one of Dr. Haddock's books, and the first statement that greeted my eyes was this: 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body.' Imagine my delight! Here at last my question was answered. I discovered that for 20 years Dr. Haddock had devoted himself to this study and had so completely mastered it that he had been able to set down the very exercises by which anyone can develop the will, making it a better, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"Can you wonder that I began instantly to practise the exercises as laid down by Dr. Haddock, and with a fervor that astonished even myself? And, almost from the very first day, the results were remarkable. I don't think I need enlarge further as to how remarkable the results were—when in little more than two years this training of Dr. Haddock's—and this training alone—has lifted me from what was practically poverty to a position of wealth and affluence.

"Now—above all—I want you to understand that my case is not exceptional. I am just the average man—no highly developed powers whatever—save that of the Will. You have known me personally, and you will agree, I know. In case anyone should be skeptical, let me cite one or two instances I have since come across which should prove conclusively that anyone can develop an indomitable will.

"Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, became interested in a young man who worked in one of the big factories. This young man was especially bright and willing, but he seemed to get nowhere. Finally, Mr. Taylor suggested that he take up the study of will training, and here is the result. In less than one year this young man increased his salary not 100 or 200, but 800%.

"Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development taught by Prof. Haddock, Mr. Van Vechten stated that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

"I personally know of many other equally amazing examples of the power of will development. A man residing in Hot Springs, Ark., Mr. H. D. Ferguson, increased his earnings from $40.00 a week to $90.00 a week in a remarkably short time after he commenced the study. The instances I have mentioned are but a few—there are many, many more.

"If my letter will be the means of introducing Dr. Haddock to other young men throughout this country, I will be well repaid, for I know that I will have the thanks of every one of these young men."

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain-head of wealth, position, and everything we are striving for; and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for my friend—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done, is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

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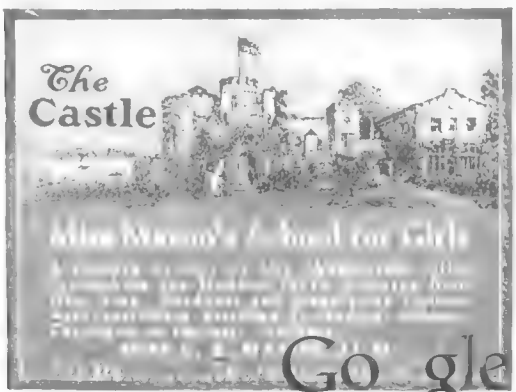

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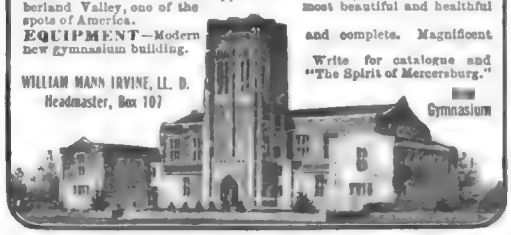

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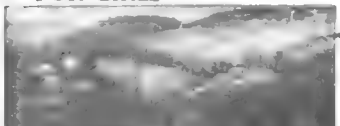

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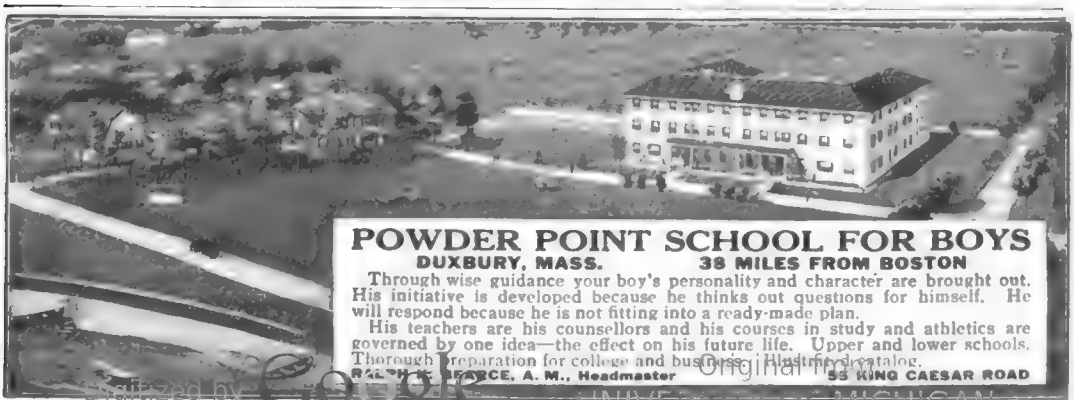

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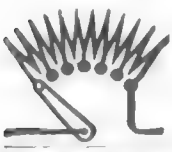

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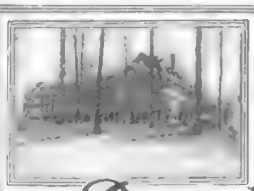

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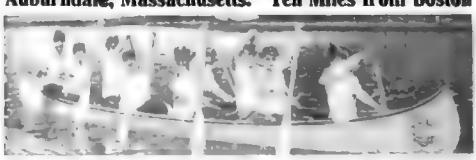

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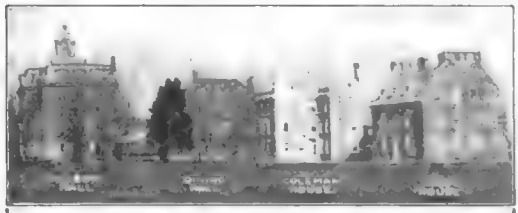

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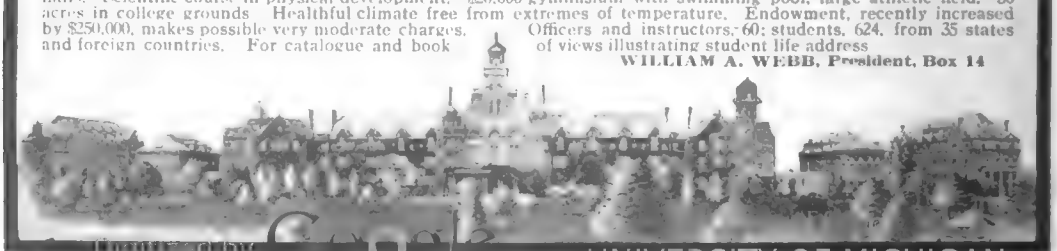

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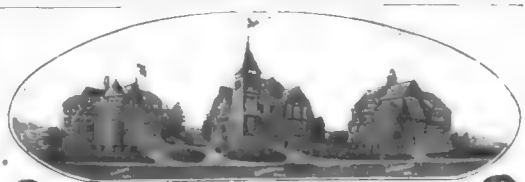

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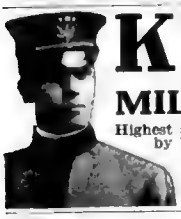

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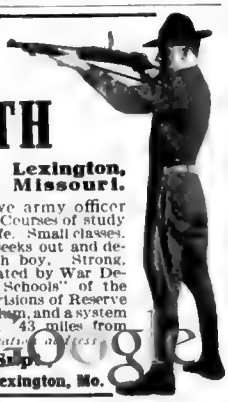

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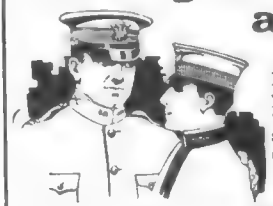

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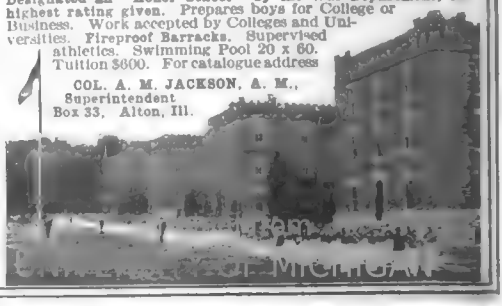

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Apr. 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. Birmingham, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York. *Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. *Managing Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. *Business Manager*, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner:* THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. EMILY JOSEPHINE DONNER, P. O. Box 3036, New York City, N. Y. MRS. THERESA R. CARROLL, 777 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. CLARA E. KEHOE, 2524 Creston Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 955 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. H. N. WHITNEY & SONS, 17 Broad Street, New York City, N. Y. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. 3. *That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:* (If there are none, so state.) THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y. JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, 128 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y. MRS. J. C. HARDY, Tecumseh, Mich. MARTHA LEWIS, Westerville, Ohio. R. W. POOR, 5th Avenue and 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. E. J. RIDGWAY, Montclair, N. J. JOHN ADAMS THAYER, Westport, Conn. GERTRUDE C. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. GEORGE W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. *Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March*, 1917. CECIL L. WAHL, Notary Public, Kings County. Certificate filed New York County. (*My commission expires March* 30, 1918.)

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A true Brain and Body food is

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It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

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Why the Average American Dies at Forty-three

"He Feeds His Stomach with Tasty Junk" says E. E. Rittenhouse of Equitable Life

By R. W. Lockwood

President of the Corrective Eating Society Inc.

THE presidents of life insurance companies with perhaps twenty billion dollars insurance on the lives of Americans, recently met in convention at the Hotel Astor in New York, and in their discussion brought out some of the reasons why the average American dies at about forty-three years of age.

According to the press reports, Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, Commissioner of Public Service and Conservation of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, said: "The average American would not think of mixing bricks or scrap iron or gravel with the fuel for his furnace, yet he feeds his stomach with all sorts of tasty junk, much of which cannot be fully digested . . . he is seriously overstraining his heart, arteries, kidneys, nerves and digestion, as the rapidly increasing death rate shows."

This statement from such an authoritative source—from a man who makes it his business to study both vital statistics and the causes behind them—sounds a warning which should be heeded by every man and woman.

Indeed, there is no longer a doubt among intelligent people that many of the foods and combinations of foods which we are most accustomed to eat are the direct cause of much sickness.

Yet how few of us heed the early warnings of illness, such as acid-stomach, fermentation, or constipation. I venture to say that nine out of ten persons suffer to a greater or lesser extent from one or more of these three symptoms, which are in many cases the forerunners of more serious sickness.

Stomach medicines and laxatives are plentiful, but of what avail are they? The only thing that a stomach medicine can do is to temporarily neutralize the extra amount of acid in the stomach, because it is *stronger* than the acid. And this injures the stomach, usually bringing the acid back worse than it was before. A laxative is just as bad, if not a little worse; not only is its effect temporary, but all laxatives are habit-forming and are required in ever-increasing doses.

If neglected, a simple case of acid-stomach may lead in a short time to fermentation with gas, and constipation. The fermenting food forms poisons which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and a host of other unpleasant symptoms.

Is it any wonder that the officers of large insurance companies sound a warning against the evils of wrong eating?

* * * * * * * *

But just as wrong eating is the cause of 90 per cent of common illnesses, so will correct eating create and maintain both bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right eating I do not mean freak foods—I mean just good every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to eat correctly, or follow a course of Corrective Eating it is not at all necessary to upset your table.

Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, has proved the efficacy of Corrective Eating in thousands of cases. Entirely without the use of drugs or medicines, men and women suffering from almost every conceivable non-organic ailment have been returned to health and vigor by following his simple directions in regard to their eating.

* * * * * * * *

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian he told me of several interesting cases which had recently come under his care. One was that of a woman prominent in Woman Suffrage work in New York City. She had come to him with stomach and intestinal fermentation and gas, auto-intoxication, mental depression and anemia, vertigo, and threatened heart failure. She was very much over-weight when she commenced, but reduced her weight thirty-seven pounds during the treatment. He showed me a letter she had written him afterward, in which she said:

"I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I continue to improve—it seems sometimes that

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I must have been made over, and it is difficult to remember that less than eight months ago I was a feeble old woman depending upon daily doses of strychnia for what little strength I had. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, was hardly able to walk, and was subject to most serious heart attacks upon the slightest exertion. And now I am so well, so strong, that my family and friends maintain that it is a miracle which has restored me to strength and vigor of life—certainly in my case the cure is most remarkable because of my sixty-seven years."

Another was a well-known minister who had been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, unable to preach or conduct the simplest service. He was about twenty-five pounds under-weight, anemic, nervous, had super-acidity, and could not assimilate his food; and his heart action was very irregular. He had gradually declined for two years although treated by one of New York's leading physicians. Three months after he placed himself under Eugene Christian's care, he preached the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago.

He has gained about twenty-five pounds in weight and since has not missed a day from his arduous clerical work. He has steadily gained in strength and vitality and is to-day healthy and athletic.

* * * * * * * *

But Eugene Christian's own case is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it shows how he discovered the beginnings of the methods which he has since pursued so successfully with others—methods of selecting and proportioning one's meals so as to overcome conditions brought about by wrong eating.

Twenty years ago he was at death's door; for several years previous he had suffered all the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal troubles, until his doctors—among them some of the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. As a last resort, he commenced to study the food question himself. As a result of what he learned, he succeeded in literally *eating his way back to health* without drugs or medicine of any kind, and in a remarkably short space of time.

Eugene Christian is to-day nearly sixty years old—or shall I say young? For he has more vitality, more ginger, more physical endurance than most youngsters in their teens. During the past fifteen years he has not had even so much as a cold.

* * * * * * * *

Since the remarkable success of Eugene Christian has become known, people have sought his advice in such rapidly increasing numbers that he has found it necessary to put his methods in printed form. He has written a series of 24 Little Lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, including corrective menus for almost every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with this great food specialist, because every point is so thoroughly covered and so clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will help to produce the increased physical and mental energy which you are seeking the day you receive the lessons. And you are quite likely to feel some results after your very first balanced meal.

If you would like to examine these "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective Eating Society Inc., Dept. 166, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask to have the lessons mailed for five days' trial with the understanding that you will either send the small price asked, $3, or remail the books.

Merely clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the society and will be honored at once

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The Prudential

Issues

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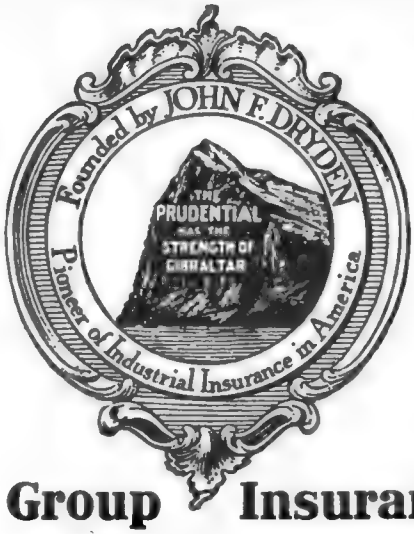

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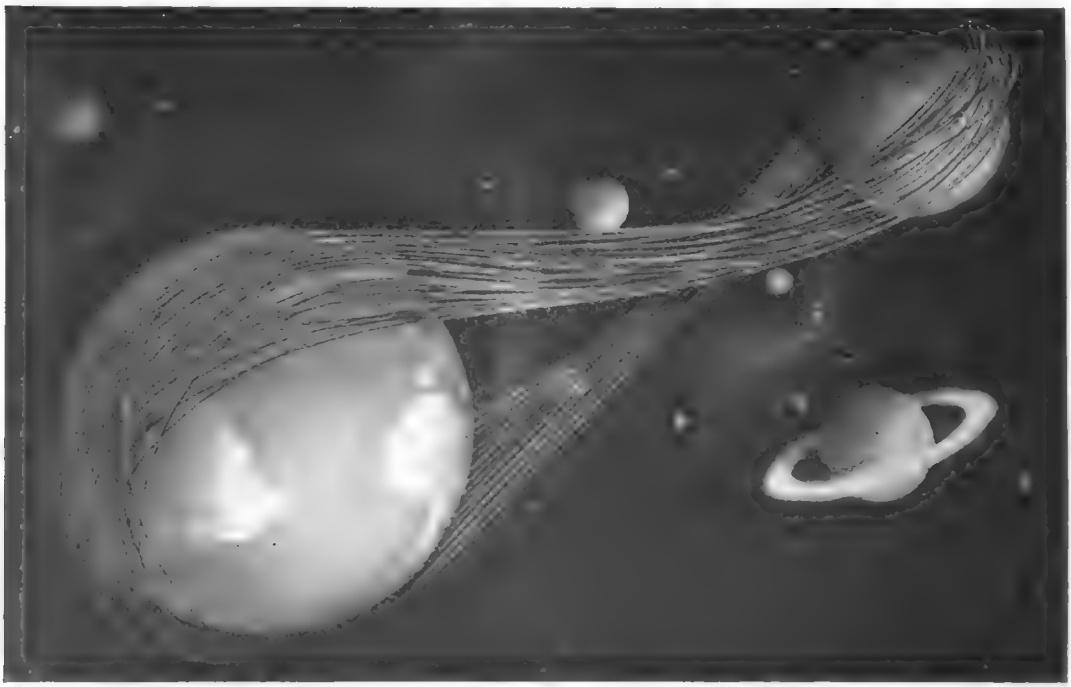

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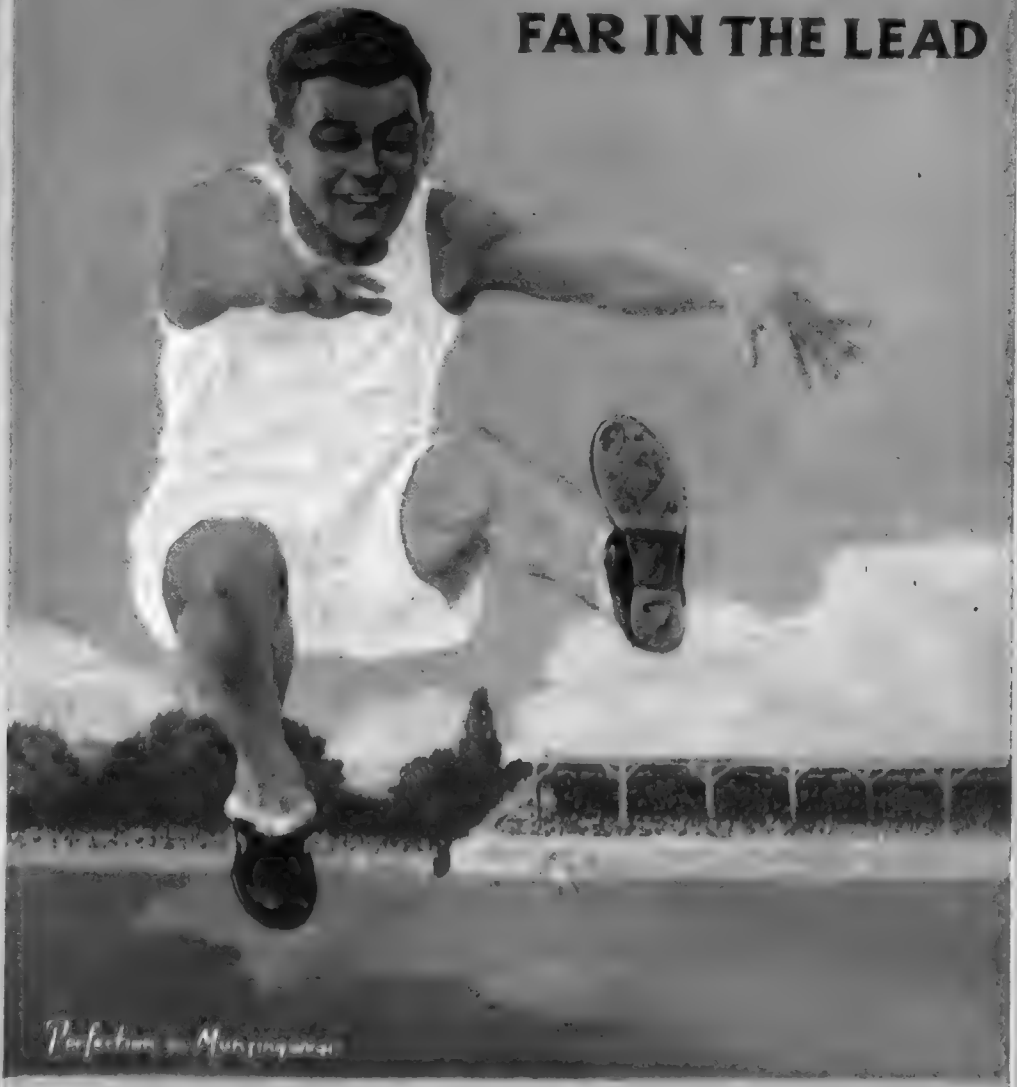

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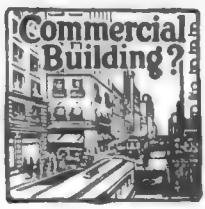

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The various Goodyear features—the On-Air cure, the No-Hook bead, the Rubber-Rivet construction, the Braided Piano-Wire base, the All-Weather tread and the like—are pointed directly to this end.

The effort of Goodyear workmen, the goodness of Goodyear materials, the methods of Goodyear manufacture are focused in the same direction.

How well these factors combine to the results desired, may be seen in the service being delivered by Goodyear Tires everywhere, every day.

How far this service surpasses that ordinarily given, may be seen in the fact that more Goodyear Tires are sold in America than any other brand.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

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AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Pleasure Cars

Names of Cars and Names and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically by name of car

Models	Cylinders	Touring Cars Passenger Cap.	Roadsters Passenger Cap.	Encl. Bodies No. of Styles	Wheel-Base	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Starting and Lighting Systems	Range of Prices F.o.b. Factory
"ABBOTT-DETROIT," Abbott Corp., Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	7	2-4	2	122	FF	32x4	Vac.	Remy	$1195 to $1820
"ALLEN," Allen Motor Co., Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	5	4	2	112	FF	33x4½ 32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Westinghouse	895 to 1195
"ALTER," Alter Motor Car Co., Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	5			106-114	SF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.	Allis-Chalmers	675 to 850
"AMERICAN SIX," American Motors Corp., Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	5			123	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Gray & Davis	1285
"ANDERSON," Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.	2	6	5-6	4		120	FF	33x4 34x4	Grav.	Westinghouse	1295
"APPERSON ROADAPLANE," Apperson Bros. Auto Co., Kokomo, Ind.	3	6-8	5-7	4	2	130	FF ¾F	35x4½ 34x4	Vac.	Bijur Delco	1790 to 2000
"AUBURN," Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Ind.	2	6	5-7	2-4	3	120-131	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Remy	1145 to 1785
"AUSTIN-THE HIGHWAY KING," Austin Automobile Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.	3	6-12	5-6-7	2-4	3	142	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Delco	3400 to 5250
"BELL," Bell Motor Car Co., York, Pa.	1	4	5	4		112	FF	31x4	Vac.	Dyneto	875
"BEN-HUR," Ben-Hur Motor Co., Cleveland, Ohio.	1	6	5-7	4	1	126	FF	34x5½	Vac.	Westinghouse	1875 to 2750
"BIDDLE," Biddle Motor Car Co., Phila., Pa.	1	4	4-5	2-4	3	121	¾F	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Gray & Davis	2285 to 3900
"BIMEL," Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.	2	4-6	5	2		102-116	FF	30x3½ 32x4	Grav. Vac.	Disco Westinghouse	615 to 1150
"BIRCH" Birch Motor Cars, Chicago, Ill.	2	4	5	2		104-110	¾F FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Grav.	Allis-Chalmers	625 to 775
"BOUR-DAVIS," Bour-Davis Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	2	6	5			118	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Remy	1250 to 1600
"BREWSTER," Brewster & Co., N. Y. C.	1	4	4	2	9	125	FF	34x4½	Vac.	U S L	6700 to 8300
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich.	2	4-8	5	2-4		105-114	FF	30x3½ 31x4 31x4	Grav.	Splitdorf-Apple Apple-Remy	725 to 1025
"BUICK," Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	5-7	2	2	106-115-124	¾F FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Delco	660 to 1835
"BUSH," Bush Motor Co., Chicago, Ill.	1	4	5			114	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Delco	765
"CADILLAC," Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	8	4-7	2-4	7	125-132	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Pres.	Cadillac- Delco	2240 to 3910
"CASE," J. I. Case, T. M. Co., Racine, Wis.	1	4	7	4		120	¾F	34x4	Grav.	Auto Lite	1190
"C-B," Carter Brothers Co., Hyattsville, Md.	3	4-6-8	4-5	2	1	108-110	SF	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Westinghouse Gray & Davis	700 to 1000
"CHALMERS," Chalmers Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	2	6	5-7	2	4	115-122	SF	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	1250 to 2550
"CHANDLER," Chandler Motor Car Co., Cleveland, O.	1	6	7	4	3	123	FF	34x4 34x4	Vac.	Gray & Davis	1395 to 2695
"CHARTER OAK" The Eastern Motors, Inc., New Britain, Conn.	1	6	4-6	3		135	FF	35x5 30x3	Vac.	Westinghouse	4000
"CHEVROLET," Chevrolet Motor Co., N. Y. C.	3	4-8	5	2-4		102-108-120	¾F	30x3½ 33x4	Grav. Vac.	Auto Lite	550 to 1385
"COEY FLYER," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill.	1	4	5	2		106	SF	30x3½	Grav.		695
"COLE 8," Cole Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	7	4	2	127	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1795 to 2495
"COLUMBIA," Columbia Motors Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	6	5			115	SF	32x4	Vac.	Ward-Leonard	1250
"COMET," Comet Automobile Co., Decatur, Ill.	1	6	5	4		125	FF	33x4	Vac.	Dyneto	1285
"CRAWFORD," Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	5	2-4	1	120	SF	34x4	Vac.	Westinghouse	1750 to 2250
"CROW ELKHART," Crow Elkhart Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	5	3		114	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Dyneto	795 and 845
"CROWTHER-DURYEA," Crowther Motors Corp'n, Rochester, N. Y.	2	4	5	4		112		32x3½	Grav.	Dyneto	650
"CUNNINGHAM," James Cunningham Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.	2	8	5-7	2-3-4		132-142	FF	37x5	Vac.	Westinghouse	4000 to 7500
"DANIELS 8," Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.	1	8	5-7	2-4	10	127	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	2800 to 4500
"DAVIS," Geo. W. Davis, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	7	5	1	120-124	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Delco	1295 to 1795
"DETROITER," Detroiter Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	6	5	3-4	2	119	SF	33x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1250 to 1550
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	7	2	1	120	New	36x3½	Vac.	Dispatch-U S L	1135 to 1400
"DIXIE FLYER," Dixie Motor Car Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.	1	4	5	4	1	112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	845 to 1275
"DOBLE," General Engineering Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	Steam	4-7	3	2	135	¾F	33x5	Pres.	Delco (ltg.)	2500
"DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR," Dodge Brothers, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	5	2	2	114	FF	32x3½	Vac.	North East	835 to 1265
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	7		3	128	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	2475 to 3675
"DORT," Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.	1	4	5	3	2	105	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Westinghouse	695 to 1065
"DREXEL," Drexel Motor Car Corp., Chicago, Ill.	2	4	5-7	4		112-118	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Bijur	985 to 1650
"DRUMMOND," The Douglas Motors Corp'n, Omaha, Nebr.	1	8	5	3-4		120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Westinghouse	1600
"DUNN," Dunn Motor Works, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4		2		84		28x2½	Grav.		295
"EAGLE," Eagle-Macomber Motor Car Co., Sandusky, O.	1	5		2-3		108	¾F	31x4	Grav.	Allis-Chalmers	700
"ELCAR," Elkhart Carriage & Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	5	2-4		115	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	845
"ELGIN," Elgin Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill.	1	6	5	4		116	FF	33x4	Vac.	Wagner	985
"EMPIRE," Empire Automobile Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6	5	2-4	1	115-120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1125 to 1625
"ENGEL," Engel Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, Ohio	1	8	5			134	FF	37x5	Grav.	Westinghouse	4295

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Names of Cars and Names and Addresses of the Manufacturers	Models	Cylinders	Touring Cars Passenger Cap.	Roadsters Passenger Cap.	Encl. Bodies No. of Styles	Wheel-Base	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Starting and Lighting Systems	Range of Prices
"ERIE," Erie Motor Car Co., Painesville, Ohio	1	4	5	2		118	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Dyneto	$ 795
"F. I. A. T.," Fiat, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	2	4-6	5-7	2	6	128-135	SF	35x4	Pres.	Bosch	4850 to $6300
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	4	5	2	3	100	SF	30x3	Grav.		345 to 645
"FRANKLIN," Franklin Automobile Co., Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	5	2-4	5	115	SF	30x3½ 32x4	Vac.	Dyneto	1900 to 3100
"GLIDE," Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill.	1	6	5	4	1	119	FF	34x4	Vac.	Westinghouse	1295 to 1450
"GRANT," Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, Ohio.	1	6	5	3	3	112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Wagner	875 to 1050
"HACKETT," Hackett Motor Car Co., Jackson, Mich.	1	4	5	4		112	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	888
"HAL TWELVE," HAL Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	7	2-4	4	135	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	2600 to 5000
"HARVARD," Harvard - Pioneer Motor Car Corp., Troy, N. Y.	1	4		2		100	SF	28x3	Grav.	Wagner	750
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y.	2	4	5	2		106-115	FF	31x4 32x4 34x4	Vac.	Dyneto Disco	875 and 950
"HAYNES," Haynes Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.	4	6-12	5-7	4	2	121-127	SF	34x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Leece Neville	1595 to 2890
"HOLLIER," Lewis Spring & Axle Co., Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	5	4		116	FF	32x3½ 34x4	Vac.	Allis-Chalmers Apco	985 to 1185
"HOMER-LAUGHLIN," Homer-Laughlin Engineers Corp., Los Angeles, Calif.	1	8		2		112		30x3½	Vac.	Disco	1050
"HUDSON SUPER-SIX," Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	6	7	4	6	125½	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1650 to 3025
"HUPMOBILE," Hupp Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich.	2	4	5-7	2	3	119-134	FF	34x4 35x4½	Grav.	Westinghouse	1285 to 1735
"INTERSTATE," Interstate Motor Co., Muncie, Ind.	1	4	5	2-4	1	110	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Remy	850 to 1325
"JACKSON," Jackson Automobile Co., Jackson, Mich.	1	8	5	2-4	1	118	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1395 to 2095
"JEFFERY," Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wisconsin	2	4-6	7	2	1	116-125	SF	34x4	Vac.	Jeffery-Bijur	1095 to 1630
"JONES," Jones Motor Car Co., Wichita, Kansas	1	6	7	4	1	125	FF	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1475
"JORDAN," Jordan Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	4-7	2	3	127	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Bijur	1795 to 3000
"KENT" Kent Motors Corporation, Belleville, New Jersey	1	4	5	4		116	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Bosch	985
"KING," King Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan	1	8	4-7	3	1	120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Bijur	1585 to 2150
"KISSEL KAR," Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis.	3	6-12	5-7	3-4	3	117-128	FF	32x4 34x4½	Vac.	Kissel-Remy Delco	1295 to 2650
"KLINE KAR," Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.	1	6	5	2-3-4		120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Westinghouse	1275 to 1295
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind.	2	4-6	5			112	SF	33x4 34x3½	Vac. Grav.	Remy	895 and 985
"LAUREL," Laurel Motor Car Co., Richmond, Ind.	1	4	5-7	4		112	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Disco	895
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass.	1	6	5-7	3		130	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Bijur	2000 to 2650
"LEXINGTON," The Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind.	2	6	5-7	4	2	116-144	FF	32x4 36x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	1285 to 2875
"LIBERTY," Liberty Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	6	5	4	2	115	SF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1195 to 2450
"LOCOMOBILE," Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	4-6-7		3	139-142	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Pres.	Westinghouse	5000 to 7400
"LOZIER," Lozier Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	5-7	2	1	120-132	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Gray & Davis	1695 to 4650
"LUVERNE," Luverne Automobile Co., Luverne, Minn.	1	6	7	4		130	SF	36x4½	Vac.	Bosch	1500
"McFARLAN SIX," McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind.	1	6	5-6-7	2-4	8	136	FF	35x5	Vac.	Westinghouse	3500 to 5300
"MADISON," Madison Motors Co., Anderson, Ind.	5	6	5-7	4		115-120-124	FF	34x4	Vac.	Remy	1285 to 1375
"MAIBOHM," Maibohm Motors Co., Racine, Wis.	1	4		2		105	¾F	30x3½	Grav.	Disco	795
"MARION-HANDLEY," Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich.	2	6	7	4		120-125	¾F	35x4½	Vac	Westinghouse	1350 to 1650
"MARMON 34," Nordyke & Marmon Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	5-7	3-4	8	136	¾F	34x4½ 30x3½	Grav.	Bosch	3050 to 5800
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	4	5	2	3	103	¾F	31x4 32x4	Grav.	Simms-Huff	665 to 985
"MERCER," Mercer Automobile Co., Trenton, N. J.	2	4	4-6	2	2	115-132	FF	34x4½	Vac.	U S L	3250 to 5000
"METZ," Metz Co., Waltham, Mass.	1	4	5	2		108	solid	32x3½	Grav.	Westinghouse	650 to 695
"MITCHELL," Mitchell Motors Co., Inc., Racine, Wis.	2	6	5-7	2-3-4	4	120-127	¾F FF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Westinghouse Splitdorf Wagner Generator	1150 to 2785
"MOLINE KNIGHT," Moline Automobile Co., E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	5-7	2-4	2	118-122	¾F	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite Start	1495 to 2490
"MONARCH," Monarch Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125					1500
"MONITOR," Monitor Motor Car Co., Columbus, Ohio	2	4-6	5	4	2	110-117	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Heinze	895 to 1095
"MONROE," Monroe Motor Co., Pontiac, Mich.	2	4	5	2		96-115	¾F	30x3 32x4	Grav. Vac.	Auto Lite	565 and 1095
"MOON," Moon Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.	2	6	5-7	4	5	118-125	SF	33x4 35x4½	Vac.	Delco-Moon	1395 to 2350
"MOORE 30," Moore Motor Vehicle Co., Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	5			106	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Disco	550
"MORSE," Morse Cyclecar Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2		2-3		105		28-3	Grav.		300 and 350
"MURRAY," Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburg, Pa.	1	8	7	2		128	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse	2000 to 2500
"NATIONAL," National Motor Car and Vehicle Corp'n, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6-12	7	4	2	128	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Westinghouse Bijur	1850 to 2900
"NEW ERA," New Era Engineering Co., Joliet, Ill.	1	4	5			104	¾F	30x3½ 32x4	Grav.	Allis-Chalmers	685
"OAKLAND," Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.	2	6-8	5-7	2		112-127	FF	34x4½ 33x4	Vac.	Delco	875 to 1585
"OLDSMOBILE," Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.	2	6-8	5-7	2-4	3	112-120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Delco	1095 to 2575
"OVERLAND," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio	3	4-6	5	2-3-4	2	104-106-112-116	¾F	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	680 to 1585
"OWEN MAGNETIC," The Baker R. & L. Co., Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	5-7	4	5	125-136	FF	34x4½ 35x5	Vac.	Owen Magnetic	3300 to 5200
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	2	12	5-7	2-3	12	126-135	FF	35x5	Pres.	Packard Bijur	3050 to 6150

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Jackson

NO HILL TOO STEEP
NO SAND TOO DEEP

First Valve-in-the-Head Eight—$1395 f. o. b. factory

Here is a surprising fact—

With cylinders 3 x 3½ inches, the Jackson V-type Eight-Cylinder motor develops *more power* per cubic inch of piston displacement, or more power per pound of weight, than any other motor.

It is the first motor of its type to use overhead valves without cages.

When you know this you begin to understand the reason for Jackson power, Jackson flexibility and Jackson speed. It will fairly "creep" on high gear, or do better than a mile a minute.

Owners are averaging 17.7 miles to the gallon of fuel. You get everything—speed, strength, ease of riding, economy and beauty in the Jackson.

The Jackson dealer will be glad to show you this model. Write for name of nearest dealer and latest catalogue.

Five Body Styles, All Moderately Priced

Five-Passenger Touring Car, Two-Passenger Roadster, Four-Passenger Cruiser, including five wire wheels, Five-Passenger Sedan (Demountable Top) including regular top, and Seven-Passenger Springfield Sedan.

Jackson Automobile Co.

1356 East Main Street, Jackson, Michigan

Wolverine Eight, Four-Passenger Cruiser, $1495

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"PAIGE," Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	3	6	5-7	3-4	4	117-124-127	F¾	32x4 35x4½	Grav. Vac.	Gray & Davis	$1175 to $2750
"PARTIN-PALMER," Commonwealth Motors Co., Chicago, Ill.	3	4	5	2		96-110-112	FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.	Disco	745 to 885
"PATERSON," W. A. Paterson Co., Flint, Mich.	1	6	5-7	4		117	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1165 to 1195
"PATHFINDER," The Pathfinder Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	7	4		135	FF	35x5	Grav.	Delco	3250
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio.	1	8	7	4	3	125	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	2090 to 3590
"PHIANNA," Phianna Motors Co., Newark, N. J.	1	4	5		2	125	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ward-Leonard	5000 to 6000
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	4-5-7	2-3	20	134 142-147½	SF	37x5 37x5½ 38x5 38x5½	Pres.	Pierce-Arrow-Westinghouse	4800 to 8000
"PILLIOD," Pilliod Motor Co., Toledo, O.	1	4	5	2		120	FF	34x4	Vac.	Auto Lite	1650
"PILOT," Pilot Motor Car Co., Richmond, Ind.	1	6	5	4		119	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1200
"PREMIER," Premier Motor Corp., Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	7	4	3	125½	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Delco	1985 to 3150
"PRINCESS," Princess Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich.	1	4	5	3-4		108	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Disco	825
"PULLMAN," Pullman Motor Car Co., York, Pa.	1	4	5	2-4	1	114	FF	31x4	Vac.	Dyneto	860 to 1400
"REGAL," Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	4	5			108	FF	30x3½	Vac.		745
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.	2	4-6	5-7	3-4	2	115-126	SF FF	34x4 34x4½	Grav. Vac.	Remy	875 to 1750
"RICHARD," RiChard Auto Mfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.	1	4	9			137	FF	34x6	Vac.	Westinghouse	7500
"ROAMER," Barley Motor Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.	1	6	4	4	2	126	FF	34x4	Vac.	Bijur	1850 to 2950
"ROSS 8," Ross Auto Co., Detroit, Mich.	1	8	7	3		130	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Ward-Leonard	1750
"SAXON," Saxon Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	5	2-4	1	96-112	SF	30-3 32x3½	Grav.	Wagner	495 to 1250
"SCRIPPS-BOOTH," Scripps-Booth Corporation. Detroit, Mich.	2	4-8		3-4	2	112-120	¼F	30x3½ 32x4	Vac.	Remy Wagner	935 to 2575
"SENECA" The Seneca Motor Car Co., Fostoria, Ohio.	1	4	5	3-4		108	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Allis-Chalmers	735
"SIMPLEX," Crane Model Simplex Auto Co., New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	7		2	143½	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Pres.	Bosch	Chassis 7000
"SINGER," Singer Motor Car Co., N. Y. C., N. Y.	1	6	4-5-6-7	2-3-4	5	138	FF	35x5	Vac.	Westinghouse	3800 to 5300
"STANDARD," Standard Steel Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	7	4	2	121-127	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Splitdorf	1950 to 3500
"STANLEY STEAM CAR," Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass.	1	Steam	5-7	3		130	SF	34x4½	Pres.	Apico (ltg.)	2200 to 2300
"STATES," States Motor Car Mfg. Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.	1	4	5			112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Dyneto	845
"STEARNS," F. B. Stearns Co., Cleveland, Ohio	2	4-8	5-7	3-4	6	119-123	SF	34x4 35x4½	Grav. Vac.	Westinghouse	1495 to 3600
"STEPHENS SIX," Stephens Motor Branch of Moline Plow Co., Freeport, Ill.	1	6	5	3		115	FF	32x4	Vac.	Delco	1225
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp., Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	7	2	8	112-122	FF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Studebaker-Wagner	985 to 2600
"STUTZ," Stutz Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	4	4		2-4-6		120-130	¼F	34x4½	Pres.	Remy	2375 and 2550
"SUN," Sun Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	5-7	4	1	116	FF	34x4	Vac.	Remy	1095 to 1295
"THOMAS," E. R. Thomas Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.	1	6	5-7	2	2	134	FF	37x5	Vac.	Leece-Neville	4000 to 5000
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corpn., Moline, Ill.	2	6	5-7	2-4	4	115-124	SF	32x4 35x4½	Vac.	Remy	1165 to 2200
"WACO," Western Automobile Co., Seattle, Wash.	1	4	5			112	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Disco.	950
"WESTCOTT," Westcott Motor Car Co., Springfield, Ohio.	1	6	5-7	4	2	125	SF	34x4 35x4½ 33x4½	Vac.	Delco	1590 to 2190
"WHITE," White Motor Co., Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	7	4	5	124½-137½	SF	34x4½ 37x5	Vac.	Leece-Neville	4600 up
"WILLYS," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio	1	6	7			125	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	1425
"WILLYS KNIGHT," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio	2	4-8	7		3	121-125	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Auto Lite	1395 to 1950
"WINTON SIX," Winton Co , Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	5-6-7	2-3-4	10	128-138	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Vac.	Bijur	2685 to 4750
"WONDER" Wonder Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill.	1	4	5			126	FF	34x4	Grav.		900
"WOODS," Woods Mobilette Co., Chicago, Ill.	1	4		2		104	FF	28x3	Grav.		380

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive.	1½ to 5	On application
"ACME," Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	$1575 to $3000
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2500 and 3400
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1000 to 1500 lbs.	750
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1875 to 3375
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1650
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1700 to 4400
"AVERY," Avery Company, Peoria, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	2 to 5	2700 to 4500
"BECK," Beck & Sons, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	$1080 to $2000
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1250 to 4000
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis, including Cab.	1 and 2½	995 to 2250
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	¾	725 and 750
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3200
"BURFORD," Burford Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	3 and 4	2250 to 3600

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	Capacity Tons	Prices
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	$1500 to $3300
"COEY," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	695
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	900 and 995
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models. 6 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive.	¾ and 1	1075 to 1390
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1450 to 3850
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5200 to 6000
"CRANE & BREED," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"CROWTHER - DURYEA," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1 model. Complete. Roller drive.	½	600
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 3½	1200 to 3200
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Co., Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	875 to 2250
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models, 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal gear drive.	1 to 3	1275 to 2150
"DENMO," The Denneen Motor Co., Cleveland, O., 1 model. Chassis only. Internal gear drive.	1¼	1385
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1550 to 4300
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain drive.	¾	1100 to 1200
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2	2185
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	3600
"ELLSWORTH," Mills - Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	¾	695 and 720
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	1490
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 4000
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive.	3	4000
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models, Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	900 to 2400
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Building.	1 to 10	1750 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	On application
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Mo., 4 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1375 to 3185
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1150 to 4150
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 5	2000 to 3600
"HARLEY - DAVIDSON," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 3 models. Cycle delivery.	300 lbs.	310 to 380
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2500 to 4000
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	765 to 820
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1500
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HEWITT - LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	$1800 to $4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1190
"HORNER," Detroit - Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich. 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4350
"HOUGHTON," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1585 to 1650
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1½ to 7	2350 to 5500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Co., Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1385 to 3500
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ and 1	1225 and 1500
"JEFFERY," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Bevel and Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 2	1465 to 2850
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2250 to 4600
"KING," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	2600
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1085 to 3750
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2250 to 4500
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	995
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"KREBS," Krebs Commercial Car Co., Clyde, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1025 to 4200
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind., 5 models. Also tractors. Chain drive.	½ to 2	900 to 2200
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	1 to 5	1550 to 4350
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2550
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1600 to 3300
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 2	925 to 2600
"LITTLE GIANT," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 7 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 5	1400 to 4250
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2250 to 4300
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2250 to 4800
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	2750 and 3500
"M. H. C.," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1425 to 3275
"MERCURY," Mercury Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill., tractor. 4 models.		1350 to 5000
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"MOELLER," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	950 and 1650

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	Capacity Tons	Prices
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	$1290 to $4250
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	2350 to 4250
"NILES," Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NORTHWESTERN," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2150
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	825
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2325 to 4800
"PARAGAN" Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 6	3000 to 5000
"PIERCE - ARROW," Pierce - Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3300 to 5000
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N.Y. City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½	875
"RELIANCE," Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1000 and 1650
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 5 models. ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	795 to 2675
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	3900 to 4050
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	735
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1150 to 3250
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1290 to 2100
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 3	2650 to 3200
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	985 to 3150
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1425 to 4150
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1700 to 4000
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2300 to 3700
"STANLEY," Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass., 2 models, steam power. Bodies extra.	¾ to 1½	1775 to 2200
"STEGEMAN," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 7	2600 to 5000
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2800 to 5250
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	795 to 1975
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, Detroit, Mich., 2 models. With and without bodies. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	885 and 1200
"SUPERIOR," E. G. Willingham's Sons, Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1350 and 1800
"THOMAS," Thomas Auto Truck Co., Inc., New York City, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 3½	2600 to 3250
"TON A FORD" (Extension Chassis), Ton A Ford Truck Co., Racine, Wis. Ford chassis and motor. Bodies extra.	1	585
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 3	1150 to 2500
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 3 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	$1500 and $1600
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2250 to 3900
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2500 to 4400
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 3	2000 to 3400
"VEERAC," Veerac Company, Minneapolis, Minn., 3 models, 2 cylinders. Complete. Chain drive.	¾ and 1	950 to 1150
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corpn., Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2350 and 3350
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 5	1650 to 3250
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 12 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½	715 to 1405
"VOLTZ," Volts Brothers, Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	3 and 5	2750 and 3600
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and front wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4500 to 4750
"WARE," Twin City Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 3 models. Complete.	1-3-5	2800 to 4800
"WATSON," Watson Wagon Co., Canastota, N. Y. Tractor and trailer.	5	On application
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5000
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 8 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 3850
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	On application
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	1650 to 4500
"WONDER," Wonder Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 3 bodies (truck and pleasure).	1	800 to 850

Electric Commercial Vehicles

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ATLANTIC," Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co., Newark, N. J., 4 models. With or without bodies. Chain drive.	1 to 5	On application
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Vehicle Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 2 models. Shaft drive.	150 and 2000 lbs.	$1185 and $2000
"C. T.," Commercial Truck Co. of America, Phila., Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Gear drive.	½ to 5	1600 to 3800
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 2 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete.	3½ and 5	4800 and 5500
"FRITCHLE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 1 model. Complete.	¾	2000
"G. V.," General Vehicle Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	½ to 5	1700 to 3700
"LANSDEN," Lansden Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Direct drive.	½ to 6	1450 to 3500
"MERCURY," The Mercury Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models.	Tractor	1274 to 4435
"WALKER," Walker Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 6 models. Chassis only. Tractors up to 10 tons. Balance drive.	½ to 5	On application
"WARD," Ward Motor Vehicle Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm and Helical Bevel drive.	½ to 5	760 up

Electric Pleasure Cars

	Prices
"BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 2 models, 3 bodies, W. B. 90 in. and 103 in.	$1285 to $3000
"DETROIT," The Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 chassis, 6 bodies, W. B. 100 in.	1775 to 2375
"FRITCHLE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 2 models, 4 bodies (R. etc.), W. B. 96 in. and 104 in.	2400 to 3200
"HUPP - YEATS," Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (2 coupés), W. B. 86 and 100 in.	1500 and 1750
"MILBURN," Milburn Wagon Co., Toledo, Ohio, 1 model, 3 bodies. W. B. 105 in.	1285 to 1995
"OHIO," The Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, 3 models, 3 bodies.	2380 to 3250
"RAUCH & LANG," Baker R. & L. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies W. B. 92 in. & 102 in.	2800 to 3000
"WOODS DUAL POWER," Woods Motor Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 1 body. Combination electric and gas. W. B. 110 in.	2650

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Every year we kill enough workers in this country to fill up fifteen regiments. "In the Trenches of Labor" is a plea for the most important element in war—human labor. Miss Erskine's article in the April EVERYBODY'S, on the hiring and firing problem, attracted wide attention in the business world, fifty thousand reprints having been distributed by the United States Chamber of Commerce alone. Her plea for thirty-five million soldiers of the machine is written from the same constructive viewpoint. Miss Erskine works in collaboration with Treadwell Cleveland, Jr.

The July EVERYBODY'S

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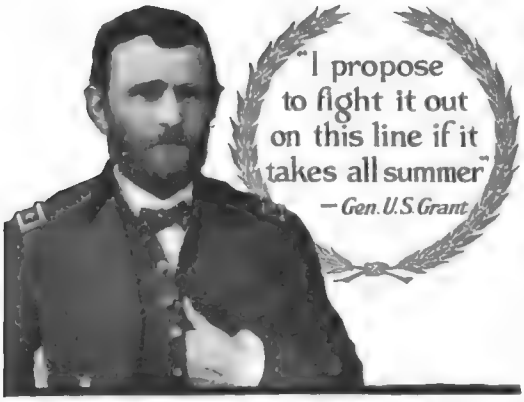

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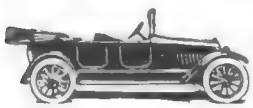

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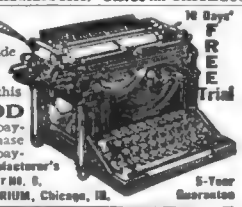

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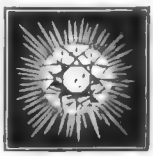

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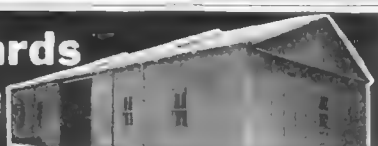

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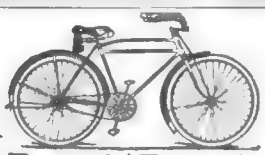

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on this beautiful Downey residence in Chicago is of the pattern known as the Imperial Spanish. (See detail more clearly shown in border of advertisement.) By its use the architect has skillfully added to the beauty and character of the building. A Tile Roof is absolutely leak-proof—takes up no moisture on the under side to cause decay and lasts forever. It's the only roof which is absolutely fireproof.

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Rich moss-greens, tile-reds or dark grays that look like velvet, wear like the wood itself and thoroughly preserve the shingles.

This combination is much cheaper than paint, in both material and labor, and it has so much more character and so much finer texture that the artistic effect is beyond comparison.

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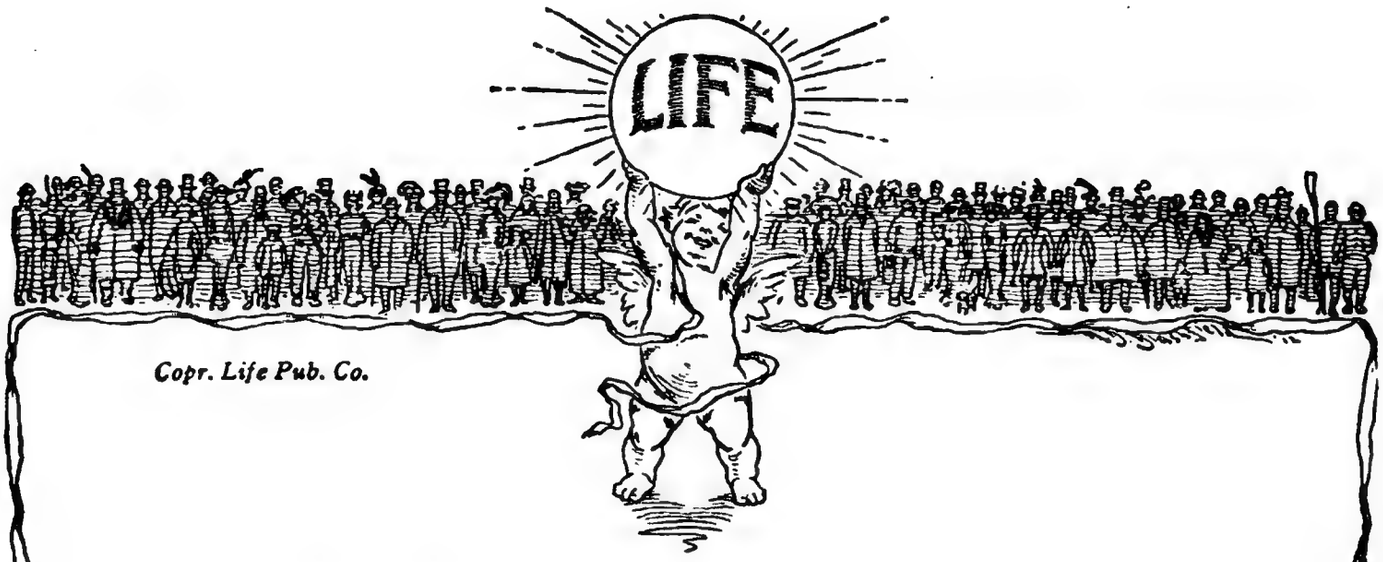

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RANGELEY MAINE

One of Maine's finest inland resort hotels. In the Rangeley region. Fine auto roads. Trout & salmon fishing. No black flies or mosquitos. Golf and all sports on our land. Spring water. Cuisine unexcelled. Steamboat trip across 5 lakes to White Mountains starts at our wharf. Open June first.

Where-to-go forms for July close June 1

NOVA SCOTIA

Open Air Life in

NOVA SCOTIA

Attractive Log Cabin and Bungalow Life, Comfortable Hotels and Club Houses on the edge of the wilderness. Moderate prices.

Wonderful blue-green bays and silvery lakes, abounding with salmon, trout, gaspereaux, and deep-sea fish.

IT'S REAL VACATION

with canoe, rod, and camera

Only a Day's journey from New York and Overnight from Boston

"Yarmouth Line" steamers connect with

Dominion Atlantic Railway

Write for particulars on **Tour No. 104**

R. U. Parker, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Halifax, Nova Scotia

LOUR LODGE and cottages, Digby, N. S.
Free from flies, mosquitos and hay fever. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing. Garage. Write for booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PILGRIM
PLYMOUTH, MASS.
Offers superior accommodations at rates which are high enough to insure the best in service and cuisine. Golf course adjoining hotel grounds. Open June 15th. to September 15th.

HOTEL BUCKMINSTER
645 BEACON STREET.
Boston's largest, family hotel, beautifully appointed. Choice suites of any size for motor parties at reduced rates from June 1st. to October. Private garage. Both hotels management of P. F Brine.

WILLIAMSTOWN MASS.

Golf. Tennis Swimming pool. **Hotel Greylock** New garage. Capacity seventy cars. Williamstown, Mass. *"The Village Beautiful"*
Write Henry N. Teague for Booklet & Rates

WHITE MOUNTAINS N. H.

Heart of the White Mts. **FABYAN HOUSE** Starting point of famous cog
FABYAN'S, N. H.
railway to summit of Mount Washington. Wonderful scenic features. Excellent cuisine. Genteel clientele. All amusements for patrons of all ages.

ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

MOHAWK *& Cottages* 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, running water every room. Garage. C. M. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

BELLPORT, L. I., N. Y.

Goldthwaite Inn, on Great South Bay. Cool, comfortable, charming; sailing, bathing, tennis, golf. Table supplied from own farm. Circular. **Bellport, L. I.**

SEATTLE WASH.

HOTEL BUTLER Large airy rooms. Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c Rooms $1 00 up; with bath $2 00 up Home comforts to the traveler A CHESHIRE MITCHELL Mgr.

OCONOMOWOC WIS.

Home for the aged. A limited number of cases. Childishness or old ladies and gentleman of good family find a suitable cheerful home and excellent attention at **Waldheim Park** Oconomowoc, Wis. For particulars address Miss Mary L. Bird, Matron.

WHERE-TO-GO combines the best in advertising with the best in service. Thousands come to us for travel advice. The kind we give, with recommendations for the right hotels, transportation lines and resorts, is absolutely reliable. Write WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Boston, for our advice and rates.

BROOKSIDE W. VA.

BROOKSIDE INN AND COTTAGES
On the top of the Allegheny Mountains. Altitude 2,500 feet. The most ideal mountain resort in America. 10 miles from Oakland, Md., on the B. & O. R. R. 18 years under same management. Apply for booklet. E. J. Kirkpatrick, R F D., Oakland, Md.

SWEET SPRINGS WEST VA.

For Safety, Comfort, and Pleasure

Old Sweet Springs Elevation 2300ft. One of the best known and most popular resorts in the Alleghenies. Table unsurpassed, polite and efficient service. Golf, Tennis, Motoring, Horseback riding, Dancing. Large swimming pools and mineral water baths. Under new management; write for booklet. George O. Taylor, Mgr., Sweet Springs, Monroe County, W. Va.

CANADA

BANFF

in the

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Walk, Climb, Ride in the Saddle over the high mountain trails; Drive or Coach through glorious days in the heart of

America's "Fifty Switzerlands."

Warm sulphur pools for bathing. Good Fishing. Excellent Golfing. Your Home in the magnificently appointed

Banff Springs Hotel

An important link in the World's Greatest Highway. Offers gay social diversion, music, promenades, dancing. Liberal stop-over privileges.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Write for information, Tour No. 207

F. R. Perry, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.
1231 Broadway,
New York City.

BAY VIEW MICHIGAN

The MAGNET of the NORTH BAY VIEW HOUSE-BAY VIEW, MICH. Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Boating, Bathing. Pure Air & Water. Good Food & Beds. Modern. Open June 1st. Rates reasonable.

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WHERE-TO-GO
— CONCLUDED —

New England Vacations

Seashore, Mountains, Woods, Lakes, Islands

Famous hotels, delightful smaller places.

Wonderful Summer Playgrounds

Send for booklets on White Mountains, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Marthas Vineyard, Nantucket, Narragansett Bay, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert, Bar Harbor, and the ocean coast of five states.

Address Vacation Bureau, 171 Broadway, Room 107, New York

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. — Boston & Maine R. R. — Maine Central R. R.

The New York New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co.

Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard

Vacation Isles of Delight. Golf, fishing, sailing, warm sea-bathing

For booklets write Advertising Dept., Room 450, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., New Haven, Conn.

NANTASKET BEACH MASSACHUSETTS

THE ATLANTIC HOUSE
NANTASKET BEACH
MASS.

Located on ATLANTIC HILL 100 ft. above the sea, overlooking one of MASSACHUSETTS BAY'S finest beaches. Unexcelled bathing facilities.

Adapted to the needs of those who desire seashore refreshment, not too far from the city's activity.

Desirable cottages to let for housekeeping. Meals may be taken at the hotel whose cuisine is famous.

AWAY FROM ALL FORTIFICATIONS
Outside the field of attraction for land or sea demonstrations. Within 20 miles of Boston's food supply.

Booklets and rates at Hotel Thorndike, Boston
BOX 21 LINFIELD DAMON, Manager

WHITE MTS. N. H.

IN THE HEART OF THE WHITE HILLS
FOREST HILLS HOTEL Franconia, N.H.
Most beautiful location in White Mts. Golf, Tennis, Fine Roads. Altitude 1250 ft. Modern Hotel & Cottages. Enlarged & greatly improved in 1916-17. Strictly high grade. Season, June to October.
Booklet & Rates on application. A.W. Chaffee.

MAINE

York Camps
Loon Lake, Me.
The famous Rangeley region. Elvn. 2,500 ft. On high forest land facing 2 mile lake. With private cabins, bath. Fishing. Golf near by. Garage.

OUANANICHE LODGE & CAMPS
Famous salmon fly-fishing. Grand Lake opens early. The 8 mile stream opens June 1st. All comforts. Booklet. W. G. Rose, Grand Lake Stream, Me.

MAINE

Squaw Mt. Inn. Modern, restful, on Moosehead Lake. Fishing. Boating. Bathing. Tennis. Hunting in season. Special rates, families & parties. A. A. Crafts, Greenville Jct. Me.

Ocean House, YORK BEACH, ME. Leading hotel, accom. 200. Private baths Orches. Golf, tennis, bathing, fishing. Book'l't. W. Simpson

For rates and details write WHERE-TO-GO 8 Beacon St., Boston.

MAINE

MOUNTAINVIEW HOTEL & COTTAGES. At water's edge. Rangeley Lake. Best fishing Outdoor sports. Modern conveniences. Good roads. Garage Famous table. Booklet. L. G. Bowley, Mountainview, Me

These ads. in 2,000,000 magazines each month, get results.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOTEL EASTMAN, North Conway N.H. In famous White Mts. All comforts. Fine roads. Golf. Write H. H. Eastman.

THE GRAND, Mont Vernon, N. H. Grand location overlooking 4 states. Orchestra Modern hotel. Golf Booklet.

THE MONADNOCK
Colebrook, N.H. Modern. Best of everything Village in White Mts. Fine roads. Trout fishing.

Forms for July will close June 1st.

MASSACHUSETTS

BRANT ROCK HOUSE
Brant Rock, Mass. May to Nov. 100 rooms On Mass. Bay. Fine beach. Ask for illus. booklet.

PILGRIM HOUSE
Provincetown, Mass. Excellent table. Rooms with or without bath.

RHODE ISLAND

Cold Spring House, Wickford, R. I. Near Narra. Pier. Tennis, bathing; home table. Booklet. Carpenter & Wright.

BEFORE YOU BUY A CAR

turn to the Automobile Directory on pages 44 to 51 of this issue and learn the names and specifications of ALL cars. The Automobile Directory in *Everybody's* each month is complete, up to date and reliable.
Catalogues, detailed specifications or other information about any car or cars will be supplied without charge on request to

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY DEPARTMENT, *Everybody's Magazine*, NEW YORK CITY

ALADDIN READI-CUT **Houses**
Eliminate Waste
Save Money
Get Catalog 130 The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.

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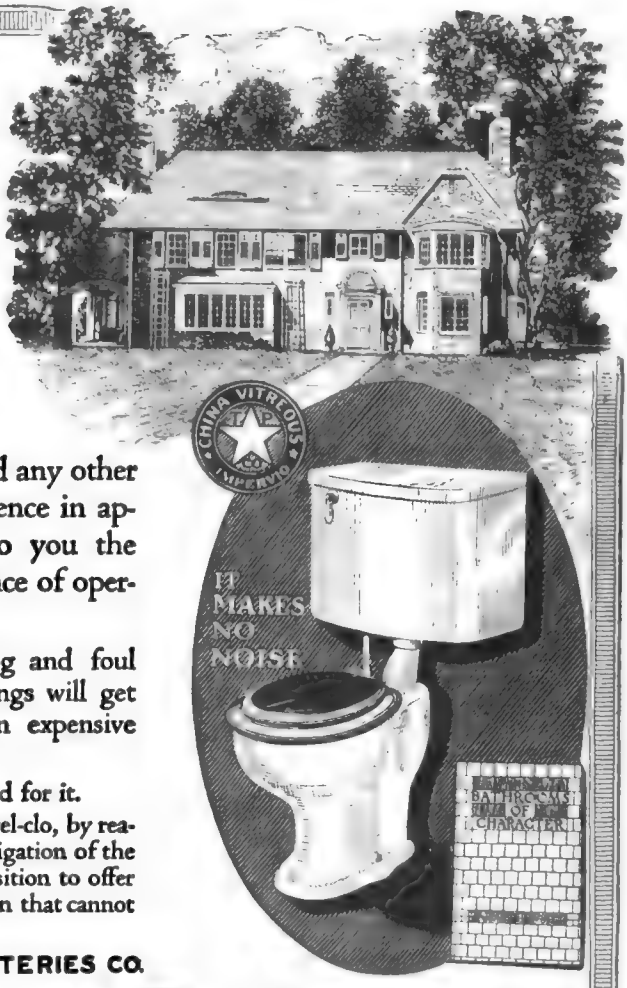
In Your Home

The Silent Si-wel-clo



Place the Silent Si-wel-clo and any other closet side by side—the difference in appearance does not disclose to you the mechanical superiority or silence of operation of one over the other.

You cannot tell which will clog and foul under use or which set of fittings will get out of order first and make an expensive plumbing job.

You will have to take *somebody's* word for it.

The manufacturers of the Silent Si-wel-clo, by reason of years of experience and investigation of the merits of different closets, are in a position to offer you expert advice in closet installation that cannot be disputed.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.

SI-WEL-CLO

SILENT CLOSET

Write for "Bathrooms of Character." You will find it instructive in planning your bathrooms. Ask for Booklet P-10.

incorporates the good, mechanical features a water closet should have and adds that of extraordinary quiet operation. One is just as important to the home owner as the other. Why disturb the feeling of security from embarrassing noises by maintaining or installing an old-time, noisy closet?

The Silent Si-wel-clo is your protection against dissatisfaction. The name is stamped upon it so you cannot be deceived. In fact, it will pay you to see that the "Star Within the Circle" trade-mark appears on all your plumbing fixtures.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF ALL-CLAY PLUMBING FIXTURES

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"The Best Thing I Ever Did Was to Send a Coupon Like This!"

"I KNEW that accidents were a greater danger than the old smallpox or yellow fever. I knew that twice as many people are hurt at home as on street cars—that four times as many are hurt at home as on railroad trains—and when I saw that 3 cents a day would save me and my family—I sent that coupon. That's why my mind's at ease, even though that fall down the step-ladder did put me out of business."

3 cents a day saved him. Let it save you from worry and money loss—

ÆTNA-IZE

If you are in a "Preferred" occupation and under 50 years of age, 3 cents a day brings $1,250 to $3,250 in case of death by accident; $5 to $10 weekly income for life for disability, plus $1,000 to $3,000 for loss of two limbs or eyes, or the income plus $500 to $1,500 for loss of one hand, foot or eye; or $250 for death from any cause. You can make these amounts as much larger as you like by paying more than three cents daily.

Send this coupon now and find out. Don't wait until the accident comes. Don't wait until street car or cellar steps or slippery sidewalk puts you in bed. Remember one man in seven is killed or hurt each year. **Send the coupon now and be safe in time.**

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341 **HARTFORD, CONN.**

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time

EV. 6-17

Name.....

Occupation.....

Bus. Address.....

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.
Drawer 1341
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident □. Health □. Disability □. $250 Life Certificate □. My age is.....years. I am in good health.

Z

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Put Vim in Jaded Muscles

by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

As Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide as well as a liniment, it is effective for prophylactic and aseptic uses; it destroys the germs in cuts and sores; it may be diluted and used successfully as an antiseptic and germicide for the mouth and throat.

Farmers and mechanics will find Absorbine, Jr., especially valuable in taking care of the little injuries that are "part of the day's work," and in relieving soreness and strains.

Athletes will find it efficient for limbering sore, stiff muscles. A good formula for a rubdown is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr., to a quart of water or witch hazel.

Absorbine, Jr., will not destroy tissue—it is positively harmless. It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils—contains no acids or minerals.

Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk, in your traveling-bag, in your medicine-cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type.

$1.00 a Bottle
at druggists or postpaid

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of **10c** in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
121 Temple Street
Springfield Mass.

Die, Thou Villain!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a Pirate! ¶ Now his future lay before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weather-beaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jack-boots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main? ¶ Get back the glamour of that splendid joyousness of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and the grown folks that made Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of men and women and boys and girls in every civilized country on the face of the globe.

MARK TWAIN

Out of the generous West came Mark Twain, giving widely and freely to the world such laughter as men had never seen.

There seems to be no end to the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. **He did many things—stories, novels, travel, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe.** Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

The Centennial Half-Price Sale Must Close

Mark Twain wanted these books in the hands of all the people. He wanted us to make good-looking, substantial books, that every man could afford to own. So we made this set, and there has been a tremendous sale on it.

But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of paper, the price of ink, the price of cloth, would all go up. It is impossible to continue the long sale. It should have closed before this.

Because this is the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harper & Brothers, we have decided to continue this half-price sale while the present supply lasts. Get your set now while the price is low.

Send the coupon today before the present edition is all gone.

Harper & Brothers
1817-1917
Franklin Square
New York

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Sq., N. Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops, untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.

Everybody's 6-17

Name.....

Address.....

Original price 1/2 of 1 cent because of duty

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JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX
IN LIQUID FORM

WE are now making Johnson's Prepared Wax in Liquid form as well as paste—so that it may be more easily polished.

Have Your Piano, Victrola and Mahogany Furniture a Bluish, Cloudy Appearance?

An application of Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid will quickly and permanently remove it. It imparts a thin, protecting coat over varnish greatly prolonging its life and beauty.

Keep your dining room table bright and tempting with Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid. Hot dishes do not affect it. Splendid for Craftsman furniture of all kinds.

A Dust-Proof Automobile Polish

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid preserves and protects the finish of automobiles. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and cracking—sheds water and dust—and makes a "wash" last twice as long.

Easy and Quick

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid is very easy to use—but little rubbing is necessary to bring it to a beautiful, high polish. You can go over a good sized car or a roomful of furniture in half-an-hour.

Pints.....60c Half-pints.....35c
(East of the Rockies)

If your dealer cannot supply you with Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid we will prepay the express to any point in the United States east of the Rockies.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON Dept. EV6 RACINE, WISCONSIN

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A POWER WITH THE WOMEN OF THE NATIONS

There is one American magazine so world-wide in its appeal that six separate editions of it are issued monthly in five languages for Europe and the Americas. In each country *The Delineator* has a larger and more influential circulation than any similar magazine.

The international appeal of *The Delineator* is but an indication of its influence in America. In a million American homes *The Delineator* is welcomed as an intimate member of the family.

Butterick - *Publisher*

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Why Experts Choose The HERRICK

"My HERRICK is always dry, clean and economical"

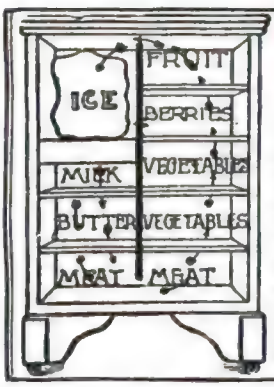
When a refrigerator dominates its market for over 25 years through sheer merit, it *proves* its sole right to a place in your home. Its high quality is a known factor.

The Success Secrets

Herrick Refrigerators outsell all other quality refrigerators because pure cold air floods food chambers which are always dry and sweet—never damp and "smelly." Properly iced foods in the Herrick never mold or taint—never "mix odors" and fresh fruits never decay. The

HERRICK DRY AIR SYSTEM REFRIGERATOR

point by point outrivals all competition. It is built by experts and endorsed by experts. Don't experiment with such an important thing as a refrigerator—it doesn't pay. You should buy a refrigerator but *once* in your life—buy *right*—buy a Herrick. Built in shapes, styles and sizes to fit all homes.



What Herrick Dry Air Circulation Means

A partition in the Herrick Refrigerator has a top and bottom opening. Cold air in ice chamber forces warmer air through bottom opening. Then it rises on the other side, passing through the top partition gap, and back into the ice chamber, where becoming cold, it falls again and continues its circuit.

When the warm air reaches the ice chamber, condensation takes place and the ice absorbs all odors, which are carried off in drippings and out of the refrigerator.

A Book Worth While

Our big illustrated book about refrigerators of all kinds is well worth reading. A postal brings a copy of Catalogue No. 26E with the name of the Herrick dealer in your town who will gladly show and explain in detail the many advantages of Herrick Refrigerators. Write us today—it will pay you well.

The Herrick Refrigerator Company

Waterloo, Iowa

"HERRICK"—The Quality Standard By Which Other Refrigerators Are Measured

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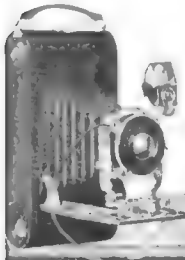
ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

The owner of an Ansco Speedex does not have to say, "Stand over there where the light is good, while I take your picture."

He photographs you where you are—in the shade or sunlight—early or late in the day. Pictures in wooded places and action pictures—or time exposures indoors—are likewise within the power of the anastigmat lens and shutter equipment of the Ansco Speedex.

Examine this remarkable camera at the Ansco dealer's. Note particularly the exclusive features which make the Ansco actually lead you to do the right thing. Catalog free from your dealer or from us.



Ansco Speedex
No. 1A, 2½x4¼ in., $45.00
No. 3, 3¼x4¼ in., 47.50
No. 3A, 3¼x5½ in., 55.00
Ansco anastigmat lens, F 6.3; Speedex or Acme shutter, maximum speed 1/300 second.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

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"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come"
Shakespeare

The key to a keen and cheerful old age is vigor.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG U.S PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

The key to the situation

Liquid-Food-Tonic

is strengthening. It benefits the old and weak—aids digestion and nourishes without overburdening the system. Is there a birthday in *your* home whose celebration crowds the cake with candles? Malt-Nutrine should be taken at each meal and before retiring.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting booklet on request.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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Nujol the Internal Cleanser

The Athlete's First Principle *Is* To Keep His System Clean

He doesn't allow food to ferment in his intestines. He doesn't give his body a chance to absorb poisons.

He knows—and your doctor will tell you—that anything from a headache to the most serious illness may result from such absorption.

Nujol removes poisons from the system, and gives the tissues of the body a chance to build up and resist disease.

Nujol is not habit-forming, does not gripe, relieves straining, does not weaken nor upset the stomach, is absolutely pure and harmless, and is delightful to take.

It is especially fine for young mothers, as it is not absorbed into the system, and therefore in no way affects the child.

Nujol is sold only in pint bottles, bearing Nujol trade-mark, never in bulk.

The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has used its world-wide resources in producing Nujol, and its reputation is behind the product.

Nujol is absolutely distinctive and individual. There is no other product on the market like it.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne Dept. 3 New Jersey

Please send me booklet on the treatment of constipation
Write your name and address plainly below

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

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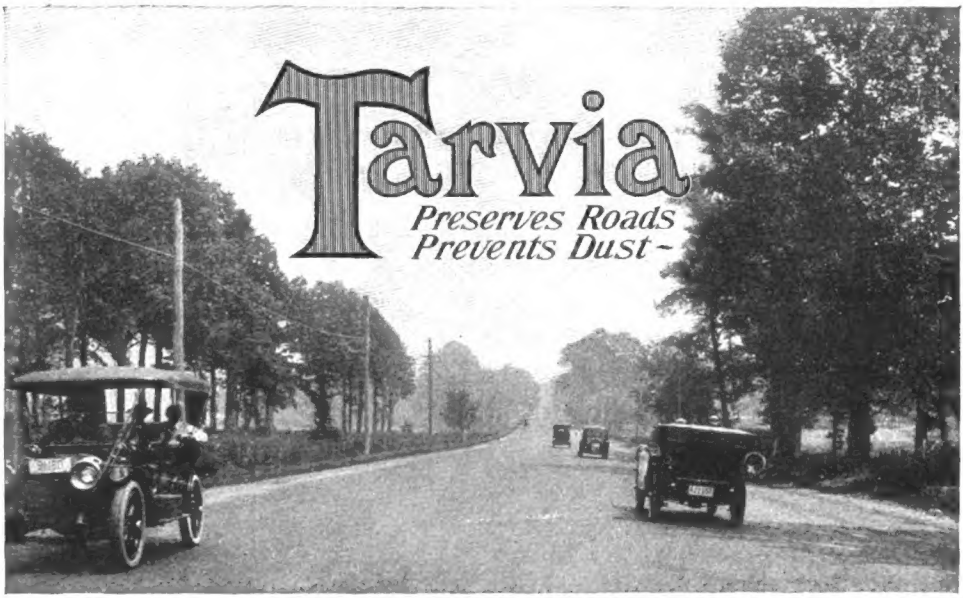

Eastern Parkway, Borough of Bronx, New York City. Treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1916.

Going Fast—But No Dust

ALL day long the automobiles go whirling through this street and there is no dust—the air is clear and clean, the foliage stays fresh.

This means that the road is rightly constructed; that it is strong enough to withstand the traffic on its surface.

For clouds of dust following an automobile mean that the road is "*wasting away.*"

So also is the taxpayers' money that paid for the road originally and will soon have to pay for its reconstruction.

Dusty roads are absolutely unnecessary. The photograph above illustrates that.

Build and maintain your roads with Tarvia and instead of being *weaker* they will be *stronger* than the traffic which passes over them.

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation which reinforces the road-surface and makes it waterproof, dustless and mudless.

Strange to say, it does not add to the cost to make a road dustless and durable with Tarvia, because the use of the Tarvia reduces the annual up-keep expense to such an extent that it *more than pays for the cost of the treatment.*

Many cities and towns have adopted the use of Tarvia on a large scale simply to reduce their annual road bills.

If you are interested in the road proposition, write us and we will send you a booklet showing towns all over the country that have used Tarvia successfully and economically.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING CO., Limited

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

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BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

I KNEW IT WOULD RELIEVE DYSPEPSIA

I knew, as a physician, that a good chewing gum in combination with pepsin would relieve many cases of dyspepsia.

This led me to experiment and after many trials I produced in the gum that bears my name one that has given great relief to thousands of dyspeptics.

I make no claim that Beeman's Pepsin Gum always overcomes dyspepsia, but there is ample proof that many people keep it constantly at hand because they know from experience that it does give them relief.

Dr E Beeman

Doctor E. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

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Bon Ami

for white shoes—

In summer some stores sell more Bon Ami for white shoes than for anything else.

People have discovered in the soft mineral matter of Bon Ami a property like that of French chalk for absorbing and removing stains. Grass stains, for instance, vanish from canvas shoes at a touch of Bon Ami.

Bon Ami does not paint over the dirt; it cleans away the dirt and uncovers the original white. It restores the newness and freshness to the shoes. It does not fill up the seams.

When the original white is finally actually worn off, use the regular shoe whiteners, but not until you have gotten a clean surface with Bon Ami —the combination makes an extra-fine job.

For any kind of white shoes except kid. Don't use too much water.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Made in both Cake and Powder form

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BY NAME
IT IS ALWAYS IN THE YELLOW BOX

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
167 PINE ST. FLORENCE MASS.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

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